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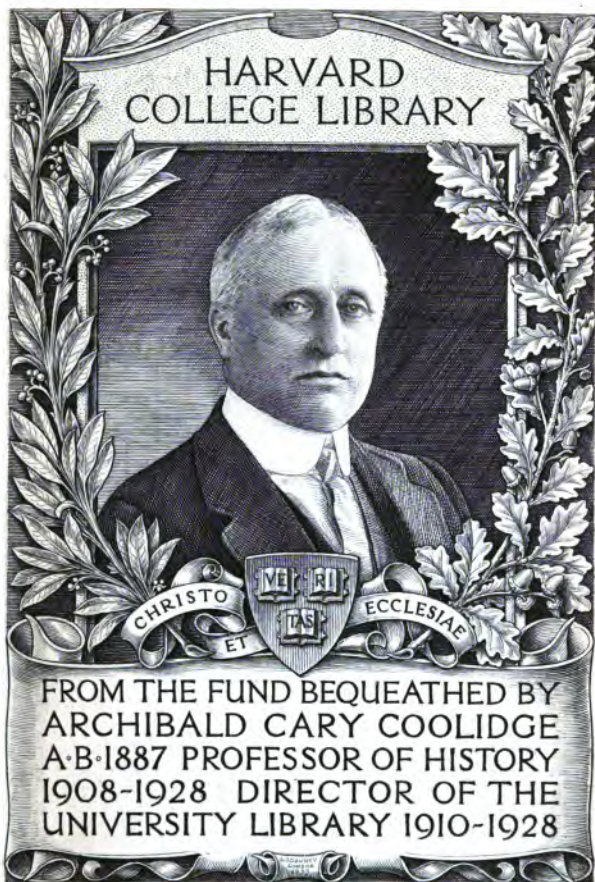
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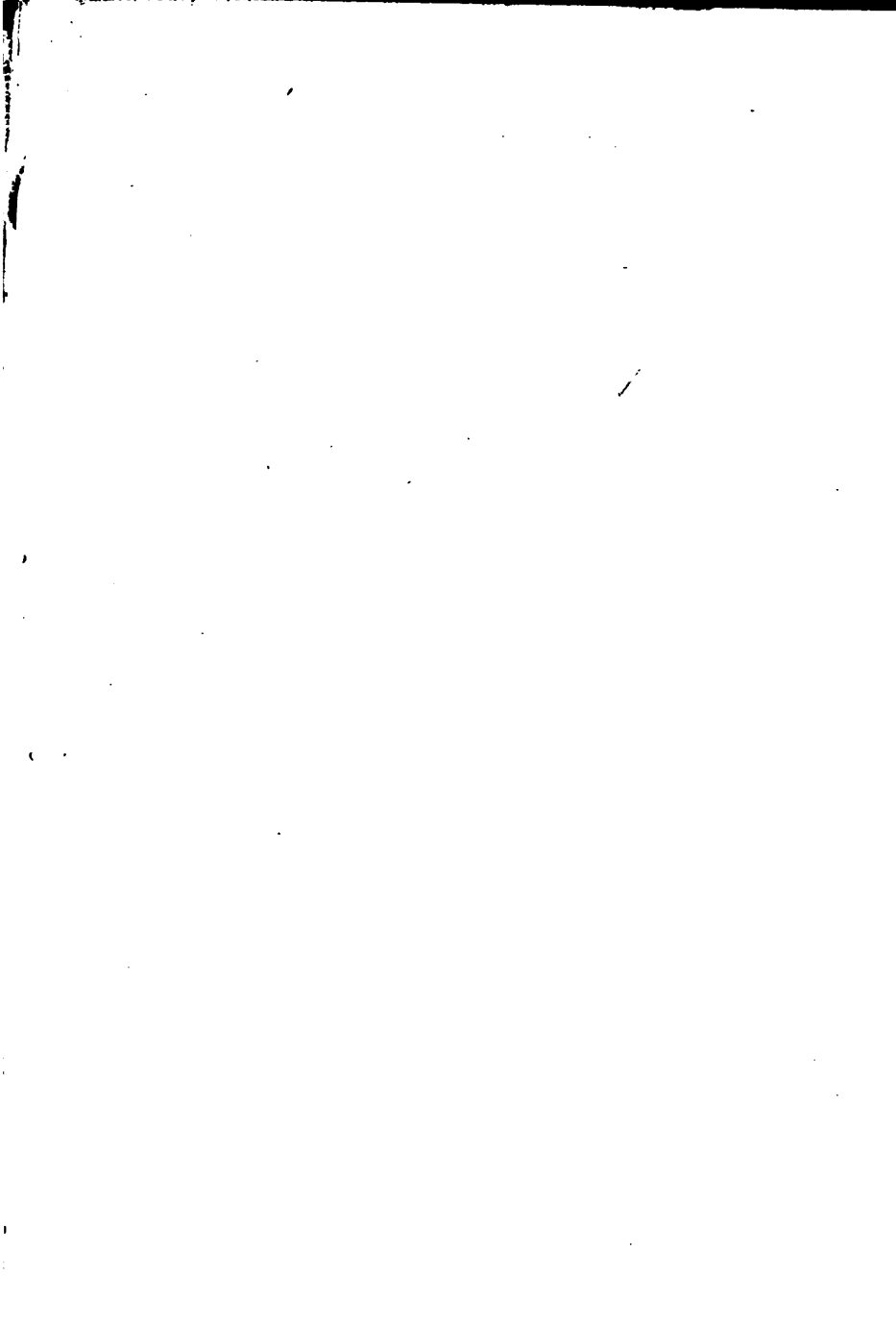
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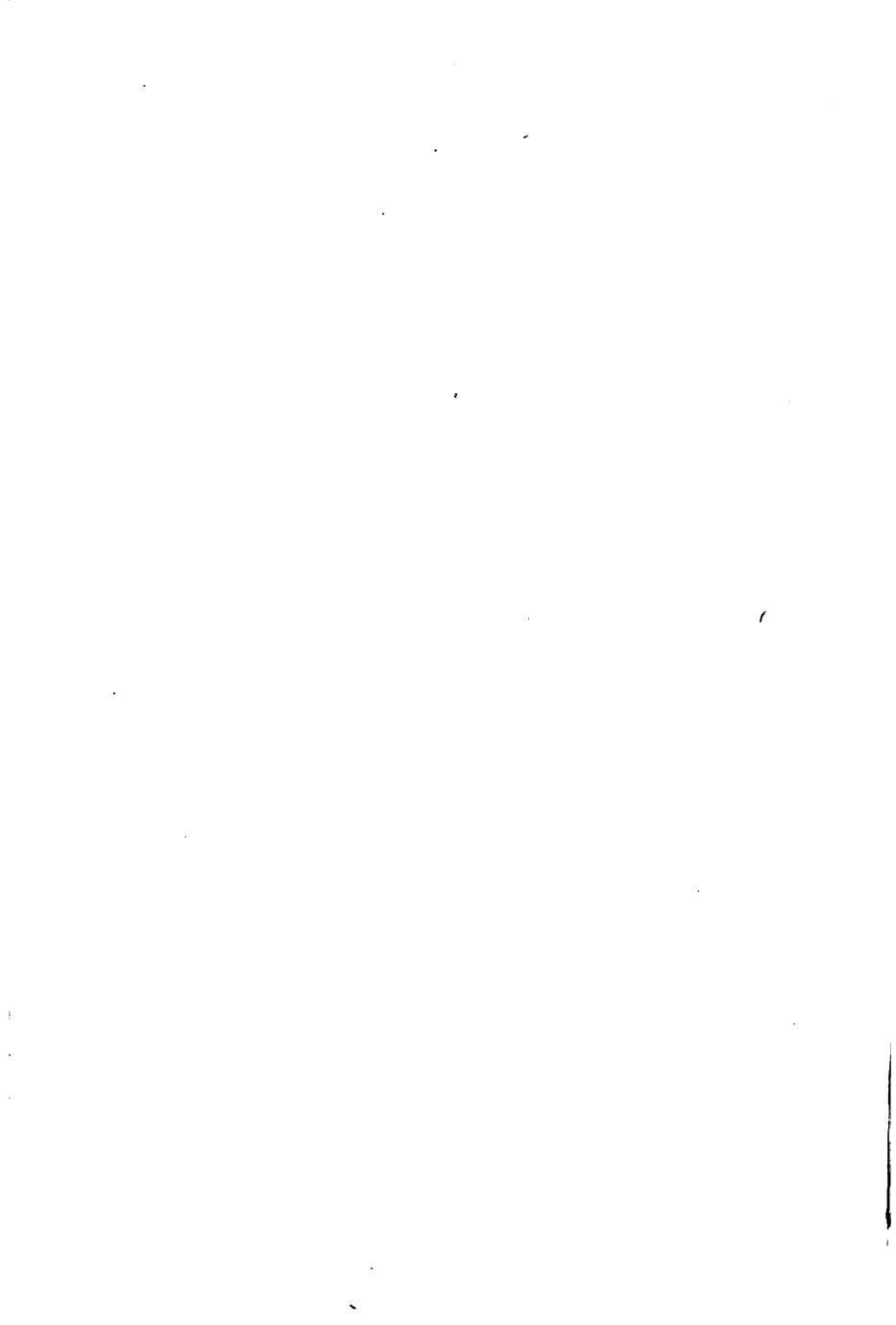




London

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ST. GILES'S OF THE LEPERS





# ST. GILES'S OF THE LEPERS

BY

EDWARD C. W. GREY

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TO MY MANY COLLEAGUES  
AND  
ESPECIALLY TO MY PUPILS, IN ST. GILES'S,  
THE FOLLOWING PAGES  
ARE DEDICATED.



## P R E F A C E

FOR thirty-four years I have worked continuously in St. Giles's, and, during that period, I have, as opportunity offered, collected any facts I could obtain about the district. It abounds indeed not only in historical and social reminiscences, but also in romances of the most thrilling description, for it has been inhabited by "all sorts and conditions of men".

Now that I have left it for ever and have a period of enforced leisure in the country, I am tempted to gather together my gleanings and experiences as they may at least possibly interest some of my old neighbours.

I am well aware that the History of St. Giles's has been written before, notably by Mr. Parton in 1822, by Dr. Dobie in 1829, and by Mr. Clinch some twelve years ago. Of the researches of these gentlemen I have freely availed myself. Still the story has never been attempted exactly from the people's point of view, so in the follow-

ing pages I have tried to fill this gap. To many friends for their advice, and to many books for information, I owe a debt of gratitude, but especially to that admirable book of reference *London Past and Present* by Messrs. Wheatley and Cunningham.

Yet even as I write St. Giles's is rapidly changing. Modern buildings are springing up, and streets are disappearing, while the Kingsway, the new road from Holborn to the Strand, will obliterate some notable landmarks. This is another reason for recording the fast vanishing historical features of our time-honoured parish.

EDWARD C. W. GREY.

#### NOTE

The publication of this book has been delayed by the long and eventually fatal illness of the Author, who did not live to correct the proofs.

Any errors or inaccuracies which may be discovered by the critical must be attributed to this cause.

The Author had intended to publish anonymously; but his name is now given in the hope that the book may be to his many friends a slight memorial of years of ungrudging work devoted to the good of others.

AN OLD FRIEND.

*September, 1905.*

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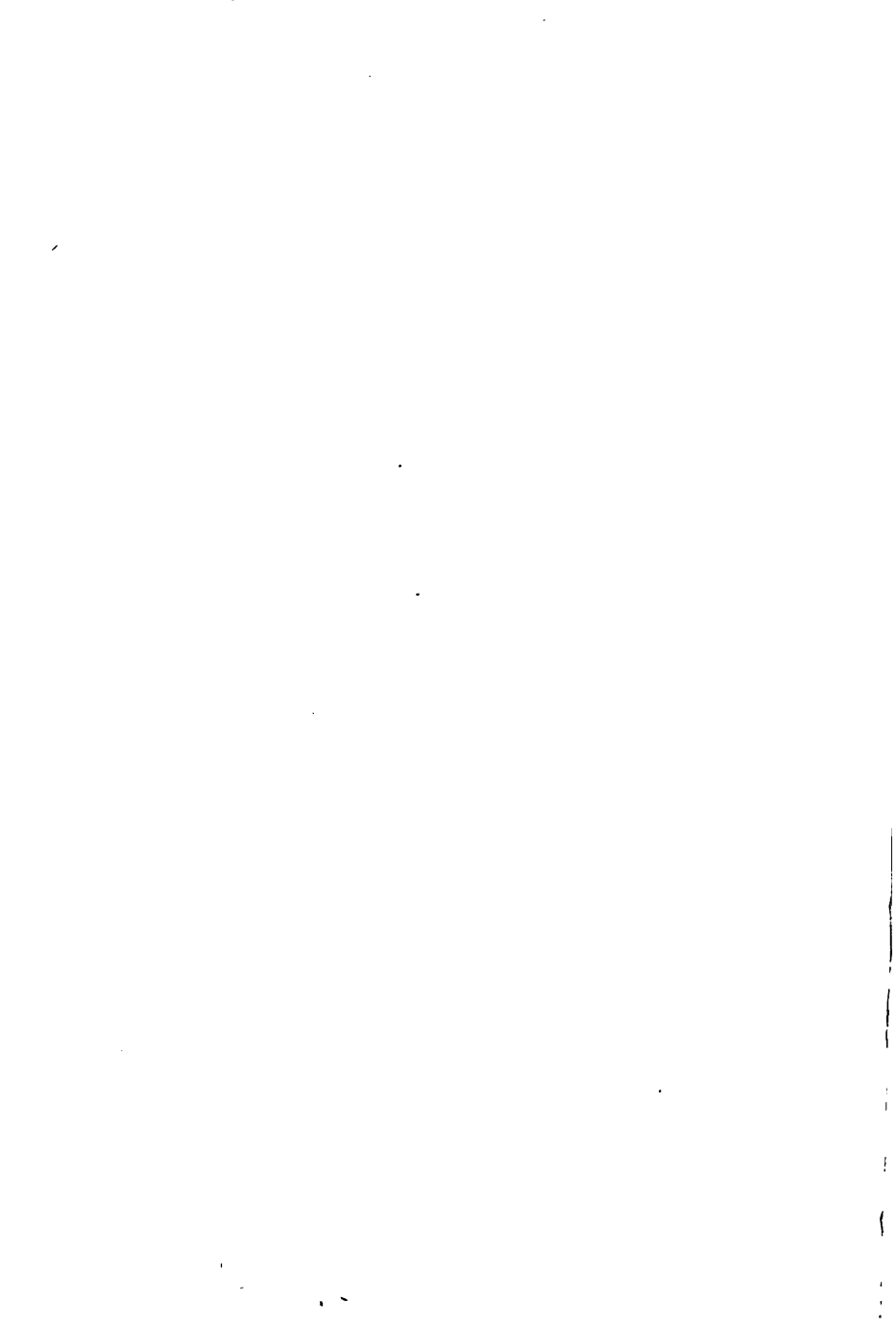


## PART I.

### HISTORICAL.

The harvest gathered in the field of the past brought home for the use of the present.

—ARNOLD, *Lectures on Modern History.*



## CHAPTER I

### THE LEPER HOSPITAL.

Command the children of Israel, that they put out of the camp every leper.—NUMBERS v. 2.

IN the glades of the then really New Forest, the scene of his father's cruel depredations, the Red King perished on 2nd August, A.D. 1100. The *Saxon Chronicle*, the principal authority for the period, briefly states: "After this, on the morning after Lammas Day, King William was shot with an arrow by his own men as he was hunting, and he was carried to Winchester and buried there"; and a little further on the chronicler adds: "After he was buried the Witan who were then near at hand chose his brother Henry as King". The new King, although he had completed his thirty-second year, was still a bachelor, and it was obviously important that he should marry as soon as possible, so as to secure the succession and to dispose of the possible claim of his elder brother, Robert, Duke of Normandy, to the English throne.

The lady on whom Henry fixed his affection, probably more for motives of policy than any other, was of the old English Royal Family. Some years after the Norman Conquest the grandchildren of Edmund Ironside, Edgar Atheling, with his two sisters, found a home at the Scottish Court, where Malcolm III., who with the aid of Edward the Confessor had wrested the crown from the usurper Macbeth, ultimately espoused Margaret, the

elder of his fair guests. It was Edith, one of the daughters of this marriage, that the only son of the Conqueror born on English soil now proposed to make his wife.

But there was a difficulty in the matter. During a foray into Northumberland in 1093, Malcolm with his eldest son was slain near Alnwick, and his broken-hearted widow shortly afterwards followed him to the grave. Thus deprived of both her parents the young Princess had taken refuge in the Abbey of Romsey, and the question arose was she or was she not devoted to a religious life? The King consulted the saintly Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, and the case was heard in a council of bishops and nobles assembled at Lambeth. Here it was decided that Edith, having gone into the convent for the purpose of protection, and not with any intention of taking the veil, was free to marry. Consequently, on Martinmas Day, 1100, Archbishop Anselm married her to Henry at Westminster, and afterwards consecrated her as Queen, her name Edith being discarded for the Norman one of Matilda or Maud.

No union could have been more auspicious. By it Henry, already descended on the spindle side from the great Alfred, bound himself by another tie to Englishmen, for his bride was one of the last remaining children of the old Saxon line of kings through whom the blood of the imperial House of Wessex has passed to the Angevin, the Scottish and the German sovereigns of England. The Queen, too, proved worthy of her exalted position, for she became dear to Englishmen as "Good Queen Maud," and among her many good deeds she founded, early in the twelfth century, the Hospital of St. Giles of the Lepers, outside the walls, and over against the western suburb of the City of London.

Happily for England this terrible scourge of leprosy is now practically unknown among us, but at the time

of the Norman Conquest it was prevalent enough, even in the higher classes of society, for we are told that Hugh de Orivalle, the first Bishop of London, appointed by the Conqueror in 1075, was so afflicted with it that he was incurable, and remained a leper till the day of his death. The three first lazarus-houses in the kingdom were St. James's, St. Giles's and Burton St. Lazar in Leicestershire. Of these St. James's was by far the oldest, for it was founded before the Conquest, being rebuilt as St. James's Palace in 1532. The Hospital of Burton St. Lazar, or St. Lazarus of Burton, was erected soon after that of St. Giles's, probably by a general collection throughout the country. Its traces may still be seen at the village of Burton Lazars, which, called after it, lies about a mile and a half south of that famous centre of hunting men, Melton Mowbray. Doubtless the dirtiness of the dwellings and the habits of the people helped to increase this loathsome disease, for we hear of it for centuries after this, and even as late as the reign of Elizabeth, when Richard Carew, in his *Survey of Cornwall*, published in 1602, writes: "The much eating of fish, especially newly taken, and therein principally of the livers, is reckoned a great breeder of those contagious humours which turn into leprosy".

But I am wandering from our subject, for we are dealing with St. Giles's and not with the history of leprosy. Let us then return to Matilda's foundation. It behoves me, however, first to say something of its Patron Saint.

Tradition, rather than authentic history, tells us that towards the end of the seventh and at the beginning of the eighth centuries lived St. Giles, an Athenian by birth, and of noble, possibly of royal, extraction. Induced by piety and a love of solitude to leave his native country he retired to France, where he founded a hermit-

age not far from the mouth of the Rhône. Subsequently he retreated northward, burying himself in a vast forest a little south of the famous old Roman town of Nismes. Here in a cave he passed several years as a recluse, while around his name grew many a legend, and not a few miracles were attributed to him. We read that in his retirement he was fed by the milk of a tame hind. It happened that one day as this animal was feeding in the forest it was discovered by some hunters, among whom was the King of France, or, according to another legend, the King of the Goths. They immediately gave chase to it. It fled for protection to the hermit's cell, whither they followed it and endeavoured to kill it, but their arrows only wounded the Saint, who, nevertheless, continued his prayers, and who, although in consequence of this outrage he remained lame for life, refused any indemnification for the injuries he had received. Despite the entreaties and promises of advancement of the King, who, perceiving that he was a holy man, prostrated himself before him, St. Giles steadfastly declined to leave his solitude and died as he had lived in his cave. In later years, over his supposed dwelling rose a magnificent Benedictine Monastery, and around it clustered a considerable town, named St. Gilles, which suffered much during the wars of the Albigenses and Huguenots. This Saint is commemorated in the martyrologies of Bede and others. He had various churches dedicated to him in many countries, especially in France and Poland, besides 146 called after him in England. He seems to have been the special patron of the lepers, and so most of his churches stood originally without the walls of the towns.

I have dwelt upon this story of St. Giles as there can be no reasonable doubt that it was from him as patron of the Leper Hospital that our parish of St. Giles's received its name. In the great survey of William the Conqueror,

*Domesday Book*, there is no mention of the district by such a name. There it is noticed as forming part of the hundred of Ossulvestane or Ossoulton, in the county of Middlesex, at which time the Manor seems to have been part of the royal domains. The Hospital was accordingly built on land belonging to the Crown and stood nearly on the site of the present parish church. At first, indeed it was not a very splendid establishment. It consisted of a house or principal mansion with an oratory and offices, had a chaplain, clerk and messenger, and contained about forty lepers, while its original endowment amounted to only £3 a year. This miserable income, insufficient even in those days, when money went much further than it does now, was probably augmented by the contributions of the charitable and the alms obtained by the lepers who were periodically sent out to beg.

Fostered, however, by royal favour, it rapidly became enriched by further donations, and by the reign of Henry II. it had acquired a respectable income from alms, pensions and rents derived from property in Middlesex and London. Henry II. may be looked upon as "its second founder," for by another charter, sometime between 1166 and his death in 1189, he endowed it with a further revenue, besides confirming the grants it had already received. In 1212 a master was appointed, and not long after Pope Alexander IV., by a Bull, took it under the special protection of the Papal See. At this time it seems to have been in a flourishing condition, for its buildings covered a large extent of ground. It had a spacious chapel, probably erected on the foundations of an earlier country church, and its gardens and precincts extended to where Meux's brewery now stands.

After Alexander's Bull we do not hear much of the Hospital till the reign of Edward I. Then its finances from some cause or another had been much reduced, while



considerable dissensions prevailed among the brethren, which the King attempted to remedy by charters. Once again its revenues increased and it became possessed of estates in most of the other parishes of London and the environs. But the quarrels among its inmates continued, and at last, in the days of Edward III., reached such a pitch that they refused to receive the Archbishop of Canterbury as visitor and destroyed many of the records. Then very strong measures were adopted, the institution being handed over to the custody of the House of Burton St. Lazar, and thus losing its independence. There are indeed other documents concerning it in subsequent reigns, but they are too long and too uninteresting to enter into here. It must suffice to say that about the time of the Reformation the Hospital was finally dissolved and granted by Henry VIII. to John Dudley, Lord Lisle, afterwards the famous Duke of Northumberland, who endeavoured to place his daughter-in-law, Lady Jane Grey, on the throne of England.

Lisle, on receiving this grant of the Hospital, fitted up the principal part of the building as a residence for himself and leased various subordinate parts of it, as well as portions of the adjoining grounds and gardens, to different tenants. Here he lived for some years and then obtained the King's licence to sell the property to one John Wymonde Carew. In the conveyance on this sale is mentioned the dwelling of Dr. Andrew Boorde or Borde, an author and a wit, who playfully latinised his name into "*Andreas Perforatus*". His experiences were decidedly varied. First he tried religion, and after having been suffragan to the Bishop of Chichester and a Carthusian monk he managed to obtain from the Pope a dispensation from his vows. Then he took up medicine and made a long tour abroad. On his return to England he attended the Duke of Norfolk and was by him introduced to

Henry VIII., whose physician he became. Unfortunately, at the end of his life he got into a considerable scrape, for, having been convicted of keeping three loose women in his rooms at Winchester, he was committed to the Fleet prison, the females doing open penance in the church.

Now, although vastly learned, Borde was extremely eccentric, and in order to instruct the people he was in the habit of addressing them at fairs and other assemblies in a very jocular manner. Some authors would have us believe, on very doubtful authority, however, that on this account he acquired the name of "Merry Andrew". His imitators in wit, though they did not possess his genius, were called "Merry Andrews," and Prior, the poet, has some spirited verses on one of them at Bartholomew Fair, but the designation has now become the equivalent for a clown or buffoon.

After the dissolution of the Hospital the parish, which had borne the name of "The Parish of the Hospital of St. Giles's of the Lepers," assumed the designation of "St. Giles's in the Fields," or "*in campis*," to distinguish it from other churches dedicated to the Saint, and especially from St. Giles's, Cripplegate.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE VILLAGE OF ST. GILES'S.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,  
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn.

—GOLDSMITH.

MEANWHILE, round the Hospital a village had arisen. It is probable enough that in early days the soil of St. Giles's was wet, surrounded as it was with marshes. As the village increased the marshes were drained, and as early as 1213 were laid out in garden plots with cottages. It was, however, still a purely rural district, and so it remained for a good many years. During the time of the Plantagenet kings the cottages stood principally facing the Hospital on the north of the highway which led westward from Holborn, anciently called Old Bourne, from being built on the side of a brook or bourne, or from the hollow through which passed the old Fleet ditch, to Tyburn on another brook, the "Tybourne". Behind the cottages the gardens and pasture land reached northwards to the ditch called "Blemundesbury". This ditch was made in the reign of King John by one William Blemund (or De Bleomond or Blemot), for the purpose of draining the Rugmere, a lake which divided the Prebendal Manor of Rugmere into North and South, answering to our modern divisions of St. Giles's and Bloomsbury, the latter of which derives its name from the maker of the ditch. It passed behind the northern row of houses in Holborn, but has been long forgotten.

Still, even now we may probably trace the results of the position of the Rugmere. The road from Holborn westward is in these days direct enough, owing to the erection of New Oxford Street in the late Queen's reign. But in the old days this was not so, for it turned off southward, down what is now the narrow part of Holborn, into the present Broad and High Streets, St. Giles's. Then, after describing a semi-circle, it resumed its direct course opposite where Tottenham Court Road now commences. In all probability the Rugmere was the cause of this deviation, as the Romans, who made this road or street, were in the habit of carrying forward their roads as straight as possible.

It is impossible to estimate the early population of the parish, nor indeed can we define its boundaries with any certainty. In his *History of St. Giles's*, published in 1822, Mr. Parton, Vestry Clerk, produced a map professing to be an accurate delineation of the district between the years 1200 and 1300. But Mr. J. T. Smith, in his *Book for a Rainy Day*, clearly proves that no reliance can be placed on this document. Roughly speaking, on the west and also partly to the north and east lay the parish of St. Pancras, so called from the village of that name, but even then an old parish, as it existed before the Conquest and bears its present name in *Domesday Book*. On the west was St. Mary-le-bone, originally called "Tybourne". It acquired its new name from the church of St. Mary-le-Bourne (St. Mary on the Brook), hence our modern appellation of Marylebone or Marybone. On this side also was the Edelstrate, or Old Street, which divided St. Giles's from the Fields of Westminster. On the east, besides the parish of St. Pancras, lay the Manor of Portpole, the parish of St. Andrew's, Holborn, and the land of the Old Friary, now Lincoln's Inn Gardens. On the south was St. Clement Danes, and the "Ancient water-course

called Marshland Ditch, which separated it from the lands adjoining the garden of the Abbots of Westminster, now Long Acre". St. Giles's was then much larger than it is now, and seems to have included Tottenham, which has given its name to Tottenham Court Road, and which was described in *Domesday* as being a prebendal manor belonging to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's. On its site Fitzroy Square and Grafton Street have since been erected. St. Giles's also comprised part of the present parish of St. George the Martyr.

From very early days the village had its stone cross, and we are told that in 1225 there was a blacksmith's shop which remained long after the suppression of the Hospital. These stood where Holborn and Drury Lane now meet, and close by was a conduit or spring which supplied the inhabitants with water. Drury Lane was originally called the "Via de Aldewych," and gave its name to the lands adjoining it on both sides. The name seems to be a compound of the Saxon "Ald," old, and "Wick," a village, and tends to show that the spot was inhabited before the Conquest. It still survives in Wych Street.

Two more ditches must be mentioned—the Spencer Dig, so named after the family of the Despensers, the worthless favourites of Edward II., which ran behind the houses on the south side of Holborn, and along by the north side of Fikattesfeld or Lincoln's Inn Fields. The other ditch divided the "Campo de Aldwych," or Old-wick Close, as it was afterwards called, from Fikattesfeld, and bounded that enclosure on the northern side. There were also some smaller ditches not worth notice.

The parish, too, was remarkable for its inns and houses of entertainment. There was Croche House (*Le Croche Hose*, or the "Crossed Stockings" sign), which belonged to the Hospital cook in 1300 and was opposite the north

end of Monmouth Street, now Shaftesbury Avenue, while at the Holborn end of Drury Lane stood from very early days a hostel described in a deed of the reign of Henry VIII. as "One messuage called 'The Whyte Hart' with 18 acres of Pasture to the same Messuage belonging". As it is noticed in the *New View of London*, 1708, and in Strype's *Stow*, 1720, it was still used as an inn to the beginning of the eighteenth century. Further eastward the Swan on the Hop and The Rose are mentioned in the days of Edward III., while The Vine, a little east of Kingsgate Street, is supposed to have been on the site of the Vineyard in Holborn, named in *Domesday Book*. The hospitality of St. Giles's was even extended to criminals on their way to execution. About the year 1413 the gallows were removed from the elms in Smithfield to the north end of the garden wall of St. Giles's Hospital, and subsequently to Tyburn. The custom accordingly arose for condemned criminals, on their way to execution, who stopped at the Hospital and afterwards at a hostel built close by, to be presented with a large bowl of ale. A similar custom apparently obtained at York, where it used to be said "that the saddler of Bawtry was hanged for leaving his liquor". His reprieve was actually on the way, and had he stopped, as criminals usually did, would have reached him in time. The memory of "St. Giles's Bowl," this last drink on earth, was long preserved by Bowl Yard or Alley on the south side of the High Street, at the entrance of the present Endell Street. The Bowl was succeeded by the Angel, which existed until the eighteenth century.

In connection with St. Giles's we have one of the first, if not the first, of the tolls imposed in England. In 1346 Edward III. "granted a commission to the master of the Hospital of St. Giles, and to John de Holborne, empowering them to levy tolls upon all cattle, merchandise, and

other goods for two years passing along the public highways leading from the bar of the old Temple to the said Hospital, and also along the Charing Road, and another highway called Portpole, for the purpose of repairing the said highways, which, by the frequent passing of carts, wains, horses, and cattle, hath become so miry and deep, as to be nearly impassable. The rates upon the several articles amounted to about one penny in the pound on their value, and were to be paid by all, except lords, ladies, and persons belonging to religious establishments of the Church."

In the fifteenth century the parish figured in English history. The Lollards, the followers of the celebrated Church Reformer, John Wycliffe, who died in 1384, at the beginning of Henry V.'s reign, had become so powerful in point of numbers that the Church took serious alarm and resolved to crush them. Among those who had imbibed the new principles was Sir John Oldcastle, called Lord Cobham because he had married a Kentish heiress, Joan, Lady Cobham. He was a member of the royal household, and a personal friend of the King. When in 1413 he was summoned before Convocation, he refused to attend and was excommunicated. Later, being compelled to appear before a Spiritual Court at St. Paul's, he declined to recant his opinions and reasserted many of the statements he had previously made. He declared among other things that "The Pope, the Bishops, and the Friars constituted the Head, the Members and the Tail of Anti-Christ". Thereupon he was pronounced a heretic and imprisoned in the Tower, whence, however, he managed to escape. Driven to open resistance he organised a vast rebellion. In 1414 a secret order summoned the Lollards to assemble in St. Giles's Field outside London, but, though it caused a panic, the object of this rising is not very clear. According to the King, the design was to

murder both himself and his brothers with some of the nobility. On the other hand, Cobham afterwards declared that he only wished to restore Richard II., who, he asserted, was still alive. But Henry's vigilance prevented the meeting and the intended junction of the Lollards in and without the city. Cobham once more escaped, but many of his associates were taken and executed. For four years he sedulously strove to raise revolt after revolt, but he was ultimately captured on the Welsh border in 1417 and brought to London. John Bale, Bishop of Ossory, who lived some time after him, and who wrote a book entitled *A Brief Chronicle concerning the Examination and Death of Sir John Oldcastle out of the Books and Writings of those Popish Prelates which were present*, gives us the following account of his execution: "Upon the day appoynted was he (Sir John Oldcastle, the Lord Cobham) broughte out of the Tower with his armes bounde behynde hime havyinge a verye cheereful countenance. Then was he layd upon a hurdle as though he had bene a most heynouse traytour to the crowne and so drawne forth into saynet Giles's Felde where they had set up a new payre of gallows. Then was he hanged up there by the myddle in cheanes of yron and so consumed alyve in the fyre."

In 1534 the King's stables in Bloomsbury (then for some unknown reason called Lomesbury) were burnt down and many valuable horses lost. The remainder were removed to a house on the site of the present Trafalgar Square. It had before been the place where the royal falcons were kept, and was called The Mews, from the Latin word *mutare*, to change, for here the hawks mewed or changed their feathers. Hence, doubtless, the word "Mews" in connection with stables.

When we reach the days of Queen Elizabeth we have a tolerably correct plan of the district published by



Ralph Aggas in 1560, and another by Hogenberg about fourteen years later. These maps seem to show that the village had somewhat decreased in size. On the site of the Hospital are a considerable cluster of houses, and especially on the south side the remains of the Hospital walls are still to be seen, but beyond this are nothing but open fields. On the north side the houses with their garden and pasture lands stretch along on both sides of St. Giles's Street to the entrance of Drury Lane, which is still simply a country road, separated from the fields by embankments of earth. But it has now acquired its modern name from Drury House, then recently built by Sir William Drury, who rose to considerable eminence during the reign of Elizabeth as a general and administrator. From 1567 to 1572 he commanded the Border forces, and during this period he took Hamilton from the Duke of Chatelherault and captured Edinburgh, for which he received the thanks of the Queen. In 1576, having been appointed President of Munster, he ruled there with great vigour till his death in 1579. For a time a story was circulated that he fell in a duel with Sir John Burroughes concerning a question of precedence, but better authorities tell us that he died of sickness at Waterford. He was "a man of sincere piety, faithful to his trust and loyal to his Queen, severe in his government, but endeavouring to be scrupulously just". As Drury House stood at the bottom of Drury Lane, it was in St. Clement's parish and so beyond the scope of our inquiries. We can therefore only say here that within its walls the Queen's favourite, Essex, and his followers formed those rash schemes which ultimately led to their ruin. The same maps show us the site of Great Queen Street and Long Acre as common footpaths, while Covent Garden, with much of the land to the north and west of it, is walled round. Lincoln's Inn Fields are still unbuilt

on, and in Holborn the houses do not begin till nearly opposite the present Little Queen Street.

At the point where Tottenham Court Road now meets Oxford Street (then the "Oxford Road" and the "way to Uxbridge," adorned with avenues of walnut trees) there was a notice at the top of a narrow lane—"The waye to Redinge". This lane, however, took a somewhat circuitous course, for it led to the top of the Haymarket, then graced with many hedgerows and only a few straggling houses, while washerwomen dried their linen on the grass of the site of the present His Majesty's Theatre. There was another narrow lane parallel to it which bore the rural name of Hedge or Hog Lane, and led to the corner of Leicester Fields, now Leicester Square, but then entirely unbuilt on. Two years after the publication of Aggas's map, Strype gives us this anecdote: "On the 18th September, 1562, the Lord Mayor, aldermen and many worshipful persons attended to see the conduit heads; then turning aside into the wild woodland of Marylebone they hunted a hare; next they dined, and after dinner hunted a fox, when there was great cry for a mile, and at length the hounds killed him at the end of St. Giles's, with great hallowing and blowing of horns at his death".

In 1586 came the Babington plot, principally famous because it led to the execution of the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, at Fotheringay Castle on the 8th of February, 1587. In 1585 Ballard, a Jesuit priest of Rheims, landed in England, and, having travelled through the northern and western provinces, on his return to the Continent reported that the death of Elizabeth was necessary to the success of an insurrection. The following year he again visited this country, and formed a close intimacy with a young man of good family and position, named Antony Babington of Dethick. Babington, while

a page at Sheffield, had been fascinated by the charms of the Queen of Scots, and was without much difficulty persuaded to enter into a plot by which Elizabeth was to be assassinated and the country raised for Mary. His friends numbered several Roman Catholic gentlemen of position who were either devoted adherents of the papacy or whom zeal and harsh treatment had driven to desperation. "They conferred," says Bishop Carlton of Chichester, in his *Thankfull Remembrance of God's Mercy*, "in St. Giles's Fields, in Paul's Church and in Tavernes, in which they had their daily Feast, and so infatuated were they that those who should strike the Queen they had pourtrayed in lively pictures, and in the midst of them Babington, with this verse, 'Hi mihi sunt comites quos ipsa pericula ducunt'."

The conspirators now felt confident of success, utterly ignorant that Walsingham, Secretary of State, was thoroughly acquainted with their design. The agents of the Government had been unwittingly admitted to a share in the secret and had attended the meetings. Sufficient proof having been thus obtained, Ballard was arrested on 4th August, 1586, while, ten days after, Babington, with four others, was captured in a barn near Harrow. On the 13th September they were tried by a special commission at Westminster, and several of them were executed at St. Giles's Pound and Cage, which then stood in the middle of High Street, though Babington himself seems to have suffered in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE BUILDING OF THE TOWN—PLAGUE AND FIRE.

God made the country and man made the town.—COWPER.

IN the last years of the reign of Elizabeth came a change, for we read that about the year 1600 "the verie pleasant village" was built over. "On the High Street, Holborn," says Stow, "have ye many faire houses builded, and lodgings for gentlemen, inns for travellers and such like, up almost for it lacketh little to St. Giles's in the Fields." Thus Holborn and St. Giles's joined, while houses were multiplied on both sides of St. Giles's Street. In 1611 John Speed, chronicler, historian and cartographer, published a book called *The Theatre of the Empire of Great Britain*, and in it he gives us a plan of Westminster which shows us the beginning of Great Queen Street and the continuation of houses on both sides of Drury Lane.

The manor of St. Giles's had in the meantime changed hands frequently. In the year 1565 we find it held by James, sixth Lord Mountjoy, apparently in right of his wife, Catherine, the daughter of Sir Thomas Leigh of St. Oswald's, Yorkshire, but how she obtained it there is no evidence to show. He mortgaged the property to the Cope family, the descendants of Sir Anthony Cope of Hanwell, Oxfordshire, who was cofferer to Henry VII. Mountjoy having nearly ruined himself in the pursuit of alchemy, foreclosure took place, the manorial rights being transferred to the Copes, who enjoyed them for several years till they came into the possession of Sir William

Cope. He bought the manor of Kensington in 1607 and built a house there called Cope Castle, on his death, in 1614, leaving all his estates to his only child, Isabel, married to Sir Henry Rich, second son of the first Earl of Warwick. Rich, created Baron Kensington and subsequently Earl of Holland, after renaming Cope Castle Holland House, was beheaded in 1649 for his adherence to Charles I. But with this we have little concern, for, about the year 1617, he sold the St. Giles's property to the trustees of Henry, Earl of Southampton, who was already the owner of Bloomsbury. Thus the two manors were united in the same family.

During the days of James I. the buildings must have increased rapidly, for by an assessment made in 1623 the whole number of houses amounted to 879. In Bloomsbury 136 houses had been erected, and 100 more on the north side of St. Giles's Street, while on the south side of the street the number is stated at seventy-one, including Middle Row, which stood very near the church and probably took its name from its position in the middle of High Street. In Drury Lane fifty-six houses are named, in Great Queen Street fifteen, and at Holborn end ten.

About this time there seems to have been an attempt to alter the name of the middle portion of Drury Lane, for Stow speaks of "Drury Lane now called Princes Street," but the effort failed and the new name was confined to the then newly-built row of houses stretching eastward to Lincoln's Inn, which retained it till our own days.

Even as early as the sixteenth century Great Queen Street had become the residence of many people of rank who were attracted there, we are told, by the rusticity of the neighbourhood. Here, in the reign of James I., we hear of Paulet House, the home of William Paulet or

Powlett, fourth Marquis of Winchester, who had practically reduced himself to penury in consequence of his sumptuous entertainments to Queen Elizabeth at Basing. Here also stood Conway House, which belonged to the family of that name. One of them, Lord Conway, at the beginning of the second war between Charles I. and the Scots in 1640, was with some 12,000 men put in command of the line of the Tyne, but on the 28th August in the same year he was defeated at Ford of Newburn and forced to evacuate Newcastle, which, the next day, was occupied by the enemy.

In his house on the south side of Great Queen Street, at the east corner of what was afterwards Great Wild Street, died in 1648 Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, the brother of the saintly George Herbert, though himself a historian and a philosophical Deist. He was educated at Oxford and travelled abroad, where he made the acquaintance of Casaubon and other great scholars. After serving in the Netherlands under the Prince of Orange, he was appointed English ambassador at Paris in 1618, and held the post for seven years. Then he retired into private life and devoted himself to literary pursuits till, on the outbreak of the Civil War, although at first inclined to the Royal cause, he ultimately sided with the Parliament.

In this house he wrote most of his famous book, *De Veritate*, to disprove the truths of revealed religion. Of its publication he gives us in his autobiography the following account, which shows that, like many another Freethinker, his mind was not wholly free from a superstitious taint: "The work was no sooner perfected," he says, "than I communicated it to Hugo Grotius, that great scholar, who having escaped his prison in the Low Countries came into France, and was much welcomed by me, and Mr. Tieleners, also one of the greatest scholars of the time, who, after they had perused it and given it

more commendation than it is proper for me to repeat, exhorted me earnestly to print and publish it. Howbeit, the frame of my whole work was so different from anything that had been written before, I found I must either renounce the authority of all that had been written formerly concerning the method of finding out truth, and consequently insist upon my own way, or hazard myself to a general censure concerning the whole argument of my book. I must confess it did not a little animate me that the two great persons above-mentioned did so highly value it, yet, as I knew it would meet with much opposition, I did consider whether it was not better for me for a while to suppress it.

"Being thus doubtful in my chamber one fair day in the summer, my casement being open towards the south, the sun shining clear and no wind stirring, I took my book *De Veritate* in my hand, and kneeling on my knees, devoutly said these words: 'O thou Eternal God, Author of the light which now shines upon me, and giver of all inward illuminations, I do beseech Thee of Thy infinite goodness to pardon a greater request than a sinner ought to make. I am not satisfied enough whether I shall publish this book *De Veritate*. If it be for Thy glory I beseech Thee give me some sign from Heaven, if not I shall suppress it.' I had no sooner spoken these words but a loud though gentle noise came from the heavens (for it was like nothing on earth) which did so comfort and cheer me that I took my petition as granted and that I had the sign I demanded, whereupon also I resolved to print my book."

Great Queen Street, probably first so called after Queen Elizabeth, according to one authority was finished by Inigo Jones at the cost of the Jesuits. It was originally designed for a square and was in the days of the Stuarts one of the most fashionable parts of the town. In the

middle of the street a niche was left for the statue of Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I. It seems at one time to have been called Henrietta Street after her, though it afterwards resumed its older name of Queen Street. On the walls of the houses were *fleurs-de-lys* in honour of Queen Henrietta, and these, with the heads of lions, which peeped through the balustrades of the buildings, provoked the ridicule of Sir Balthazar Gerbier in his *Counsel and Advice to all Builders*, published in 1663. The niche, indeed, was for a time filled with the statue of the Queen, while a statue of the King was also erected near at hand, for we are told that on 17th January, 1652, the Council of State ordered "that Colonel Berkestead doe take care of the pulling downe of the gilt image of the late Queen, and alsoe of the King, the one in the street commonlie called Queenes Street and the other at the upper end of the same street towards Holborne, and the said images are to be broken in pieces". Happily for Londoners, we have not, as the French in Paris, been in the habit of altering the names of our streets when we have changed our Government, and consequently our historical associations connected with them have been well preserved.

Howes, in his edition of *Stow*, 1631, speaks of the "new faire building called Queenes Street leading into Drury Lane," the houses at first being built on the south side only, whence they commanded an extensive view of St. Pancras and the fields beyond.

In a map or plan of London by one Porter in the time of Charles I., we find Warwick House just without the bounds of St. Giles's Parish in Holborn, enclosing a courtyard or square, and apparently of considerable magnitude. In the same reign, too, was built a house near the west side of the field towards Drury Lane on Oldwick Close by Sir Edward Stradbury. In 1651 he sold it to Humphrey



Weld, a parishioner, a magistrate and the ancestor of the Welds of Lulworth Castle, Dorsetshire. It was called Weld House from its new owner and stood on the east side of the present Weld Street or Wild Street, to which it gave its name.

About the year 1618 the square of Lincoln's Inn was laid out. We are told that the grounds were much planted round with dwellings and lodgings of noblemen and gentlemen of quality, but at the same time were deformed by cottages and mean buildings—encroachments on the field and nuisances to the neighbourhood. Accordingly a commission was appointed by the Crown "to plant and reduce to uniformity Lincoln's Inn Fields as it shall be drawn by way of map or ground plot by Inigo Jones". A view painted in oil of Inigo's original plan is still preserved at Wilton House. It was long erroneously stated that the proportions of the square were those of the great Pyramid of Egypt, whereas, in truth, the area of the Pyramid is greater by many thousand square feet. The west side only was completed by Inigo Jones. One of the houses built by him here was Lindsey House, erected for Robert Bertie, first Earl of Lindsey, a handsome Ionic building with court gate, "consisting of six fine spacious brick piers with curious iron work between them, and on these piers are placed very rare and beautiful vases," two of which still remain. Lindsey, Lord High Admiral and Lord Great Chamberlain, was a man of considerable energy, as he drained a large tract of the Lincolnshire fen country and placed farms on the reclaimed lands. He acted as Lord High Constable at Strafford's trial, and at the outbreak of the Civil War became general of the King's forces. But Charles lent a more willing ear to the advice of his nephew, Rupert. When at Edgehill, 23rd October, 1642, the Prince advanced without consulting him, Lord Lindsey exclaimed: "If I am not fit to be a general, I

will at least die a colonel at the head of my regiment". In the engagement that immediately followed he was wounded and taken prisoner, succumbing within a very few hours. His contemporary, Clarendon, thus sums up his character: "He was a man of great honour, and spent his youth and vigour of his age in military actions and commands abroad; and albeit he indulged to himself great liberties of life, yet he still preserved a very good reputation with all men, and a very good interest in his country, as appeared by the supplies he and his son brought to the King's army; the several companies of his own regiment of foot being commanded by the principal knights and gentlemen of Lincolnshire, who engaged themselves in the service principally out of their personal affection to him. He was of a very generous nature and punctual in what he undertook." His great-grandson was, in 1715, created Duke of Ancaster, so the mansion became known as Ancaster House, but of this later on. Near it, at the south-west corner of the Fields, Inigo also built Portsmouth House over Portsmouth Place. Some say that it was for an Earl of Portsmouth, but this can hardly be so, as there was no Portsmouth peerage till that of the famous Duchess of Portsmouth in 1673, while the great architect died in 1652. These works "so stimulated the passion for building, much to the annoyance of the members of Lincoln's Inn," that Oliver Cromwell put a peremptory stop to it by a proclamation dated Whitehall, 2nd August, 1656, which, followed by a bill the next year, caused the works here to be discontinued for some time.

One of the most ancient buildings in the parish was the Cockpit. The date of its erection is uncertain, but it stood near the middle of Drury Lane on the site of a small court, Cockpit Alley, which is now Pits Place. Early in the reign of James I. it was converted into a

playhouse, but in 1617 it was destroyed by a mob and the dresses of the actors were torn in pieces. The reason of this is not very apparent, though it was probably a Shrove Tuesday riot, on which day the London apprentices claimed the right of demolishing any houses they thought disreputable. It was, however, rebuilt, and must have been in a flourishing condition as the company performing there gave £20 to the new parish church. We hear of it continually for some years after this, though it sometimes bears the name of the Phoenix. Having been suppressed by an Ordinance of Parliament it was turned into a schoolroom in 1647, for as regards the actor :

The bigots of the iron time  
Had called his harmless art a crime,

and two years afterwards they levelled it to the ground. True to its later name, Phoenix-like it rose again, for in 1657 a third house appears. Hither came Rhodes, Mohun and Hart, and drew large audiences. Charles II. authorised only two sets of players. One was Mr. Thomas Killigrew, his groom of the chambers, who wrote several comedies and tragedies. These were called the King's Servants. The other company, under Davenant, bore the name of the Duke's Players. Rhodes and his companions joined Killigrew, while Davenant, with whom was Betterton, took their places at the Cockpit till in 1662 they removed to their new playhouse, Portugal Row, Lincoln's Inn Fields. Killigrew, having in 1663 obtained a patent for erecting a new theatre "on the site of the Cockpit or elsewhere in the neighbourhood as might be most convenient," chose the spot where the present Drury Lane theatre now stands for his playhouse, so the Cockpit not long afterwards finally vanished.

I have already alluded to the Cage and Pound which stood originally from a very early date close together in

the middle of the High Street. The Cage seems to have been used as a sort of prison, for we have the following entries in the churchwarden's accounts :—

1641.	Paid to a poor woman that was brought to bed in the Cage	2 — 3
	For shroud for a poor woman that dyed in the Cage	2 — 0
1648.	July 9th. To Anne Wyatt in the Cage, to relieve her and buy her a truss of straw	1 — 6
	July 12. Paid for a shroud for Anne Wyatt	2 — 6

In 1655 both Pound and Cage were taken down to make way for the alms houses about to be built, and they were placed on the spot where High Street, Tottenham Court Road and Oxford Street meet. The Pound was finally removed about the year 1765, while the Cage seems to have disappeared long before.

The alms houses are described as follows by Strype: "There is an alms house in St. Giles's not far from the church in the middle of the street which hath this inscription 'St. Giles Alms houses, Ann. Dom. 1656'. This ground was granted unto this parish by the Lord Treasurer, the Earl of Southampton, for the term of 500 years for the only and sole use of alms houses for aged widows and for no other use, whereupon there was built these five alms houses and enclosed within the bounds of the said ground which fabrick was erected at ye cost of ye said Parish the year above written." The alms houses originally faced what is now the entrance to Shaftesbury Avenue, but in 1783 they were removed when the street was widened to another site, of which more hereafter.

In 1664-65 St. Giles's earned an unenviable notoriety, for here first broke out the great plague. There had been many plagues or pestilences before, but this one was to exceed all in virulence. There can be no doubt that it was considerably assisted by the condition of London and its suburbs. In the days of Henry VIII. Erasmus de-

scribes the dwellings of the English lower classes as filthy beyond description. He tells us that "the floors were of loam and were strewed with rushes, which were constantly put on fresh without the removal of the old and intermingled with bone, broken victuals and other dirt." They had probably not improved much by the middle of the seventeenth century. Moreover, the water supply was extremely defective and unwholesome, much of it being drawn from wells which harboured every kind of filth.

It is said that the infection, the spark so to speak that was to fire this seething mass of corruption, was imported in December, 1664, by goods from Holland, where in Amsterdam alone 20,000 people had been carried off by the disease in a short time. The infected goods were opened at a house in St. Giles's Parish near the upper end of Drury Lane. Four people died there, and the parish books of this period record the appointment of searchers, shutting up of infected houses and contribution by assessment and subscription. A Frenchman who lived near this house in Drury Lane removed to Bear-Binder Lane (leading to St. Swithin's Lane) where he died, and thus spread the plague in the city.

Between December, 1664, and April, 1665, the deaths without the walls of the city greatly increased, and in the following May almost every house in St. Giles's was infected. The summer of 1665 was an exceptionally hot one, so much so, indeed, that we are told "the very birds of the air were imagined to languish in their flight". Pepys informs us that the 7th June was the hottest day that ever he felt in his life. He further adds on the same day, "this day much against my will I did in Drury Lane see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors, and 'Lord have mercy upon us' writ there which was a sad sight to me being the first of the kind that to my remembrance I ever saw. It put me

into an ill conception of myself and my smell, so that I was forced to buy some rolled tobacco to smell to and chew which took away the apprehension." In the same month of June the deaths from the plague rose from 112 to 268, and in July, August and September they ranged from 1,000 to 7,000 a week, while 4,000 are stated to have died on one night.

The first symptoms were usually shivering, nausea, vomiting and headache, and as every little ailment was magnified into a possible sickening for the plague, we are assured that as many died of fright as of the disease itself. These premonitory signs were rapidly followed by spots, especially on the arms and breast, which turned to gangrene directly they appeared, so that the sufferer frequently expired on the day of the seizure. The agonies of the patients often threw them into paroxysms of frenzy, and bursting the bands by which they were confined to their beds, they precipitated themselves from the windows, running naked into the street and even sometimes plunging into the river.

The crude medical science of those days was totally inadequate to deal with this scourge, while terror produced a host of fanatics. One of these roamed about the town stark naked, carrying on his head a pan of burning coals, and denouncing the judgments of God on its sinful inhabitants. Another adapted the word of the prophet Jonah, and cried aloud, "Yet forty days and London shall be destroyed," while a third by day and night exclaimed, "O the great and dreadful God".

"All the houses were shut up, the streets deserted and scarcely anything to be seen therein but grass growing, innumerable fires for purifying the infected air, coffins, pest carts, red crosses upon the doors, with the inscription 'Lord have Mercy upon Us' and poor women in tears with dismal aspect and woeful lamentations carrying

their infants to the grave, and scarcely any other sounds to be heard than those incessantly emitted from the windows of 'Pray for us' and the direful call of 'Bring out your dead' with the piteous groan of departing souls and melancholy knells of bodies ready for the grave." Pepys writes again, 27th July, "I by coach home not meeting with but two coaches and but two carts from Whitehall to my house that I could observe; and the streets mighty thin of people". Evelyn, too, on the 7th September, tells us: "I went all along the city and suburbs from Kent Street, Southwark, to St. James's, a dismal passage and dangerous, to see so many coffins exposed in the street, now thin of people, the shops shut up and all in mournful silence as not knowing whose turn it might be next." Nor is the poet Dryden silent, for he writes:—

Within the walls  
The most frequented once and noisy parts  
Of Town, now midnight silence reigns in there;  
A midnight silence at the noon of day,  
And grass untrodden springs beneath the feet.

The panic was complete. The Court removed from Whitehall and thence to Salisbury and Oxford, and a vast number of people followed the King's example. Thus the infection was carried into the country and during this and the following year spread all over England. The Lord Mayor of London, Lawrence, gallantly remained at his post, while Monk, Duke of Albemarle, who had been invested by the King with the government of London, and Earl Craven, refused to quit the doomed town. The last-named, the good Earl Craven, as he seems to have been justly called, gave land for a burial ground and temporary hospital in Soho. At the same time there were great pits in Bunhill Fields and in Tot-hill Fields, Westminster, into which the bodies were shot, without any funeral ceremony and often without coffin

or even grave-clothes, so we can scarcely be surprised that the most terrible stories of premature burial were circulated.

On the 2nd September, 1666, broke out the great fire, which, after raging nearly four days and nights, consumed almost five-sixths of the whole city, and without the walls cleared a space nearly as extensive as the one-sixth part left within. With it, as it did not touch St. Giles's, we have little to do. It must, therefore, suffice to say that despite the suffering it caused, such a holocaust seemed to have been almost necessary to cleanse the corruption of the town.

Yet London, Empress of the Northern Clime,  
By an high fate thou greatly didst expire ;  
Great as the world which at the death of Time  
Must fall and rise a nobler frame by Fire.

Although the plague continued for some little time even after the fire, in the early autumn it began to abate. On the 20th November, 1666, public thanksgivings were offered up to God for assuaging the pestilence in London, Westminster, and within the Bills of Mortality, and before Christmas the death-rate had fallen to the average of former years.

Now, though the great fire was the proximate reason, the cessation and non-recurrence of the epidemic must be traced to the improvement in the water supply.

Acts of Parliament had been passed as early as 1605 authorising the City Corporation to bring water to the town from Chadswell spring close to Amwell, and between Hertford and Ware. Civic bodies are proverbially slow to move, so nothing was done till 1609 when Sir Hugh Myddleton, a native of Denbigh, and member for that borough, but also a citizen of the London Goldsmiths' Guild, volunteered to carry out the scheme at his own expense. The offer being accepted, the work was begun



despite the opposition of landowners, who declared that their property would be damaged by an overflow of water. Yet Myddleton persevered till at Michaelmas, 1613, the opening ceremony was held at the cistern in Clerkenwell. By the canal thus constructed, about forty miles long, and still called the New River, London to this day receives a large part of its water.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE SECOND BUILDING ERA.

Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air.—MILTON.

WITH the Restoration the second era of building had begun in St. Giles's Street. It must have proceeded apace, for by the end of the reign of Charles II. there were more than 200 houses rated in the parish books. Unfortunately, some of these earlier rate books have been lost, so that it is impossible to find here such accurate information as we are able to do in other metropolitan parishes. In the northern part of the district we hear of Southampton House with its chapel, the first additional place of worship to the Parish Church of which we have any notice. About this time, too, close by arose Montagu House, built in the French style by Robert Hooke, the celebrated mathematician and horologist, for Ralph Montagu, Baron Montagu of Boughton, who about this time adopted the modern spelling of his name from the original one of Mountagne. Evelyn in his *Diary*, 1683, gives us a detailed description of it and its contents, but this it is scarcely necessary to quote, as three years afterwards, 19th January, 1686, this fine structure was burnt to the ground, owing to the negligence of a servant airing some bedding by the fire. At the time it was occupied by William Cavendish, Earl of Devonshire, to whom Montagu had let it for £500 a year. Of this fire we have an interesting account from Lady Rachel Russell, who, the daughter and co-heiress of Thomas

Wriothesley, fourth Earl of Southampton, by her marriage with William Russell had brought the manors of St. Giles's and Bloomsbury into the Bedford family. She tells us that the west wind bore the sparks and flames to the neighbouring Southampton House, terrifying the inmates, herself and her son, afterwards the second Duke of Bedford, then a child, while Lady Devonshire with her children, wrapped in blankets, were carried there for safety. The loss to Lord Montagu was estimated at £40,000, while £6,000 in plate and many valuable pictures, hangings and other furniture, belonging to Lord Devonshire, were consumed.

Montagu soon erected a new house upon the foundation and burnt walls of the old one, the architect being, it is said, Peter Puget. It was again in the French style of red brick with stone dressings, lofty down the centre, and pavilion-like wings. In the front was a spacious court enclosed with a high wall, within which was "an Ionic colonnade, the principal entrance being in the centre by the Montagu great gate, beneath the picturesque octangular lantern with clock and cupola, and at each extremity of the wall was a square lantern". Its owner, created Duke of Montagu by Queen Anne in 1705, had a distinguished career; for besides being ambassador-extraordinary to Louis XIV., he was most active in obtaining the throne for William III. He managed also to increase his wealth by two rich marriages. His first wife was Elizabeth Wriothesley, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Southampton, and widow of Joceline Percy, Earl of Northumberland, whose fortune was estimated at £6,000 a year. Of his second marriage we have the following amusing anecdote. Being a widower in 1690, he was anxious to gain the hand of Elizabeth, widow of the second Duke of Albemarle and daughter and heiress of Henry Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle. But the lady,

partially insane, declared that she would only marry a reigning sovereign. Accordingly, to gain his end, Montagu personated the Emperor of China, and the ceremony was performed in 1692. The Duke himself died in 1709, but till her death without issue in 1734, the Duchess adhered to her delusion and always insisted on being treated as an empress.

Montagu's son by his first marriage, John, Duke of Montagu, succeeded him and lived here, though apparently in only one wing. He officiated as Lord High Constable at the coronation of George I., 20th October, 1714, and was Master of the Ordnance from 1742 to his death in 1749. He had also a considerable taste for horticulture, and laid out his estate at Boughton in Northamptonshire as a miniature Versailles, thus earning the nickname of "The Planter". His abilities were, however, debased by buffoonery and the lowest form of practical joking, which drew upon him the open contempt of his mother-in-law, wife of the famous Duke of Marlborough. Sarah indeed could use her tongue to some purpose, for once when she visited King's Bench Walk Temple and found her legal adviser out, the servant reported the visit to her master as follows: "I could not tell who she was, for she would not give me her name, but she swore so dreadfully that I am sure she must be a lady of quality".

Now although, about 1733, Duke John deserted Bloomsbury and removed to a new residence in Whitehall, it will be more convenient here, once for all, to follow the subsequent history of this second Montagu House. In 1753 died Sir Hans Sloane, physician, and for some time the successor of Sir Isaac Newton as President of the Royal Society. In 1712 he purchased the manor of Chelsea, where Sloane Street and Hans Place still recall his name, and by his will offered his collection, which had

cost him at least £50,000, to the nation for £20,000, provided it should be kept together in or near London, freely open to the public. Horace Walpole mocked at the bequest, for he wrote, 14th February, 1753, to Sir Horace Mann: "You will scarce guess how I employ my time; chiefly at present in the guardianship of embryos and cockleshells. Sir Hans Sloane is dead, and has made me one of the trustees of his museum, which is to be offered for £20,000 to the King, the Parliament, the Royal Academies of Petersburgh, Berlin, Paris and Madrid. He valued it at four score thousand; and so would anybody who loves hippopotamuses, sharks with one ear and spiders as big as geese! It is a rent charge to keep fetuses in spirits! You may believe that *those* who think money the most valuable of all curiosities will not be purchasers. The King has excused himself, saying he did not believe there are £20,000 in the treasury. We are a charming wise set, all philosophers, botanists, antiquarians and mathematicians, and adjourned our first meeting because Lord Macclesfield, our Chairman, was engaged to a party for finding out the longitude. One of our number is a Moravian, who signs himself Henry XXVIII., Count de Reus. The Moravians have settled a colony at Chelsea, in Sir Hans's neighbourhood, and I believe he intended to buy Count Henry XXVIII.'s skeleton for his museum."

Yet, happily for the nation, despite this cynical badinage, from an arch curiosity collector, the offer was accepted by Parliament and the purchase made under the power of an Act, 26 George II., sect. 2, which was warmly supported by Henry Pelham, First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer of the so-called Broad Bottom Administration. The treasures thus acquired included a very valuable "library of books, drawings, manuscripts, prints, medals, seals, cameos and

precious stones, agates, jaspers, vessels of agate and jasper, crystals, mathematical instruments and pictures ”.

Under the provisions of this same Act the Harleian library of MSS. (about 7,600 volumes), which had been collected by Robert Harley, Lord Treasurer, first Earl of Oxford, and his son, the second Earl, were purchased from the widow of the latter for £10,000. To meet these expenses the Act further authorised the raising of £10,000 by lottery, and £10,250 was paid to the Earl of Halifax, trustee of the estate, for Montagu House. Thither these collections were removed in 1755-56, and with them went the famous Cottonian library, formed with great judgment by Sir Robert Cotton, a laborious antiquary, early in the seventeenth century. After having been with difficulty rescued from the fury of the republicans during the Protectorate, it was secured to the public by a Statute, 13 William III., 1701, and removed to Essex House, Strand, and thence to Dean's Yard, Westminster. Here in October, 1731, a fire broke out, and a part of the books sustained serious damage. This catastrophe so alarmed Major Arthur Edwards of the Second Horse Guards that he offered £7,500 to the trustees “to erect and build such a house as might be most likely to preserve the library as much as possible from all accidents ”. As the money was not required for this purpose, when he died in 1743 Edwards left the same sum by his will to be applied to the purchase of “such manuscripts, books of antiquities, ancient coins, medals and other curiosities as might be worthy to increase and enlarge the said library ”. He also bequeathed about 2,000 volumes and some valuable pictures to it. Trustees then having been chosen, Montagu House was opened to the public on 15th January, 1759, by the name of the British Museum.

The gardens and grounds in the rear of the house, occupying some seven acres and laid out in grass ter-

racers, were a favourite resort of the gay world on fine evenings in summer. Here in 1780 were encamped the troops to quell the Gordon riots. Behind these grounds the open fields extended west to Lisson Green and Paddington, north to Primrose Hill, Chalk Farm, Hampstead and Highgate, and east to Battle Bridge, now King's Cross, Islington and St. Pancras. On the side of the garden, next Bedford Square, was a fine grove of elm trees, and the gardens of Bedford, formerly Southampton, House in Bloomsbury Square marched with those of the British Museum before that house was pulled down and Russell Square and the adjoining streets were built on its site. The treasures in the Museum were rapidly increased generally by public and private munificence, though it must be admitted sometimes by the spoliation of others, as in the case of the Elgin Marbles. Of the effect of these upon a young riding master, when they were opened to the public, we have the following anecdote from the pen of Mr. J. T. Smith: "A gentlemanly looking person was observed to stand in the middle of the gallery on one spot for upwards of an hour, changing his attitude only by turning himself round; at last he left the room, but in the course of two hours he again took his former station, attended by about a dozen young gentlemen, and then to them he made nearly the following observations: 'See, gentlemen, look at the riders all round the rooms (alluding to the friezes); see how they sit; see with what ease and elegance they ride; I never saw such men in my life; they have no saddles, no stirrups—they must have leaped upon their horses in a grand style. You will do well to study the position of these noble fellows; stay here this morning instead of riding with me, and I am sure you will seat yourselves better to-morrow.'"

On his accession George IV. presented the King's Lib-

rary to the Institution, so new buildings were begun from the designs of Sir Robert Smirke in 1823. In 1845 the last remains of Montagu House were removed, while two years afterwards the portico of the new museum was finished. In 1857 the new reading-room, erected by Mr. Sydney Smirke from the plans of Mr. Anthony Panizzi, at the cost of about £150,000, was opened, the height of the dome measuring 106 feet and the diameter 140 feet.

Near Old Montagu House, and built about the same time, on the north side of what is now Great Russell Street, stood Thanet House, the town house of the Thanet family, founded by Nicholas Tufton. He was one of the gentlemen who went to meet James I. on his journey to England after Queen Elizabeth's death, and was knighted at Newcastle in April, 1603. Subsequently in 1626 he was advanced to the dignity of a baron, and two years afterwards was created Earl of Thanet.

In St. Giles's itself in 1683 we hear of a round house which may have been used as a watch-house or place of confinement. It was situated close to the church, as in 1686 a gate is ordered to be made out of the wall of the churchyard near the round house. In 1694 a watch-house was also built in Holburn opposite the end of Newton Street, but it was subsequently removed to Smart's Buildings. The parish, too, possessed its stocks and whipping post, concerning which we have the following entries in the parish records: "1683, paid the workmens bills for the whipping post £7 17s. 6d. 1703, paid Mr. Pollett for painting the stocks, whipping post and shead £2".

At the north-west corner of Lincoln's Inn Square, part of it forming the south side of Great Queen Street, where we can still walk under its arcade, was built in 1686, by Captain William Wincle, a pupil and executor



of Inigo Jones, Powis House for William Herbert, Marquis of Powis and Viscount Montgomery, subsequently forfeited by him to the Crown for his steady adherence to James II. by whom in exile he was created Duke of Powis. It was inhabited by that somewhat slow but just judge, Lord Keeper Sir Nathan Wright, and then by John, Lord Somers, who stands out as one of the most celebrated of our chancellors. In his youth he strenuously opposed the tyrannical measures of the two last Stuart Kings, was counsel for the seven bishops, and in the Convention Parliament, Chairman of the committee that drew up the Declaration of Rights. "His purity of character, his commanding genius, his unaffected modesty, calm courage and habitual courtesy, not only gave him the lead of the Liberal party but won the respect of many of his opponents." Still the more violent of the Tory party were bent on his ruin and caused him to be impeached for his share in the Partition Treaties and Piracies in 1701, the charges, however, fell through and he was triumphantly acquitted. One of his last public acts, before his death in 1716, was to draw up the scheme of the union between England and Scotland.

At this time the Government seems to have contemplated making Powis House the official residence of the Lord Chancellor, but another fate awaited it, for it was sold to John Holles, Duke of Newcastle, when it received the name of Newcastle House. This Duke, dying without issue in 1711, was succeeded by his nephew, Thomas Pelham Holles, the well-known leader in the Pelham Administration under George II. As he loved to have his levées crowded he was, not unnaturally, surrounded by a host of sycophants. One of these, Sir Thomas Robinson, commonly called Long Sir Tom, was so persistent in his visits that the Duke refused to see him, but on several occasions after this he managed to force his

way into the house on pretence of looking at the clock or of playing with a monkey that was kept in the hall. At last the servants, unable any longer to bear his importunity, always answered: "Sir, his Grace has gone out, the clock stands, and the monkey is dead".

Hard by this dwelling stood Bristol House, the home of George Digby, Earl of Bristol, "a man of very extraordinary parts by nature and art, a graceful and beautiful person, equal to a very good part in the greatest affairs, but the unfittest man alive to conduct them, having an ambition and vanity superior to all his other parts, and a confidence in himself which sometimes intoxicated, transported and exposed him". He was one of the managers of Strafford's impeachment but ultimately voted in his favour, considering the charges against him unfair. On the downfall of the royal cause Bristol, being excepted from pardon and going abroad, served in the French army. Meanwhile by an ordinance of Parliament, September, 1644, the house had been granted to Katherine, Lady Brooke, relict of the Parliamentary General Robert, second Baron Brooke of Beauchamps, who was killed the previous year at the storming of Lichfield Cathedral. At the Restoration Bristol returned and possibly recovered his property, though there may have been difficulties in the matter, Brooke's son, the fourth Baron, being one of the peers sent to Holland to invite Charles to return. Be this as it may, Bristol purchased Sir Thomas More's old house at Chelsea and ended his days there in 1676, while Evelyn writes, "When the Board of Trade and Plantations was first established in 1671, the Earl of Bristol's house in Queen's Street was taken for their use. It had seven rooms on a floor, a long gallery, gardens, etc.; and was furnished with rich hangings of the kings."

Among those who inhabited Great Queen Street was

Ferdinando, Lord Fairfax, and his more famous son, Sir Thomas Fairfax, the Parliamentary General. From this street the former announces his second marriage in a letter dated 20th October, 1646, and here the latter, on the conclusion of the Civil War, received a congratulatory visit from both Houses of Parliament, 14th November, 1647. Hither repaired the Lords, in a long train of coaches, with their spokesman, the Earl of Manchester (one of the Puritan leaders, and the only peer joined with the five members impeached by Charles I.), while the Commons were headed by their speaker, the celebrated Lenthall. From Great Queen Street, too, on 12th February, 1648, the younger Fairfax dates a printed proclamation. In the troublous times during which he lived, there can be no doubt as to his honesty of purpose, nor as to his ability as a general, but he had none of the qualities of a statesman, so that, to use the phrase of Clarendon, he was throughout "over-witted by Cromwell". He died in 1671.

In this street died, 1682, Heneage Finch, Earl of Nottingham, and Lord Chancellor 1675-82; here he used to receive New Year's gifts from the Bar which amounted to nearly £3,000 in gold. From this house one night a noted thief, Thomas Sadler, stole the mace and purse, being unable to find the Great Seal which was under the Chancellor's pillow. Sadler and his associates then carried their plunder through Lincoln's Inn Fields in a mock legal procession to his lodgings in Knight-riders Street, Doctors' Commons, but, for this theft, he was subsequently executed at Tyburn, 16th March, 1676-77. Two years before his death, Nottingham, who was the originator of the Statute of Frauds, presided at the trial of Lord Strafford, and sentenced him to death for being concerned in the Popish plot of which he was accused by the infamous Oates and Bedloe. Burnett informs us

that the Chancellor was "a man of probity, and well versed in the law, but very ill-bred, vain and haughty." He figures as Amri in Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel*, where he is very favourably contrasted with his political rival, Shaftesbury:—

Sincere was Amri, and not only knew  
But Israel's sanctions into practice drew  
Our laws that did a boundless ocean seem  
Were coasted all, and fathomed all by him.  
No rabbin speaks like him their mystic sense  
So just, and with such charm of eloquence,  
To whom the double blessing doth belong  
With Moses' inspiration, Aaron's tongue.

At this period in the Fields themselves were many notable residents, the foremost of these being the only surviving son of Sir Sidney Montagu, Edward Montagu, cousin of our diarist, Pepys, and the personal friend of Cromwell. Having, when only eighteen, raised a regiment for the Parliament, he was present at Marston Moor and Naseby; then leaving the army for the navy, a transition not unusual in those days, we find him associated with Blake in the Mediterranean and afterwards commanding the fleet in the North Sea. Deprived of his commission on suspicion that he had become favourable to the royal cause, Montagu was reinstated by Monk, and escorted Charles II. back to England, when he was created Earl of Sandwich. In the war of 1664-65, under the Duke of York, Sandwich took part in the great battle of Lowestoft, and seven years afterwards met with a hero's death, having rescued a considerable part of the fleet from imminent danger, by the blowing up of his ship, the *Royal James*, in the engagement at Southwold Bay, 28th May, 1672. His body, subsequently picked up, was conveyed to Westminster Abbey and buried in Henry VII.'s Chapel vault with his benefactor, Monk. Sandwich appears at one time to have let or lent his house to Sir

George Carteret, who governed the island of Jersey with great severity though he developed its resources. At the Restoration he was made Treasurer of the Navy, and Secretary Pepys does not seem to have found him a very pleasant superior, for while hard-working, painstaking and giving himself very few holidays, he was extremely passionate and determined. In 1680 it was proposed to create him a peer, but he died, and the distinction was afterwards conferred upon his grandson by the title of Baron Carteret of Hawnes, now called Haynes, in Bedfordshire.

Hereabouts, too, lodged Lord Bellasis, properly Belasyse, the second son of Viscount Fauconberg, and one of the most distinguished commanders on the royal side. Appointed Lieutenant-General of the King's forces in York and Nottingham he fought at Edgehill, Newbury and Marston Moor, becoming the first Governor of Tangier after the marriage of Charles II. Being impeached with other Roman Catholic peers on the evidence of Titus Oates and imprisoned from 1678 to 1683, he died six years later and was buried in St. Giles's in the Fields, where a monument was put up to him. He was succeeded by his grandson, who in 1691 found the same resting place, when the title became extinct.

On the north side of the square lived during her early widowhood, Anne, Lady Middlesex, cousin of the Buckinghams. Her husband, Lionel Cranfield, had risen from the ranks in the days of James I. First he married the daughter of a grocer to whom he had been apprenticed, thereby acquiring a fortune. Then, on her death without male issue, he allied himself to the Buckinghams. Having held several Government and royal household situations, in the which he effected a very large saving of expenditure, he was in 1621 created Baron Cranfield and Earl of Middlesex. But in those corrupt days the position of a

reformer was a precarious one indeed, and two years later Middlesex was found guilty of the mismanagement of some of his departments, sentenced to lose them, to be fined £50,000, and to be imprisoned in the Tower for a fortnight. Although restored to his seat in the House of Lords in 1640, he died in 1645, and lies, with his second wife, in St. Benedict's Chapel, Westminster Abbey, where a touching epitaph records "that he is happy in the calm haven which he has reached after the stormy voyage of his long life".

When Lady Middlesex left this house it was taken by Sir Richard Fanshawe, the translator of Guarini and Camoens, the cousin of Evelyn, and another supporter of the royal cause. Made prisoner at the battle of Worcester he was subjected to close confinement for a considerable time, but on recovering his liberty went to Breda where he was knighted by the exiled King. At the Restoration, after having negotiated his sovereign's marriage with Catherine of Braganza in Portugal, he was sent as Ambassador to Madrid, and there died in 1666. Lady Fanshawe, his widow, the daughter of Sir John Harrison of Balls, Hertfordshire, tells us that her husband's body rested awhile in this London house on its way to its place of interment in her native county.

Now, although Lincoln's Inn Fields were still rural enough there seems to have been some disadvantage in living in them or in their neighbourhood. They became the great resort of idlers, and the middle of the Fields was used as a place of execution. Here, on the 21st of July, 1683, Lord Russell was beheaded for supposed complicity in the Rye House Plot. Burnett writes as follows: "Some have said that the Duke of York moved that he might be executed in Southampton Square, before his own house, but that the King rejected that as indecent. So Lincoln's Inn Fields was the place appointed for the

execution." The good bishop then proceeds to describe the last sad scene. "Tillotson and I went with him in the coach to the place of execution. Some of the crowd that filled the streets wept, while others insulted. He was singing psalms a great part of the way, and said he hoped to sing better soon. As he observed the great crowd of people all the way he said to us, 'I hope I shall quickly see a much better assembly'. When he came to the scaffold he walked about it four or five times. Then he turned to the sheriffs and delivered his paper. He prayed by himself, then Tillotson prayed with him. After that he prayed again by himself, and then undressed himself, and laid his head on the block without the least change of countenance, and it was cut off at two strokes." But Evelyn implies that the executioner was not skilful in his work, for he records that he gave "three butcherley strokes".

For the present, however, we must leave Lincoln's Inn Fields to consider the progress of building in other parts of the parish.

Towards the end of the reign of Charles II. plans were made for the laying out of the famous, or, perhaps, infamous district of the Seven Dials. As late as 1666 it remained a piece of waste ground formerly called the Marsh Land, and in plans of London of that date is so shown, its south, north and west sides being encompassed with a ditch, and its eastern end walled in. It was then called St. Gyles' Felde, but it often bore the name of "Cock and Pye Fields" from the neighbouring public-house of the Cock and Pye, or from the Cock and Pye ditch just alluded to. Soon after this a few straggling houses appeared upon it, but it was not until the year 1693, the ditch having been previously arched over as a public nuisance, that building began on a regular system. The houses were, we are told, originally con-

structed for wealthy tenants, and the district received its name of Seven Dials from the plan on which it was laid out. Seven streets were made to converge at a centre, where there was a pillar adorned with seven dial faces. In 1694 Evelyn notes: "I went to see the building near St. Giles's, where seven dials make a star from a Doric pillar placed in the middle of a circular area, said to be by Mr. Neale, the introducer of the late lotteries, in imitation of Venice, now set up here for himself twice, and once for the state".

The building, however, progressed but slowly, and till the column was put up the district was called "The Seven Streets". The new view of London, published in 1708, tells us that then only four out of the seven streets were built. After that the increase both in houses and population must have been very rapid, for John Gay, the poet, in his *Trivia, or The Art of Walking The Streets of London*, a poem written in 1715, thus alludes to the district:—

Where famed St. Giles' ancient limits spread  
An inrailed column rears its lofty head,  
Here to seven streets seven dials count their day  
And from each other catch the circling ray.  
Here oft the Peasant with inquiring face  
Bewildered trudges on from place to place.  
He dwells on every sign with stupid gaze  
Enters the narrow alleys doubtful maze  
Tries every winding court and street in vain,  
And doubles o'er his weary steps again.

The seven streets were Great and Little Earl, Great and Little White Lion, Great and Little St. Andrew's, and Queen Streets. The dial stone, however, had but six faces, two of the streets opening into one angle. The column and dials were removed in June, 1773, in the vain search for a treasure said to be secreted beneath the base, and they were never replaced. The pillar was taken to Sayes Court, Adlestone, with a view of erecting it in



the park there. It was, nevertheless, neglected till the year 1822, when it was purchased by the inhabitants of Weybridge, and, surmounted with a ducal coronet instead of the dials, was set up on the village green to commemorate the good deeds of Frederica, Duchess of York, wife of Frederick, Duke of York, son of George III., who in 1820 died at Oatlands, now Oatlands Park Hotel, where the numerous graves of her cats and dogs testify to her love for animals. The dial stone, not being required, was used as the horse block at a neighbouring inn, but it has been removed and now lies on the edge of the green near the column. Thus the district was built over, but before we review the streets and buildings which we have not already mentioned, we must devote special chapters to the principal churches of St. Giles's.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE PARISH CHURCH OF ST. GILES'S.

Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,  
Will never mark the marble with his name.

—POPE.

OF the first known church of St. Giles's in the district the details are sufficiently meagre. Probably an enlargement of the Hospital Church, it possessed a chancel, a nave, middle and side aisles. It stood on the north side of the Hospital, and from a plan about the date of 1560 seems to have had a circular tower. The altar at the east end was adorned with the image of the Patron Saint, before which burnt a great taper called St. Giles's Light. Towards the expense of maintaining this, about the year 1200 William Christmas, a parishioner, bequeathed the annual sum of twelve pence. The chapel of St. Michael and its altar formed another prominent feature in the same building, and had its proper priest or chaplains. In 1617 the circular tower was taken away, and a new steeple was erected in which some bells were hung.

Still, six years later, the building was in such a ruinous condition that it was found necessary to rebuild it entirely, and a petition was addressed to the King for this purpose. At this time Dr. George Mountain was Bishop of London, having, says an amusing but somewhat apocryphal story, obtained the appointment in 1621 on account of his ready wit. As a royal chaplain he was one day walking with the King in St. James's Park when

his Majesty said that he was "more troubled how to dispose of the bishopric of London, which was then vacant, than he was of anything in his life. For," added he, "there are many who apply for it with so strong an interest that I know not to whom to give it!" The doctor answered that if the King had faith he might easily dispose of it. "How?" inquired James. "If your Majesty," replied the chaplain, "had as much faith as a grain of mustard seed you might say to this Mountain, 'Be thou removed, and be thou cast into that sea [see]!'"

The bishop now, at the King's suggestion, wrote to the clergy of his diocese urging them "to move their several congregations liberally to contribute all in their power towards so good a work". The appeal was successful, and the sum of £2,000, or thereabouts, being raised the new church was built, and consecrated by the celebrated Laud, then Bishop of London, on the 26th January, 1630.

Foremost amongst the contributors was Alicia, Duchess of Dudley, of whom, as she was intimately connected with the parish for many years, we must give a short account. She was the daughter of Sir Thomas Leigh of Stoneleigh, Warwickshire, and in 1620 married Sir Robert Dudley, son of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, Elizabeth's favourite. His legitimacy was unfairly questioned; for his father, after the death of his first wife, the unfortunate Amy Robsart, became attached to Lady Sheffield, the widow of John, second Baron Sheffield, and daughter of William, Lord Howard of Effingham. Fear of the Queen's wrath induced Leicester to hide his engagement, but in 1573 he was compelled to marry the lady, who two days afterwards produced a son, Robert Dudley. As the child grew up he developed considerable talents, for he became a naval commander and an inventor. Unhappily, he also inherited many paternal vices. After

a vain attempt to establish his claim to his father's estates, he left England for ever, taking a mistress whom he is said to have married. His abilities attracted the attention of the Emperor Ferdinand, who created him Duke of Northumberland in the Holy Roman Empire. He died in 1649. His lawful wife having been advanced to the rank of Duchess by letters patent, bearing date at Oxford the 20th May, 20 Car. I., and having secured for herself and her daughters much of the fortune left by the late Earl of Leicester, had meanwhile taken up her abode in the house near the church formerly adapted by Lord Lisle from the premises of the Hospital. A difficulty here arises as to how she obtained this property, and four different theories are advanced: (1) That Lisle, afterwards Northumberland, when he sold the manor to Sir Wymonde Carew reserved the house and its surroundings, so that on the reversal of his attainder it passed to his son and heir, Ambrose, the good Lord Warwick, thus continuing in the Dudley family. The provisions in the deed, however, seem flatly to contradict this. (2) That Carew gave the house to the Dudleys on a long lease. (3) That it in some way or other reverted to the Crown and was regranted to the Duchess. (4) That Duchess Alicia leased it from its then present proprietors. Between the conflicting opinions I confess myself wholly unable to adjudicate.

At any rate here she lived for many years, a parishioner of St. Giles's, liberally spending her ample income for the benefit of her poorer neighbours. She headed the subscription list to the new church, and gave the six bells, plate and other ornaments. She further, in the year 1646, granted the building, then called the White House, which stood on the site of what was afterwards Dudley Court, for a parsonage for the incumbent. This gift she confirmed by her will, and also thereby bequeathed the

full sum of £400 to purchase £20 a year, or more, lands of inheritance for the use of the poor people that should be in the Alms Houses of St. Giles's in the Fields for ever. When she died in 1669, at the age of ninety, a funeral sermon, setting forth her good deeds, was preached by Dr. Boreman, then Rector of St. Giles's. She was buried at Stoneleigh, the home of her childhood. And over the north gate of the churchyard the grateful parishioners fixed a marble tablet commemorating her great liberality towards the new church. She left no male issue, but, of her seven daughters, Anne married Sir Richard Holbourne; Catherine became the wife of Sir Richard Leveson of Trentham, in Staffordshire, where a portrait of the Duchess is still preserved; while Frances, married to Sir Gilbert Kniveton of Bradley, Derbyshire, died about 1645 and was buried in St. Giles's Church. Here a monument was erected to her which was transferred to the present church when the second church was pulled down, preserved "as a piece of parochial gratitude to the daughter of one whose benefactions to the parish in which she had resided had been both frequent and liberal". A recumbent figure is still to be seen in the north aisle.

This second church, apparently of red brick, seems to have been a striking building, with a tower in three stages, surrounded with a turret. It was also rich in ornaments, and especially in painted glass, but its interior decorations were much defaced by the Puritans, who caused its ornaments to be sold, while the churchwarden's accounts record a payment of 4s. 6d. to a painter for washing the twelve Apostles off the organ loft, and another of £1 9s. 6d. to a glazier for removing the painted glass windows.

In this church some notable people found their last resting place. Here was interred Andrew Marvell, a native of Kingston-upon-Hull, an intimate friend of

Prince Rupert, and assistant to John Milton when he was Latin Secretary to Oliver Cromwell. From 1660 until his death Marvell represented his native town in Parliament, and was rewarded by his constituents with a handsome pension. He was, moreover, a voluminous writer and a great master of ridicule. His works were published with a life of the author by Cooke in 1772, and by Thomson in 1776, while his poems have since figured in almost every important collection of the English poets. "Some of his verses are harsh," says Hazlitt, "as the words of Mercury; others musical as is Apollo's lute." He died in 1678, and Aubrey (1626-1700), in *Letters of Eminent Persons*, gives us the following: "He lies interred under ye Pews in ye south side of St. Giles's Church in ye Fields, under the window wherein is painted in glasse a red lyon (it was given by the innholder of the Red Lion Inn in Holborn) and is ye window from the east. This account I had from the sexton that made his grave." Possibly the coffin was removed when the third church was built, for Thomson searched in vain for it in 1774, and could find no plate of an earlier date than 1722.

Ten years after his death, "the town of Kingston-upon-Hull, to testify her faithful remembrance of his honest services to her, collected a sum of money to erect a monument to his memory in the place of his burial in the above church, and procured an able hand to compose an epitaph; but the parson of the parish, John Sharpe, afterwards Archbishop of York, would not permit the monument or inscription to be placed there," nor, indeed, was there any record of him till the existing black marble slab was erected on the north wall of the third church in 1764.

In this second, possibly it ought to be called third, church Lord Herbert of Cherbury was laid in 1698,

"under the south wall," according to one account, and "in the church" itself, according to another. A flat marble stone bearing a Latin inscription marked his grave.

Here, too, was buried Sir Roger L'Estrange, of whom Clarendon speaks as "a man of a good wit and a fancy very luxuriant and of an enterprising nature". An ardent Royalist, in 1642 he entered into a plot to capture the town of Lynn, in Norfolk, for Charles I., but being betrayed by two of his associates he was taken prisoner, confined in Newgate, tried and condemned to death. He was, however, allowed to live on in prison till 1648, when his escape to the Continent was connived at.

When the Long Parliament had been forcibly dissolved by Cromwell in April, 1653, L'Estrange returned to England and apprised the Council of his movements, claiming the Act of Indemnity. Consequently he was summoned before the Council and informed that his case was not within the Act. Nothing daunted he sought an interview with the Protector himself, "in the Cockpit," and soon afterwards received his pardon.

After the Restoration he became Licensor of the Press and continued in this office until the Revolution. He also published two newspapers, the *Public Intelligencer* and the *Observer*, in support of the King and Court, as well as many political and other works. His tomb is thus described in the *New View of London*, 1708: "A very neat, polished white marble monument, adorned with cartouches, leaves, fruit, etc., and this inscription thereon: 'In the Middle Ile, near this place, lyeth the Body of Sir Roger L'Estrange, Knight, Born 17th. of December, 1616, Died the 11th. of December, 1704. His arms: Gules and Lions Passant Argent.'"

During the great fire of September, 1666, James Shirley, the dramatist and poet, who was living in Fleet Street, was burnt out of house and home. He took refuge in

St. Giles's in the Fields, where he died of exposure and suffering about six weeks after, aged seventy-two. His wife died the same day and they were buried in one grave, on 29th October, 1666, but whether inside or outside the church does not clearly appear.

In less than a century, however, it was found that this church, notwithstanding the vast sums spent on it for repairs, was in a state of decay, and so low from the accumulations of earth around it as to be completely damp and unwholesome. Consequently, although the reasons for this state of things are doubtful, it was, in 1715, decided to "take the opinions of the members of parliament inhabiting the parish, concerning the petitioning parliament to have the church entirely rebuilt at the public cost".

By an Act of Parliament passed in 1711 it had been provided that, in consequence of the destruction caused by the great fire, fifty new churches should be built in the suburbs of the metropolis, a duty on coals being imposed to raise the necessary funds. Hoping to benefit by this Act, the good people of St. Giles's presented their petition to Parliament, setting forth their inability to rebuild their church on account of their poverty, and praying that it might be rebuilt as one of the fifty new churches. But considerable delay arose. The petition was, indeed, supported by the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Chancellor Macclesfield, and other eminent parishioners, to whom the thanks of the parish were voted. On the other hand, it was strenuously opposed by Davies, Archbishop of York, five bishops and eleven temporal peers, who based their objections chiefly on the not unreasonable argument that it was a bad precedent to rebuild *old churches* out of a fund appropriated for *new ones*. Ultimately, however, the petitioners triumphed, but nothing seems to have been done even then for some years. At



last, articles of agreement were entered into with Henry Flitcroft, an architect, who undertook to take down the old church and build a new one on the same ground before the year 1733. Accordingly, the building began in 1731. It was opened for worship in 1734, and was preached in for the first time in April of that year. Its cost was partly repaid out of the fund for building the fifty new churches, but the expenses exceeded the original estimate by £1,000 at least, as Flitcroft received altogether over £8,000.

This third church is of Portland stone and has a tower and spire some 165 feet high, while the interior "is bold and effective; the roof is supported by rows of Ionic pillars of Portland stone, and the semicircular headed windows are mostly filled with coloured glass".

Most of the monuments in the second church were removed, and almost the only one of interest in the present church is the recumbent figure of Lady Frances Kniveton, of whom we have already spoken.

The church has been twice robbed of its communion plate, once in 1675 and again in 1804. In 1827 the transparent clock dial on the tower was lit with gas, the first in the metropolis; and opposite, in 1842, was made one of the earliest experiments with wood paving.

The churchyard, probably in ancient times the place of interment of the Hospital as well as the parish, is first mentioned in the parish books in 1628. It was further enlarged about 1639, and again in 1666, while the *New View of London*, 1708, tells us that it was "fenced with a good brick wall". It still contains many graves of exceptional interest.

In this churchyard, against the south wall of the church, is the tomb of George Chapman, who died in the parish 12th May, 1634, aged seventy-seven. His bosom friends were Ben Johnson and Fletcher, and he was more than

once imprisoned with the former for using his pen too freely. But, although he was a dramatist and wrote many plays, he is best known for his translation of Homer, which has been pronounced "one of the great achievements of the Elizabethan age, a monument of skill and devotion," and to which, as well as to his translation of Hesiod, Ben Johnson alludes in the following lines:—

Whose work could this be, Chapman, to refine  
Old Hesiod's ore, and give it thus, but thine,  
Who had'st before wrought in rich Homer's mine ?

What treasure hast thou brought us, and what store  
Still, still dost thou arrive with at our shore,  
To make thy honour and our wealth the more ?

If all the vulgur tongues that speak this day  
Were asked of thy discoveries, they must say,  
To the Greek coast thine only knew the way.

Turn, passenger, hast thou found such returns made  
As now of all men it is called the trade ;  
And who make thither, else rob or invade.

The upright oblong tomb was erected by Inigo Jones, at his own expense. It is still to be seen in the churchyard, but the only old part of it now is the monument, for the inscription is a copy of all that remained visible. Habington, the poet, in his *Castara*, published in 1634, alludes to Chapman's grave being outside the church, and expresses a hope that some person might be found "so seriously devote to Poesie" as to remove his relics, and "in the warme church to build him up a tombe".

Close to the north wall of the church the remains of Oliver Plunket, Archbishop of Armagh and Roman Catholic Primate of Ireland, found a temporary resting place. He was tried before an English jury at Westminster on 8th June, 1681, for having conspired to bring a large French army into England. Although he defended himself with vigour, he was, on very doubtful evidence, convicted of high treason, and hanged at Tyburn.

Before his execution he obtained leave to be buried in the churchyard of St. Giles's among the fathers of the Jesuits who had previously also suffered at Tyburn. On his coffin was a copper plate bearing this inscription: "In this tomb resteth the body of the Most Revnd. Oliver Plunket, late Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland, who, when accused of high treason, through hatred of the faith, by false bretheren, and condemned to death, being hanged at Tyburn, and his bowels being taken out and cast into the fire, suffered martyrdom with constancy, in the reign of Charles the Second of Great Britain, on the 1st day of July, 1681."

Three years later the body was exhumed by Father Corker who had been one of the late Archbishop's intimate friends. It was then pretended that a miracle had been performed, for it is gravely asserted that the body was found entire, though, immediately after the execution, it had been quartered and the head separated from it. The remains were taken to the Benedictine Abbey at Lamspringe in Germany, where a monument was erected over it. The head, sent first to Rome, was subsequently removed to the Convent of St. Catherine of Sienna at Drogheda, in Ireland, while one of the arms is still preserved in the Franciscan Convent at Taunton.

When, in 1803, the Prussian Government expelled the monks from Lamspringe, the body was first buried in the churchyard, but afterwards, in 1883, brought to England and deposited in St. George's Monastery, at Downside, near Bath.

In St. Giles's Churchyard lies also Richard Pendrell or Penderel, the preserver of Charles II. He and his four brothers were employed as woodcutters at Boscobel in Staffordshire. After the total rout of his army at Worcester, on 3rd September, 1651, Charles fled from the field with some fifty or sixty of his adherents. He soon, so

as to provide better for his safety, separated from them, and, following the advice of Lord Derby, he went to Boscobel, where he took refuge with the Pendrells. The brothers, having dressed the King like themselves, led him into a neighbouring wood, and, putting a bill into his hand, pretended to employ themselves in cutting faggots. "Some nights he lay upon straw in the house, and fed upon such homely fare as it afforded." For a better concealment, we are told that on one occasion "he mounted upon an oak, where he sheltered himself among the leaves and branches for twenty-four hours. He saw several soldiers pass by. All of them were intent in search of the King, and some expressed in his hearing their earnest wish of seizing him. This tree was afterwards denominated the royal oak, and for many years was regarded by the neighbourhood with great veneration."

After the Restoration the Pendrell family seem to have settled in London. Here we read that Humphrey Pendrell (probably an uncle of Richard) died at "Hen. Arundel's house, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and in 1664 (10th February), a petition was presented to the King from Humphrey Pendrell for the money with which to pay for his funeral." Despite his many and glaring faults, Charles does not seem to have forgotten those who had helped him in the days of his adversity, and we find numerous warrants for the payment of money to them at different times.

They became parishioners of St. Giles's, and Mr. Parton, writing in 1822, says: "Certain it is that Pendrell's descendants continued inhabitants here for years afterwards, as the name of William Pendrell occurs in 1702-3, as overseer of the poor. The great granddaughter of Richard Pendrell is, or was lately, living in the neighbouring parish of Covent Garden, and is said to have

enjoyed a small pension, part of the one granted to her ancestor."

Pendrell's monument stands a little south-east of the church. "It has been erected upon the top of the original tomb, that having become buried by the raising of the level of the churchyard, the black marble slab of the original tomb now forms the base of the more modern one," while the inscription, recorded by Strype, ran thus:—

Here lies Richard Pendrell  
Preserver and conductor to his sacred Majesty King Charles II.  
of Great Britain,  
After his escape from Worcester fight, 1651, who died Feb. 8, 1671.

Hold passenger, here's shrouded in this herse  
Unparallel'd Pendrell thro' the universe!  
Like when the eastern star from Heaven gave light  
To three lost kings,—so he in such dark night  
To Britain's monarch lost by adverse war,  
On earth appear'd a second Eastern star;  
A pole, a stem, in her rebellious main  
A pilot to her royal sovereign came:  
Now to triumph in Heaven's eternal sphere  
He is advanced for his just steerage here,  
Whilst Albion's chronicles with matchless fame  
Embalm the story of great Pendrell's name.

The body of James Ratcliffe, Earl of Derwentwater, a grandson of Charles II. by his mistress, Moll Davis, and who was beheaded on the 25th of January, 1715-16 for his share in the rebellion of 1715, was temporarily buried in this churchyard, but was subsequently removed to the family vault at Dilston in Northumberland, and here the remains of his son, Charles Ratcliffe, who suffered, 8th December, 1746, for the rebellion of 1745, found a last resting place.

Here too lie Michael Mohun, the celebrated actor, who died in 1684, and Anna Maria, Countess of Shrewsbury. This lady, the daughter of Lord Cardigan, was the wife

of Francis, the eleventh Earl of Shrewsbury, and the mother of the twelfth Earl, and only Duke of Shrewsbury. Her character was not of the highest, for, in the costume of a page, she held the horse of George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham and the celebrated Cabal Minister, who had seduced her, while he killed her husband in a duel in 1667. Although the only mention of the Shrewsbury family in the parish books is that of the mother-in-law of this lady, "as one of a committee for conducting a consecration feast," it is probable that they were parishioners here for many years.

A stone in the churchyard against the east end of the north aisle of the church, informs us that :—

Near this place lyes the body of Eleanor Stewart, who dyed  
The first day of May 1725, aged 123 years, and above 5 months.  
She lived in this parish near 60 years, and received £150 by  
A pension of 4s. a week in the last 15 years of her life.

Over the west entrance to the churchyard is the Lych Gate, or Resurrection Gate. The *New View of London*, 1708, says that "over the gate next the west end of the church is a prodigious number of carved figures, being an emblem of the Resurrection, done in relievo, very curiously, and erected in the year 1687". This carving has been supposed, with various alterations, to have been a copy of Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment," and was by Lowe, a carver of whom nothing more is known. He received £27 for it out of the sum of £185 14s. 6d., the cost of the whole structure. The old gate was of red and brown brick; the present one of stone was erected about 1804 by W. Leverton, architect. It was removed to its present position in 1864-65 for street improvements. In 1689 it was ordered "for care to be taken to have the Little West door into the churchyard repaired; and in 1693 a penthouse was ordered to be made over the gate leading out of the churchyard into Brown's Gardens."

This gate afterwards led into New Compton Street, while there was another gate opposite to it on the north-eastern side.

In 1765 the north wall of the churchyard was taken down from gate to gate, and the dwarf wall and iron pallisadoes which still exist were erected. But by the beginning of the nineteenth century the graveyard had become overcrowded, and further accommodation had to be sought in a piece of land adjoining the old church of St. Pancras. The chapel was built and the ground laid out in 1804, and here were buried, among others, John Flaxman in 1826, one of the best of our English sculptors, from his home in Buckingham Street, Fitzroy Square, so that he can hardly be called a parishioner, and also in 1837 Sir John Sloane, architect of the Bank of England and founder of the Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

In connection with the church we hear of one Wrench, steeple-keeper and bell-ringer of St. Giles's church, who at Christmas, 1774, issued the following lines to the parishioners, in the hope of obtaining Christmas boxes :—

Willm. Wrench, Steeple-keeper to St. Giles's in ye Fields.

Richd. Chapell	} Church Wardens, 1774.
Robt. Lundall	

A copy of verses, humbly presented to all my worthy masters and mistresses, of the Parish of St. Giles's in the Fields — by William Wrench, Steeple-keeper and Bell-ringer of the Five and Nine o'clock Bell.

My constant Task I ev'ry day pursue,  
 And annually, kind sirs, I wait on you ;  
 Hoping kind Masters, I shall always find,  
 That you to your Bell-ringer will prove kind.  
 To you this merry season of the year,  
 I come to taste the comfort of your cheer !  
 May you be blest and happy in your Wives,  
 And children be the comfort of your lives,  
 I then with care will strive to make amends,  
 And with my diligence to please my Friends.  
 At five o'clock I ring the morning Bell,  
 As ev'ry honest lab'ring hand can tell ;

The Porters, Joiners, Bricklayers, Market folks  
Are all in arms, and crack their harmless jokes.  
The jolly dyers, now, whose gaudy Trade  
Decks both the Duchess and the Chambermaid ;  
Waked by my Bell, they then begin to rise,  
Jump up in bed, and rub their sleepy eyes,  
Slip on their cloaths, and then to work they hie,  
Nor think it time to lay their labour by,  
Till nine at night, I give them my dismissal,  
And then tow'rd home they go by my permission.

God bless my mistresses and masters kind,  
Who never fail their Bell-ringer to mind ;  
May Health and Wealth, Prosperity and Peace,  
Always attend you with each year's increase.

This missive, adorned with an ornamented border and a view of St. Giles's Church, was probably very effective for the purpose for which it was intended.



## CHAPTER VI.

### THE RECTORS OF ST. GILES'S.

A parson, *personae ecclesiae*, is one that hath full possession of all the rights of a parochial church. He is called parson, because by his person the church, which is an invisible body, is represented. He is also sometimes called the rector or governor of the church.—STEPHEN'S *Commentaries*.

TILL its dissolution the right to present to the church of St. Giles's in the Fields was in the Hospital, then it passed to Lord Lisle, and from him to John Carew. Later on it was vested in the Crown but it now belongs to the Bishop of London. Immediately after the dissolution of the Hospital, Thomas Magnus, the parson, is mentioned, to whom a licence to marry was given by Lord Lisle. Still, as it is not clear when the church really became parochial, it is impossible to make out with any certainty the names of the early incumbents, though after the appointment of Sir William Rowlandson, on the 20th of April, 1547, we have a fairly complete list of them to the present day. I have placed this list at the end of the chapter. Here I can only mention the more prominent.

Some time between the years 1604 and 1616, Roger Manwaring (Maynwaring, or Mainwaring) was instituted to the living. He was a native of Stretton in Shropshire and probably connected with the Mainwarings of Over Peover and Tyhtfield, whose name could, we are told, be spelt 131 different ways.

In 1626 he was appointed chaplain to Charles I., and, shortly afterwards, preached two sermons on "Religion and Allegiance" before the King which got him into considerable trouble. In the first he declared that "the King's royal command imposing taxes and loans without consent of parliament did so far bind the conscience of the subjects of this kingdom that they could not refuse the payment without peril of damnation". In the second sermon he further maintained that "the authority of parliament was not necessary for raising of aids and subsidies". These discourses were printed and published, and the substance of them repeated in St. Giles's Church, a third sermon, much in the same strain, being added to them.

For these offences Mainwaring was prosecuted by Parliament, fined £1,000, imprisoned, and declared incapable of holding any ecclesiastical office. He made his submission to the House on his knees and received his pardon in 1629, while his services to the Royalist cause being remembered, he was appointed Dean of Worcester in 1633, and two years later consecrated Bishop of St. David's. These proceedings afterwards formed one of the accusations against Archbishop Laud, tried in 1643 and executed 10th January, 1644-45. Nor did Mainwaring himself escape unscathed, for charges were preferred against him concerning his conduct as Dean of Worcester. They were, it must be allowed, a little contradictory, for one declared that he was guilty of popish innovations, inasmuch as he ordered the forty King's scholars, usually coming tumultuously into the choir, to enter quietly two and two while the other said that he had exhibited a sociability and joviality unbecoming his office. Nevertheless he was imprisoned by the Long Parliament, lost all his preferments and relapsed into poverty and obscurity. He died in 1653, and we read that "for the last two years of his

life not a week passed over his head without a message or injury, which he desired God not to remember against his adversaries, and adjured all his friends to forget”.

Brian, or Bryan, Walton was appointed to the livings of St. Giles's and Sandon, Essex, in 1635. A native of Yorkshire and educated at Magdalene, Cambridge, he became a clergyman in the city of London and made himself conspicuous by his writings concerning the payments of tithes. At the beginning of the Civil War he was prosecuted and forced to resign his appointments, but he regained them for a few months at the Restoration, being the same year consecrated Bishop of Chester. He was celebrated as the editor of the Polyglot Bible, and dying in November, 1661, was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.

At St. Giles's, on his deprivation, Walton was succeeded by William Heywood, son of a Bristol cooper, Fellow of St. John's, Oxford, chaplain to Laud and Charles I., and one of the foremost preachers of his day. He, too, incurred the displeasure of the Parliament as “a licencer of popish books, a purger of orthodox passages against popery, papists and Arminianism, a creature of Archbishop Laud, and a practiser of popish ceremonies”. Consequently he was deprived of his living, imprisoned and compelled to fly. For some years, being in great distress for want of funds, he kept a private school in Wiltshire.

During his absence, St. Giles's was successively held by three rectors, the last of whom, Thomas Case, alone deserves notice. A student of Christchurch, Oxford, he began his ecclesiastical career as a violent reformer; for it is said that he altered the usual Prayer Book invitation to communicants as follows: “Ye that have freely and liberally contributed to the Parliament, for the defense of God's cause and Gospel, draw near with faith, etc., etc.”

Like many men, however, in those days and since, who

have supported the oppressed popular cause and yet shuddered at its wild vagaries when it was triumphant, Case's opinions soon changed. He preached against bringing the King to trial, and afterwards, in May, 1657, implicating himself in a plot to recall the Prince, was committed to the Tower where he remained till the following October. Soon after his release he became lecturer at St. Giles's, and, on the death of Arthur Molyne, rector, as he now openly advocated the Restoration, he was one of the clergy sent to the Hague in 1660 to congratulate the King. The Dutch reception was certainly a damper, for Pepys, who happened to be at Schevenning, thus describes the disembarkation: "We saw two boats upset and the gallants pulled on shore by the heels, while their trunks, portmanteaus, hats, and feathers were swimming in the sea. Among others I saw the ministers that came along with the commissioners (Mr. Case among the rest) sadly dipped."

The following year Case attended the celebrated Savoy Conference, in which the bishops, Presbyterian ministers and others met for the purpose of altering the Church Liturgy. The dissenters' objections were generally disallowed, but some alterations were recommended in the Prayer Book. Very soon after Case seems to have been compelled to resign his living, and retiring into private life occupied himself with writing till his death in 1682. Our ubiquitous diarist tells us that in his preaching, which was effective, he had a mannerism frequently absurd. The same authority also implies that he was a bore, for writing of a dinner at Lord Crew's, he says, 20th January, 1667-68: "Here dined Mr. Case, the minister, who, Lord! did talk just as I remember he used to preach, and did tell us a pretty story of a religious lady, the Queen of Navarre". And again the following 8th May: "To my Lord Crew's and there dined; where Mr. Case,

the minister, a dull fellow in his talk, and all in the Presbyterian manner". Richard Baxter, on the other hand, a sager and more serious observer, gives Case unqualified praise, calling him an old faithful servant of God.

In 1661, on Walton's promotion to Chester, Heywood was reinstated, and remained rector till his death in 1663. Then Charles II. gave the living to Robert Boreman, Fellow of Trinity, Cambridge, a man of considerable learning. Although Boreman was undoubtedly excellent and holy, he fell into one great error, for, carried away by the party zeal of his controversial time, he was guilty of an unfounded anonymous attack upon Richard Baxter, whom he denounced as a man of blood and accused of having deliberately killed a man in the late wars. Baxter was at first inclined to retaliate and deny this injustice, but, better counsels prevailing, he met the libel with the calm silence and contempt that is the surest evidence of innocence and strength.

John Sharp or Sharpe was the son of a Puritan father and Royalist mother. As a young man he was chaplain and tutor in the family of Sir Heneage Finch, then Attorney-General, who, on becoming Lord Chancellor in 1675, recommended him to Charles II. Sharpe rapidly rose in royal favour. Having been made Archdeacon of Berkshire and Prebendary of Norwich, he was in 1675 presented by the King to the two livings of St. Bartholomew, Exchange, and St. Giles's in the Fields, while to these was added the Deanery of Norwich in 1681.

The Dean, however, probably had imbibed some of the principles of his father, and he subsequently grievously offended James II. by his hostility to the Church of Rome, as he boldly denied that this branch of the Church was the only visible Catholic Church. Bishop Compton of London (1675-1713) was ordered to suspend him, and on

his refusal so to do, he as well as Sharpe was suspended. Evelyn gives us the following accounts of these proceedings: "8 September, 1686. The Bishop of London was on Monday suspended for not silencing Dr. Sharpe, of St. Giles's, for something of a sermon, in which he zealously reprov'd the doctrines of the Roman Catholics. The bishop having consulted the civilians, was told by them that he could not by any Law proceed against Dr. Sharpe, without producing witnesses and impleading according to form; but it was over-ruled by the Chancellor, Jeffreys, and the bishop was sentenced."

Sharpe returned to Norwich, and although he was recalled within a year, he remained in disgrace till the end of the reign of James II. for refusing to obey the ecclesiastical commissioners.

On the accession of William III. he was again received into favour, made one of the revisers of the Liturgy and appointed to the Deaneries of Canterbury and St. Paul's, nor did his honours end here, for he was consecrated Archbishop of York in 1691. "His last sermon in St. Giles's Church appears to have been preached on Sunday, June 28, 1691, a minute being entered in the vestry book, to that effect, dated the succeeding Wednesday, July 1, in the following words: 'It is desired that Ralph Bucknall, Esqr., Peter Legge, Esqr., Capt. Cannon, Capt. Parthewick, etc., and the churchwardens of this parish, or any five of them, do attend the most reverend father in God, John, Lord Archbishop of Yorke, and on the behalfe of the vestry, and of all the inhabitants of this parish, do give his grace humble thanks for his pious care formerly taken in this parish, and earnestly to entreat him, that he would in addition to his former favors, print the sermon preached by his grace, in this church, on Sunday last.'" In Queen Anne's reign he was made Lord Almoner, a privy councillor, and a commissioner for the Union. He

died at Bath, February, 1713-14, and was buried in his own cathedral at York.

In St. Giles's, Sharpe was succeeded by John Scott, the son of a Wiltshire grazier. In his boyhood he was a London apprentice, but managing to get to New Inn Hall, Oxford, was educated for the ministry and ordained. After holding several important cures, in 1685 he was appointed Canon of St. Paul's. Although a voluminous writer, his works, some of which are in the British Museum, are out of date now as they only deal with the prominent religious questions of the day. He died in 1695, and is buried in the rector's vault in St. Giles's Church.

William Baker, Warden of Wadham and Archdeacon of Oxford, became Rector of St. Giles's in 1715, and afterwards successively Bishop of Bangor and Norwich. Nevertheless, till his death in 1732, he continued to hold St. Giles's *in commendam*, a system happily abolished by 6 and 7 William IV., chap. 77. This example as to pluralities was followed by John Buckner, D.D., presented to St. Giles's in 1797, for although he was consecrated to Chichester in 1778, he only resigned his living with his natural life in 1824.

For a very few months in 1824 Christopher Benson held the living. After having been scholar of Trinity, Cambridge, curate at Newcastle-on-Tyne and St. Giles's, select preacher and Hulsean Lecturer to his university, he became Master of the Temple. This, however, he apparently resigned, as at the time of his death he held no preferment. James Endell Tyler was, on Benson's retirement, instituted to St. Giles's, 28th October, 1825. Perhaps he was the most popular of all the rectors of our parish, for he was greatly beloved both there and also at Oxford, where he held a fellowship of Oriel. In 1845 Sir Robert Peel gave him a canonry of St. Paul's. When the next year a new street was made his parishioners

wished to call it after him, but, as his modesty objected to its being named Tyler Street, they had to content themselves with his second Christian name, Endell. Holding the living till his death in his Bedford Square house in 1851, he was succeeded by Robert Bickersteth, consecrated Bishop of Ripon, 1856.

Anthony Wilson Thorold was instituted 20th February, 1857. During his incumbency the church was thoroughly restored at a cost of £2,000, while on the schools, at the corner of Endell Street, which were built under his direction, the sum of £16,000 was raised. In consequence of ill-health he resigned in 1867; but he afterwards recovered, and became vicar of the neighbouring parish of St. Pancras in 1869, Bishop of Rochester, 1877, and Bishop of Winchester, 1890, dying on the 25th of July, 1895.

Of the last two rectors of St. Giles's I can speak from personal knowledge, and to their unvarying kindness, consideration and advice, I owe many of the small successes I have had in my work here. Canon Nisbet's stately figure and kindly courtesy will be long remembered. His detractors used to say of him that he governed the parish from his study, and knew little of the poor. Those, however, who were intimate with him can testify to his hard work, though his strength lay, perhaps, more in organisation than in personal sympathy, and it is certain that the interests of his parishioners were always foremost in his mind. As I was leaving the church after the first part of his funeral service, an old man, one of our poorer neighbours, said to me: "May God bless him, he was a fine old fellow". A truly just estimate of his character.

Of Mrs. Nisbet, too, a word must be spoken, for her sympathy with the poor and her untiring energy in every good work have rendered her name a household word in the district. Since her husband's death she has gone to



reside elsewhere, but she will not be forgotten while the present generation lasts. Often do our poorer neighbours ask me about her, and are delighted when I can answer that I have recently visited her or seen her.

With the last rector, Mr. Richards, I have spent many pleasant hours, for to considerable conversational powers he added a wide experience. He was well advanced in years when he was instituted to St. Giles's, and resigned after holding the living only a few years. But he has left an abiding mark of his work among us by the foundation of a clergy house in Dyott Street. Before this it was sometimes difficult, on an emergency, to find one of the clergy; now their services are quickly obtainable from this new centre. Of this rector I cannot here forbear giving the following anecdote. One morning I met him in the street, looking grave. He said, "I am in rather a difficult position. A few days ago I engaged a curate from a man whom I thought I could trust, but, unfortunately, the new-comer was so drunk at the week-day evening service last night, when he attempted to read the prayers, that he had to be taken out of the church. Then," added my companion with a twinkle in his eye, "the grotesque part of the situation is that, at the time, I, the rector, was supporting the Bishop at a Temperance Meeting at the Mission Hall close by."

The news of Mr. Richards' death, shortly after his resignation, was received with unfeigned regret by all who had the privilege of his friendship.

#### RECTORS OF ST. GILES'S IN THE FIELDS FROM A.D. 1547.

	Instituted.
Sir William Rowlandson—presented by John Wymonde Carew . . . . .	1547
Geoffrey Evans—presented by Queen Elizabeth . . . . .	1571
William Steward . . . . .	1579
Nathaniel Baxter . . . . .	1590
Thomas Salisbury . . . . .	1591
Joseph Clerke . . . . .	1592

Here apparently there was an interval or an intermediate rector, as the date of the next appointment is uncertain.

	Instituted.
Roger Manwaring . . . . .	<i>circa</i> 1609 .
Gilbert Dillingham . . . . .	No date.
Brian Walton . . . . .	1635
William Heywood . . . . .	1636
Henry Cornish . . . . .	1641
Arthur Molyne . . . . .	1648
Thomas Case . . . . .	1651
Brian Walton (reinstated) . . . . .	1660
William Heywood (reinstated) . . . . .	1661
Robert Boreman . . . . .	1663
John Sharpe . . . . .	1675
John Scott . . . . .	1691
William Haley . . . . .	1695
William Baker . . . . .	1715
Henry Galley . . . . .	1732
John Smyth . . . . .	1769
John Buckner . . . . .	1797
Christopher Benson . . . . .	1824
James Endell Tyler . . . . .	1825
Robert Bickersteth . . . . .	1851
Anthony Wilson Thorold . . . . .	1857
John Majoribanks Nisbet . . . . .	1867
Henry William Parry Richards . . . . .	1892
William Covington . . . . .	1899

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE PARISH CHURCH OF ST. GEORGE'S, BLOOMSBURY.

One keeps looking at the steeple.—BYRON, *Don Juan*.

IN the eighteenth century the ancient parish of St. Giles's had been sub-divided on account of its rapidly increasing population. Early in the reign of Anne subscriptions had been raised for a new church, and arrangements had been made for the purchase of a site, for the sum of £1,000, in Hart Street from Lady Rachel Russell; shortly after this by Act of Parliament, 10 Anne, "commissioners were authorised to separate and take a particular district, or part, out of any of the large parishes in and about London as Westminster, where a very new church should be erected". Accordingly the division of St. Giles's was proceeded with, and the new church designed by Nicholas Hawksmoor, architect of St. Mary's, Woolnoth, and a pupil of Sir Christopher Wren, was built before 1724, though it was not consecrated for some time afterwards; a statute, 3 George II., made provision for the rector and his successors by enacting that "the sum of £3,000 should be allotted and appointed, and be laid out in purchasing lands for the use of such rector, and for and towards his maintenance," and it further declared that a cemetery or churchyard should be appointed for the new parish.

Ultimately the church was consecrated on 28th January, 1731. It stands north and south. The portico and the steps are decidedly good, but the tower and especially the steeple, which are placed by the main edifice, have

been and are still the objects of a great deal of ridicule. "Upon the Tower, on the 4 sides, rises a range of unattached Corinthian pillars over pediments, above is a series of steps, with lions and unicorns at the corners, guarding the royal arms, and which supports at the apex, on a short column, a statue, in Roman costume, of George I., erected by William Hucks, the rich brewer who died in 1740." The design is from Pliny's description of the first Mausoleum, the tomb of King Mausolus in Caria. Of the steeple, which has found an enduring remembrance in Hogarth's picture of *Ginsani*, Horace Walpole writes: "The steeple is a master-stroke of absurdity, consisting of an obelisk, crowned with the statue of King George I. and hugged by the royal supporters." It also gave occasion for this epigram:—

When Henry the Eighth left the Pope in the lurch,  
The Protestants made him the head of the Church,  
But George's good subjects, the Bloomsbury people,  
Instead of the Church, made him head of the steeple.

Not long afterwards, too, the following lines appeared in a sixpenny children's book, alluding to Charles I.'s equestrian statue at Charing Cross and George I. on his pinnacle.

No longer stand staring,  
My friend, at Cross Charing,  
Amidst such a number of people,  
For a man on a horse  
Is a matter of course,  
But look, here is a king on a steeple.

Nor, indeed, can the interior of the edifice be strictly called handsome. The communion table, which used to stand on the east side of the church in the recess now used for the baptistery, was removed to the north end early in the present century, and the niche, beautifully made "of cocoanut woods carved and inlaid, is supposed

to be of Italian manufacture," and was presented by the eighth Duke of Bedford from the chapel at Bedford House.

In the church, too, is a tablet to the famous Lord Mansfield, who died 1793, as well as a monument to Mr. Charles Grant by Bacon, R.A. From 1870 most of the galleries were cleared away and the whole church thoroughly restored.

In 1713 the commissioners had purchased land to furnish the churchyard for the new parish. It is thus described in the Deed of Sale: "All that piece or parcel of meadow or pasture ground, part of a certain field, containing by estimation 16 acres, as the same was then staked out and divided, containing in the whole 3 acres or thereabouts, abutting east partly upon the Queen's highway leading from Gray's Inn to Highgate, and partly upon the said field south, and west upon a certain field or fields of the right honourable the Countess Dowager of Salisbury, and ——— Bennett or one of them, and then in the occupation of Thomas Fuller, and north upon part of the sixteen acre field".

But only a portion of this ground was for the use of St. George's, Bloomsbury, the remainder being given over to the new church of St. George the Martyr in Queen's Square, then called St. George's Square, the district for which had been mostly taken out of St. Andrew's, Holborn.

These churchyards now have an entrance into them from Hanslet Street, Brunswick Square. They have long been surrounded by houses, and so, being closed for burials, are converted into recreation grounds. Here, however, lies the clerical Samuel Ayscough, who died in 1804, the compiler of *A Copious Index to the Remarkable Passages and Words in Shakespeare*, which, though once famous, is now completely superseded by the cele-

brated concordance of Mrs. Cowden Clarke. Here, too, was laid in 1832 Joseph Shepherd Munden, the actor, and in 1839 Edmund Lodge, the historian, author of *Illustrations of British History* and *Portraits of Illustrious Persons of Great Britain*, published respectively in 1791 and 1821-24. He is, however, best known in connection with *Lodge's Peerage*, which was really not his compilation but that of three sisters, Anne, Eliza and Maria Innes, to whom, as they were in poor circumstances, he gave his name from philanthropic motives. The work, an annual peerage and baronetage, first appeared in 1827-29; it was re-issued in 1832, and is still published as *Lodge's Peerage*.

From this burial ground the grave-diggers and others were, on the 9th of October, 1777, detected stealing a corpse which they desired to sell for purposes of dissection. They were tried at the Guildhall, Westminster, when two of them John Holmes, the grave-digger of St George's, Bloomsbury, and Robert Williams, his assistant, being convicted, were sentenced to six months' imprisonment and to be each severely whipped, twice, during the last week of their confinement from Kingsgate Street to Dyott Street; but the flogging was afterwards remitted.

Behind the church of St. George stand the parochial schools which owed their endowment principally to the will of the Reverend Robert Leech, who gave two houses in Plumtree Street for the education of poor children of the parish whose parents were not able to pay. They were first established in Museum Street, but subsequently removed to their quarters in Little Russell Street.

After the building of this new church about the year 1771 considerable differences arose between the vestries of St. Giles's and St. George's as to the limits of their powers and jurisdiction. Into these disputes it is not necessary to enter, as they were permanently allayed by

the appointment of a joint vestry for the two parishes in the following year.

Since its formation into a parish there have been eleven rectors of St. George's, Bloomsbury, the first three of whom held the living for the extraordinary period of ninety-seven years.

	Nominated.
Edward Vernon, D.D. . . . .	1731
Charles Tarrant, D.D. . . . .	1761
Thomas Willis, D.D. . . . .	1791
John Lonsdale . . . . .	1828
Thomas Vowler Short . . . . .	1834
Honble. Henry Montague Villiers . . . . .	1841
Sir J. R. L. Emilius Bayley, Bart. . . . .	1856
Edward Capel-Cure . . . . .	1867
Field Flowers Goe . . . . .	1877
Archibald Boyd Carpenter . . . . .	1887
Richard Bartram Tollinton . . . . .	1901

Once again we are scandalised by pluralism, for Dr. Tarrant, besides being rector of St. George's, was Dean of Peterborough, Sub-dean of Salisbury, Prebendary of Rochester and Vicar of Wrotham, Kent. Dr. Willis also retained the vicarage of Wateringbury, in Kent, and the treasurership of Rochester Cathedral. He was the son of the Rev. Francis Willis, who had the credit of curing the mental affliction of George III. in 1789. Some of these rectors attained considerable distinction in after life. John Lonsdale was consecrated Bishop of Lichfield in 1843, and held the see till his death in 1867. Thomas Vowler Short became successively Bishop of Sodor and Man and of St. Asaph, and died in 1872. Henry Montague Villiers was appointed Bishop of Carlisle in 1856, and four years afterwards was translated to Durham but he died in the following year, 1861. Sir Emilius Bayley, who changed his name to Laurie in 1887, was Vicar of St. John's, Paddington, from 1867 to 1889; Edward Capel-Cure for some years held the well-known living of

St. George's, Hanover Square; while Field Flowers Goe was Bishop of Melbourne from 1887 till his resignation in 1901. The eloquence, kindness and courtesy of Mr. Boyd Carpenter are fresh in the memory of his parishioners, who regret that he has been compelled to seek the comparative quiet of a city church.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE DEGRADATION AND RESTORATION OF ST. GILES'S.

On Newgate steps Jack Chance was found,  
And bred up near St. Giles's Pound.

—OLD SONG.

OF the building and settlement of St. Giles's we have already spoken at some length, and we have endeavoured to show that, though the district contained much poverty, it was also the home of a considerable number of the nobility and gentry.

In its early days, indeed, Mr Parton tells us, the parish "contained no greater proportion of poor than other parishes of similar extent and population; the introduction of Irish mendicants and other poor of that description, for which it afterwards became so noted, is not to be traced further back than the time of Queen Elizabeth".

In her reign Strype gives us a specimen of what would now be considered grandmotherly legislation, for he says that: "When London began to increase in population, there was observed to be a confluence here out of the countries of such persons as were of the poorer sorts of trades and occupations; who, because they could not exercise them within the jurisdiction of the city, followed them within the suburbs; therefore the Queen, as well as forbidding the further erection of new buildings, ordered all persons within three miles of the gates of the city to forbear from letting or settling, or suffering any more than one family only to be placed in one house".

This proclamation was probably ineffectual, for in 1637 it was ordered in the vestry minutes that, "to prevent the great influx of poor people into this parish, the beadies do present every fortnight, on the Sunday, the names of all new-comers, undersettlers, inmates, divided tenements, persons that have families in cellars, and other abuses". Here, according to Mr Parton, is the first mention of those underground habitation-cellars for which the parish afterwards was so noted that the expression of a cellar in St. Giles's used to designate the lowest poverty, and became proverbial.

About the same time we have some curious entries in the parish books concerning doles given to the Irish, distressed foreigners, vagrants and others, which clearly prove that the district was assuming a cosmopolitan character.

Here are some specimens :—

	£	s.	d.
1640. Gave to Tottenham Court Meg, being very sicke	1	0	
Given to the Ballet singing Cobbler	1	0	
Paid to a poore gentleman undone by the burning of a citie in Ireland, having licence from the lords to collect	3	0	
Paid to Mr. Smith, his goods cast away coming from Ireland	1	6	
Gave to Signor Lipfcatha, a distressed Grecian . . .			
1642. To Lazhie Milchitaire, of Chimaica in Armenia, to passe him to his owne countrie, and to redeeme his sonnes in slaverie under the Turkes	5	0	
Paid to a poor Irish minister	2	0	
1646. Given to old Friz-Wig		6	
1647. To the old mud-wall maker		6	
Paid and given a plundered Irish minister's wife	1	0	
Paid to poore plundered Irish	2	0	
1657. Paid for a lodging for distracted Bess		6	
Paid for a Shift for mad Bess	3	6	
1670. Total of money collected this year from the parishioners towards the redemption of slaves	154	15	0

The above are sufficient for our purpose and in the

amount of these given the parochial authorities can scarcely be accused of extravagance.

In the year 1683, too, we come across another character, Isaac Ragg, the bellman, in the following lines :—

A copy of Verses  
presented by  
Isaac Ragg, Bellman,  
To his masters and mistresses of Houlbourne Division,  
in the Parish of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields.

PROLOGUE.

Time (master) calls your Bell man to his Task,  
To see your doors and Windows are all Fast,  
And that no Villany or Foul crime be done  
To you nor yours in absence of the Sun ;  
If any base lurker I do meet  
In private alley, or in open street,  
You shall have warning by my timely call,  
And so God Bless you, and give Rest to all.

We are further informed that “in the middle of this sheet is a very curious and roughly executed wood-cut, representing the bellman with a bell in one hand and a pointed staff in the other, and accompanied by a fierce looking dog,” and also that “a copy of this curious print is preserved among the *Luttrell Ballads* at the British Museum ”.

On the 22nd of October, 1685, Louis XIV. of France revoked the Edict of Nantes, by which Henry IV., in 1589, had granted freedom of worship to his Protestant subjects. Consequently, some 50,000 Protestant families quitted France, and a large proportion of them found their way into England. Some thousands who were silk manufacturers settled in Spitalfields, while others took up their abode in Soho and St. Giles's. Here they mostly pursued the art of making crystal-glass and jewellery, then little understood in England.

With an old gentleman, one of the direct descendants of these Huguenots, who now keeps a shop in St. Giles's,

I am well acquainted, and certainly his horror of papal aggression would do credit to the most stalwart of his ancestors.

In the early days of the Hanoverian kings, the *London Spy* tells us that St. Giles's was still a wealthy parish, and "said to furnish his Majesty's plantations in America with more people than all the rest of the kingdom besides," while its lower class, fond of brawling, "fat, ragged and saucy," produced the Jack Ketches and many of the criminals of the day.

By the middle or end of the eighteenth century, however, the houses of the better class of the inhabitants had been deserted as the tide of fashion had rolled westward. Bloomsbury, indeed, still upheld its character for respectability, but in St. Giles's itself, the wealth being removed, the poverty alone remained, and the parish soon became a byword for filth and squalor.

Here congregated tipplers, thieves, vagrants, disaffected foreigners, in a word ragamuffins of every description. Smollet tells us of "two tatterdemalions from the purlieus of St. Giles's" who had between them "but one shirt and a pair of breeches". Here, too, Hogarth laid the scene of *Gin Lane*, *Beer Street*, and his *Harlot's Progress*, while he says: "The dreadful consequence of gin drinking appeared in every house in Gin Lane, every circumstance of its horrid effects is brought to view in terrorem—not a house in tolerable condition but the pawnbroker's and the gin-shop—the coffin-makers in the distance." Can we wonder at the old saying:—

St. Giles's breed  
Better hang than seed.

In 1749, on the information of Mr. Welsh, then High Constable for Holborn, we read: "That in the parish of St. Giles's, there were great numbers of idle persons and

vagabonds, who had their lodging there for two pence a night. That in the above parish and in St. George's, Bloomsbury, one woman alone occupied seven of these houses, all properly accommodated with miserable beds, from the cellar to the garret, for such two-penny lodgers. That in these beds, several of which were in the same room, men and women, often strangers to each other, lay promiscuously, the price of a double bed being no more than three pence, as an encouragement for them to lie together. That as these places were adapted to whoredom, so they were no less provided with drunkenness, gin being sold in them all at a *penny* a quarten, so that the smallest sum of money served for intoxication". The same authority added: "That in the execution of search-warrants he rarely found less than twenty of these houses open for the receipt of all comers at the latest hours; and that in some of these houses, and that not a large one, we have numbered fifty-eight persons of both sexes, the stench of whom was so intolerable that it soon compelled him to quit the place."

The evidence given before a committee of the House of Commons in 1815 is also interesting, for it describes the habits of the St. Giles's professional beggars of that day. Their principal rendezvous was the Fountain Public House, Seven Dials. From thence, having divided the town into districts, they set forth on their perambulations, asking specially for shoes, clothes or money, as when food was given them they threw it away. To effect their purpose, very scantily clad, they went barefoot, often scratching their feet to make them bleed. To such a community children were a source of wealth, for they too could be sent out to extort alms, being severely beaten if they did not bring sufficient grist to the mill. In the evening the beggars returned to the Fountain with their spoil, sometimes very considerable, which they sold in the

neighbouring Monmouth Street, then the emporium for old clothes and shoes; an excellent supper followed, washed down with a very liberal consumption of spirits so that usually the night ended in drunkenness, rioting and general debauchery.

From time to time a beggars' carnival was held, and the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., did not disdain to attend one of these assemblies. He was accompanied by one of his boon companions, Major Hanger, an eccentric man of fashion who had declined to assume the title of Lord Coleraine, to which he was entitled. After a time the Chairman, pointing to the Prince, said: "I call upon that 'ere gentleman with a shirt for a song".

With some difficulty George got excused on condition that his companion sang for him. Nor was this by any means the only visit His Royal Highness paid to our district. He was in the habit of seeking nightly adventures in disguise under the name of Blackstock, while Lord Surrey was Greystock and Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Thinstock. One night they were at a low public house in Broad Street when a fight ensued, in which the Prince and his companions showed great pluck against considerable odds. The row ended with the arrival of the Watch, who carried off the three adventurers to the adjoining lock-up, where Sheridan seems to have distinguished himself by chaffing the authorities until deliverance was obtained for them through a magistrate. The scene is graphically described in a book called *Sheridan and his Times*, by an Octogenarian, who heard the story from the wit himself.

We have also many sad stories of those who, having seen better days, took refuge in the slums and cellars of the parish as a last resource. Of these the case of John Mitford, of the old Northumberland family of that name and a distant cousin of Lord Redesdale, Lord Chancellor

of Ireland, 1802-06, is one of the saddest. Mitford entered the Navy as a midshipman and took part in the battle of Toulon, 1795, the attack on Santa Cruz, 1797, and the battle of the Nile, 1798. In 1811, when he was acting master of the *Philomel* brig at Port Mahon, having received an offer from Lady Percival to secure him a lucrative post in the Civil Service he returned to England, only to find that his patroness could do very little for him, as she simply employed him in writing articles in support of the Princess of Wales. At this time, his health giving way, he became temporarily insane. On his recovery Lady Percival, afraid that his writings for her might cause her serious trouble, persuaded him to destroy all her letters to him. Then she turned upon him and brought an action against him for having falsely sworn that the articles were by her; but the case having been tried before Lord Ellenborough, Mitford was acquitted. The strain, however, proved too much for him. He had always had a propensity for the bottle so now he took hopelessly to drink. Although his wife and family were provided for by Lord Redesdale, he himself sank into the lowest depths of poverty, his journalistic efforts being marred by the demon of intemperance. It must indeed have been impossible to help him on account of his reckless improvidence. Of this here is an instance. We are told that he sold for a shilling a handsome pair of Wellington boots that had been given him. When the purchaser informed him that he had pawned them for fifteen shillings, Mitford exclaimed: "Ah, but you went out into the cold to do it". At one time he lived in a gravel pit at Battersea with a candle, a bottle of gin, and an old bit of carpet for a covering; at another in a miserable coal cellar near Leicester Square. Nevertheless he was a fair classical scholar and an author of some power, his principal work being a poem in four cantos, *The*

*Adventures of Johnny Newcome in the Navy.* The publisher who employed him found it necessary to limit him to one shilling a day in order to make him work, and even most of this was consumed in gin. All efforts to reform him having proved vain, he ultimately, 1831, died in St. Giles's Workhouse and his funeral was paid for by an old shipmate.

The main causes of the misery in St. Giles's were overcrowding and the disgustingly insanitary condition of the houses, conducive to drink and all kinds of vice, for with such an environment even the first principles of morality seemed impossible. These evils were considerably fostered by the baneful system of subletting. Thus most of the tenements got into the hands of middlemen and housejobbers who cared nothing as long as they could wring the uttermost farthing from their lodgers. Added to this the wholesale distribution of outdoor relief, certainly till the Poor Law Act of 1834, helped to intensify the poverty it was intended to mitigate. So the wretchedness continued till very recent times, and Charles Dickens, in *The Old Curiosity Shop* (published 1840), wishing to punish Sampson and Sally Brass for their many iniquities, relegates them to our district and says: "Two wretched people were more than once observed to crawl at dusk from the inmost recesses of St. Giles's, and take their way along the streets, with shuffling steps and cowering shivering forms, looking into the nooks and kennels as they went in search of refuse food or disregarded offal. These forms were never beheld but in those nights of cold and gloom, when the terrible spectres, who lie at all other times in the obscure hiding places, in archways, dark vaults, and cellars, venture to creep into the streets, the embodied spirits of disease, and vice, and famine." Still even after the removal of the Rookery to make way for New Oxford Street there were parts of



the parish into which, within my own memory, it was unadvisable to enter in the day-time and dangerous after nightfall.

There can be no manner of doubt that, on account of its proximity to the West End, the district has been considerably pauperised by dole givers in the streets. It is so hard to refuse a whining beggar and so much easier to give him a coin to get rid of him and indulge an "indolent desire to relieve pain," oblivious of the fact that

Evil is wrought by want of thought,  
As well as want of heart.

Thus the dishonest vagrant and the bullying tout were often relieved, and we can scarcely wonder that many poured out of the courts and alleys in search of money so easily obtainable. To such a pitch was this mendicancy carried, even lately, that I have known crippled children hired for the day to be exposed in the streets, while it is asserted, though such a case has never come before me, that some have leeches put on their eyelids, so as by simulating ophthalmia more easily to excite the pity of the passer-by.

Besides this, St. Giles's has been the happy hunting ground of empirics in philanthropy, whose schemes are too often crude and immature, and it also became the battlefield of religious sects.

While yielding every honour to those excellent men and women who have given up their lives to grapple with the terrible problem of vice, I would draw their attention to the fact that their very zeal, "not according to knowledge," sometimes increases the evils they are so anxious to cure.

Of this I can give instances within my own recollection. Some twenty-five years ago, a friend of mine, a clergyman, took charge of a mission chapel in this district. He was

delighted to find that thirty-two communicants were most regular in their attendance and he naturally admired the splendid work of his predecessor in getting so many people together for such a purpose.

In a short time, however, he discovered that much of the money contributed to the mission went into the pockets of these communicants. He immediately put an end to this system, and on the following Sundays two people, instead of thirty-two, appeared. When the absentees were remonstrated with they said that they did not think it worth their while to come any longer as they could get more elsewhere.

I remember also two clergymen who, although they belonged to very different Communion, were closely united in their desire to benefit the poorer classes. In the course of their ministrations they found that many of their congregations were in the habit of attending each place of worship alternately, in order to obtain the loaves and fishes at both. They accordingly agreed that the doors of each church should be watched. They then exhorted those who frequented both to be honest and to go to one alone. The result of this was that many of the people whose hypocrisy was thus unmasked deserted public worship altogether.

Once more, an inordinate love of statistics and immediate results sometimes leads individuals and societies into questionable proceedings. Many years ago an excellent working man came to inform me that his son, a bad boy, had run away from home for fear of well-merited punishment, and had been received into an institution for destitute children. I visited the place, but the authorities refused to believe the father's story, and it was only by threatening to expose the whole matter in the newspapers that I at last prevailed upon them to disgorge their prey.

Now, although this state of things has vastly improved

during the last few years, the unseemly competition for souls is not yet entirely at an end, for only a short time back another friend of mine, who was visiting an old woman, expressed his astonishment that she could live on two shillings and sixpence a week. She quietly informed him that she did very well as she got most of her meals at the meetings of the different religious bodies, which she apparently attended indiscriminately.

It is difficult to blame the poor for yielding to such temptations as these, but what shall we say of those who offer them in the name of religion, when, surely, such a system is entirely inconsistent with the commonest principles of morality, honesty and independence. The St. Giles's of to-day is, indeed, far different to the St. Giles's that I first knew more than thirty years ago. Only two years ago one of my earliest colleagues, and almost my first instructor in philanthropic work, came to see me, and, after I had taken him for a walk through the district, he candidly acknowledged that the neighbourhood had been so changed since the days of his work in it that he now had considerable difficulty in finding his way about it.

Shaftesbury Avenue and Charing Cross have swept away many slums, and Cambridge Circus has superseded the Five Dials. In Bloomsbury, too, the Colonnade has disappeared, while in and about Drury Lane the same process of destruction and reconstruction has been going on. The slums and rookeries have been replaced in some cases by residential flats and in others by a totally different kind of dwelling to the former one, such as Peabody Buildings and other modern dwellings. A new class of inhabitant has thus been brought into the district, while there can be no doubt that many of the old inhabitants have been thereby both socially and morally raised. Still to others these improvements have been

hard, for many, especially Covent Garden porters and printers, have been driven to live far from their daily work. Consequently the decrease in the Parish of St. Giles's between the years 1881 and 1898 has been 7,333. It seems even that some parts of the district are about to follow the example of the city and become streets of warehouses, as so many of our poorer neighbours, owing to the higher rents, have migrated elsewhere.

Unfortunately, however, some societies in their eagerness to obtain funds for their needs have been in the habit of publishing appeals, showing a picture of St. Giles's as it was nearly thirty years ago, and by no means resembling it as it is to-day. A startling leaflet of this nature appeared at Christmas time a few years ago, the statements in which have been proved to be grossly exaggerated by the evidence of the clergy, the School Board Managers, the Poor Law authorities, and others who do good work in the district. There are, undoubtedly, still some very poor streets; there are still, though reduced in numbers, common lodging-houses, some of which have a demoralising effect on the neighbourhood, and there is still distress which will always exist in the midst of a large population, but it is by no means so widespread as those whose business it seems to be to trade on the emotional feelings of the public would have us believe. It is the old story, "give a dog a bad name," and poor St. Giles's has had its bad name long enough. Surely it might be dropped now when our district can compare favourably with many other parts of the metropolis, and when its retention is, to my personal knowledge, a source of great annoyance to the respectable working class of the neighbourhood.



## PART II.

### PERIPATETIC AND GOSSIP.

*Solvitur ambulando.*



## CHAPTER I.

### WALKS IN ST. GILES'S.

Sermons in stones.—SHAKESPEARE.

It will be hard, indeed, if country stones can elicit sermons, that town bricks and mortar cannot be as fruitful as they in the lessons which they teach, or the delight which they afford. Let each melancholy Jacques moralise among trees,—we, for the present more sociable, will moralise among houses.—J. T. SMITH'S *Streets of London*.

FOR the motto of this chapter I have taken the words of Mr. John Thomas Smith, keeper of prints and drawings in the British Museum, from whose works I have already quoted and shall quote again. Let me recommend them to any of my readers who are interested in London topography, as they abound with antiquarian research and amusing anecdotes. We may possibly claim Mr. Smith as a native of St. Giles's, for he was born, 1766, in a hackney coach while his mother was returning home to Marylebone from a visit to her brother in the Seven Dials, but he was scarcely a parishioner as most of his life was spent just beyond the parish confines, and he died in University Street, Tottenham Court Road, in 1833.

Most of the streets in St. Giles's and the squares and streets of Bloomsbury are replete with historical and social associations. Let us therefore, in imagination, wander through the district in search of amusement as well as information. But, first, a word as to the boundaries of the two parishes.

In London, indeed, it is impossible to follow the boun-



dary lines exactly, for, owing to the increase of building, they have often been obliterated. As an instance of this, I remember the case of a young lady, a relation of my own, who was engaged to be married. She lived in one of the largest houses in the West End and she was obliged to change rooms with her sister in order that she might qualify to have the marriage ceremony performed in the nearest church as the parish boundary passed through the centre of the house.

Now, although the parish boundaries have very recently been somewhat altered for municipal purposes, it will be more convenient for us to follow the old lines.

From the west end of New Oxford Street the St. Giles's parish boundary line passes down Charing Cross Road to Cambridge Circus and thence by West Street, Castle Street, Drury Lane, Kemble and Sardinia Streets to Lincoln's Inn Fields, where it includes the square in the centre. It then, after traversing Great Turnstile, turns westward along High Holborn till it reaches Broad Street. Here, just opposite the end of Endell Street, it takes a northerly course through Dyott Street, and across Great Russell Street and Bedford Square, to the north end of Torrington Square. Thence it turns west to Tottenham Court Road and along it southwards till it once again reaches the western end of New Oxford Street.

The boundaries of the parish of St. George's, Bloomsbury, are, roughly speaking, as follows: From their easternmost limit in Holborn, nearly opposite New Turnstile, the boundary line passes up Kingsgate Street northwards, and crossing Theobald's Road, Guildford Street, Bernard Street, Great Coram Street and Brunswick Square, reaches the east end of Compton Street. Thence it passes in a direct line to the north end of Torrington Square, where, meeting the St. Giles's boun-

dary line, it follows it southward to Broad Street and then eastward, along Holborn, back to Kingsgate Street. It is stated that "the united parishes contain 245 acres"

## WALK I.

For our first walk in the district let us start from St. Giles's Church.

Not much more than a hundred years ago we should have found, leaning against one of the piers of the churchyard gate, a remarkable old beggar named Simon Edy (or Eady), who, born in Northamptonshire, lived on the alms of the charitable and was always accompanied by a dog. His appearance, though probably picturesque, must have been decidedly unkempt, as he is thus described by one who knew him well.

"This man, who wore several hats at the same time, suffered his beard to grow, which was of a dirty yellow-white. Upon his fingers were numerous brass rings. He had several waistcoats, and as many coats, increasing in size, so that he was enabled by the extent of the uppermost garment to cover the greater part of the bundles, containing rags of various colours, and distinct parcels with which he was girded about, consisting of books, canisters containing bread, cheese, and other articles of food, matches, a tinder box, and meat for his dog, cuttings of curious events from old newspapers, scraps from Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, and three or four dog-eared and greasy thumb'd numbers of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. From these and such like productions he gained a great part of the information with which he sometimes entertained those persons who stopped to look at him."

Of his possession of the dog the same writer gives us the following touching story.

The animal was originally the property of a Smithfield drover, and, his left eye having been severely injured by

a bullock, his master handed him over to Simon to be cured. As at first he was restive, the old beggar bound him with a string to his arm. The dog, however, soon became accustomed to his new position, and, though the sight of the injured eye was never restored, he, before long, regained his health and was returned to his master. But he never forgot his benefactor. Every market day that he passed the church he would stop to receive a pat from Simon and then run on to overtake his bullocks. Not very long after the drover died, and the dog went to Eady, and, by licking his beard and crouching at his feet, implored his protection. His name was Rover, and, though he was "ugly and deficient in sight and tail," the two companions were inseparable for many years. By day they frequented the streets, while by night they lodged under the staircase in an old half-ruined building in Dyott Street called "Rats Castle".

In April, 1788, Simon died in the Bridewell where he had been confined a second time as a vagrant, and we hear no more of the dog. The old man had been sketched several times by Rowlandson, the artist and caricaturist, and John Seago published a full length print of him.

As we leave the churchyard, on our left lies Denmark Street, finished about the year 1689. In these days we may well smile when we read the description of it in Strype, who tells us that "it fronts St. Giles's Church, and falls into Hog Lane," "a fair broad street with good houses well inhabited by gentry". Hogarth in 1738 gave it some celebrity in making it the scene of one of his set of prints called the "Four Times of the Day".

At No. 9 lived Johann Zoffany, born in 1733, of Bohemian parentage, at Ratisbon. In his boyhood he ran away from home to study painting at Rome and in 1758 came to London. Here he was starving in a garret in Drury Lane when befriended by an Italian named

Bellochi, he was introduced to Stephen Rimbault, the clockmaker, of an old Huguenot refugee family, who gave him employment to paint the clock faces with landscapes and moveable figures. Then passing into the service of Benjamin Wilson, the painter, he worked only as the finisher of the draperies. But Zoffany soon began to make a name for himself, and his portraits of Lord Barrymore and Garrick attracting attention, several of the leading actors of the day sat to him. Becoming a member of the Royal Academy in 1769 he obtained royal patronage and shortly afterwards exhibited a group of George III. with his Queen and family. Subsequently he visited Italy and India, and dying in 1810 was buried in Kew Church. Horace Walpole, favourably contrasting Zoffany's paintings with those of the Dutch School, writes: "What genuine humour in Zoffany's comic scenes, which do not, like the works of Dutch and Flemish painters, invite laughter to divert itself with the nastiest indelicacy of boor"; and again: "His talent is representing natural humour. I look upon him as a Dutch painter polished or civilised. He finishes as highly, renders nature as justly and does not degrade it, as the Flemish School did, who thought a man vomiting a good joke; and would not have grudged a week on finishing a belch, if mere labour and patience could have compassed it."

In this street, too, we hear of Sir John Murray of Stanhope, Peebleshire, Secretary to Prince Charles during the Rebellion of 1745, and who subsequently turned King's evidence against his former associates. An MS. Diary, quoted in Colet's *Relics of Literature* says that on "July 27, 1771, Sir John Murray, late secretary to the Pretender, was on Thursday night carried off by a party of strange men from a house in Denmark Street, near St. Giles's Church, where he had lived some time". This extraordinary affair is, however, explained by a letter to a

paper from Murray's son, in which he confesses that he had authorised this proceeding to prevent his insane parent making himself ridiculous.

But let us now turn to the right down the High Street. On our right again we pass New Compton Street. It was originally called Stidwell Street, or, more properly, Stiddolph Street, from Sir Richard Stiddolph, to whom Charles II. made a grant of the whole of the adjoining marshland and whose house and gardens, afterwards called Brown's Gardens, occupied the site. The *New View of London* informs us that this street was 130 yards long, but it was afterwards practically rebuilt and renamed New Compton Street, probably after Sir Francis Compton, who in the reign of Charles I. had built Compton Street, Soho, of which it is a continuation. A little farther on we come to Shaftesbury Avenue, a new road from New Oxford Street to Piccadilly, opened in June, 1886. By it Old Dudley Street, King's Street, Richmond Street and the Seven Dials were cut through, but of the ancient condition of this part of the district I must here say a few words.

Dudley Street was renamed in 1845. It was called originally Le Lane, and subsequently Monmouth Street, in honour of James, Duke of Monmouth, the son of Charles II. and Lucy Walters, who had a house in Soho Square, and who, after his defeat at Sedgmoor, was executed on Tower Hill, 15th July, 1685.

This street became famous for its laced and embroidered coats to which Lady Mary Wortley Montagu alludes in her letters. They also drew forth some drastic remarks from the celebrated nonconformist minister, Daniel Burgess, whose meeting houses were successively in Brydges Street, Covent Garden, Russell Court, Drury Lane and New Court, Carey Street, between 1685 and his death in 1713. When preaching on "a robe of righteousness," he

exclaimed, "If any one of you, my brethren, would have a suit to last a twelvemonth, let him go to Monmouth Street, if for his lifetime, let him apply to the Court of Chancery, but if for Eternity, let him put on the Saviour's robe of righteousness".

But long before its final removal the street had greatly degenerated and had become a mart for second-hand apparel, theatrical properties, singing birds, old shoes, old clothes, etc. Here, as well as in some other parts of the parish, the custom of living in cellars was still kept up. Into these cellars I have often descended in the course of my work during comparatively recent years. Charles Knight, in his *History of London*, published 1841-47, thus graphically describes these subterranean habitations: "Cellars serving whole families for kitchen and parlour and bedroom, and all are to be found in other streets of London but not so numerous and near to each other. Here they cluster like cells in a convent of the order of La Trappe, or like onions on a rope. It is curious and interesting to watch the habits of these human moles when they emerge, or half emerge from their cavities. Their infants seem exempt from the dangers which haunt those of other people. At an age when most babies are not trusted alone on a level floor, these urchins stand secure on the upmost round of a trap-ladder, studying the different conformations of the shoes of the passers-by. The mode of ingress of the adults is curious, they turn their backs to the entry, and, inserting first one foot and then the other, disappear by degrees. The process is not unlike (were such a thing conceivable) a sword sheathing itself. They appear a short-winded generation, often coming, like the otter, to the surface to breathe. In the twilight which reigns at the bottom of their dens, you can sometimes discern the male busily cobbling shoes on one side of the entrance, and the female repairing all

sorts of rent garments on the other. They seem to be free-traders; at certain periods of the day teacups and saucers may be seen arranged on their boards, at others, plates and pewter pots. They have the appearance of being on the whole a contented race."

Here, too, long lingered the old superstition of affixing horse shoes to the doors to prevent the entrance of witches. In 1813 Sir Henry Ellis counted seventeen horse shoes; in 1841 there were six; in 1852 eleven. The population were principally of the Jewish persuasion, the Irish inhabiting the adjoining courts.

But we must pass on. As we turn into Shaftesbury Avenue on our left is Neale Street, probably so called after Mr. Neale, the donor of the pillar of the Seven Dials, while close to it is Great St. Andrew's Street. On our right lie Church Passage and Stacey Street, and on our left Great White Lion Street down which let us turn to the Seven Dials. Of the building of this part of the district I have already spoken, but it must be more fully described here.

The Seven Streets still meet on the open space where the dials once stood, and of one of them, Great St. Andrew's Street, Mr. J. T. Smith, in his *Topography of London*, says: "On one occasion, that I might indulge the humour of being shaven by a woman, I repaired to the Seven Dials, where, in Great St. Andrew's Street, a slender female performed the operation, whilst her husband, a strapping soldier in the Horse Guards, sat smoking his pipe. There was a famous woman in Swallow Street, who shaved, and I recollect a black woman in Butcher Row, a street formerly standing by the side of St. Clement's Church, near Temple Bar, who is said to have shaved with ease and dexterity."

Nor were these the first female shavers in the neighbourhood, for an old song, says:—

Did you ever hear the like,  
Or ever hear the same,  
Of five women barbers  
That lived in Drury Lane.

These good ladies must have had violent tempers for we read that they shamefully maltreated a woman early in the reign of Charles II.

It is reported that one of these originally was a Nan Clarges, the daughter of John Clarges, a farrier in the Savoy. She married first in 1632-33, Thomas Radford, also a farrier, and afterwards servant to Prince Charles. Having separated from him, she became in 1652-53, the wife of George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, the hero of the Restoration, which her influence did a good deal to bring about. By some she was liked, as she is described as "an extreme good woman," but Clarendon calls her "a woman of the lowest extraction, the least wit, and less beauty." Nor did our old gossip Pepys, who was certainly fond of his stomach, approve of her. "Find the Duke of Albemarle at dinner with sorry company, some of his officers of the army; dirty dishes, and a nasty wife at table, and bad meat, of which I made but an ill dinner." He further asserts that she sold places in her husband's department, receiving from one individual as much as £500. She died on the 29th of January, 1670, surviving Monk only three weeks and was buried two months before him in Westminster Abbey. By him she had two sons, one of whom died young, the other becoming the second Duke of Albemarle, while her brother, Sir Thomas Clarges, a somewhat noted politician and commissioner sent by Parliament to invite the King to return, was knighted by Charles at Breda in 1660.

At No. 6 Great St. Andrew's Street was Pitt's Toy and Marble Warehouse, which employed "Bat Corcoran," the patron of "Slender Ben," and "Over-head-and-ears-Nick,"



while close by was the shop of Stephen Rimbault, the patron of Zoffany above alluded to, who was noted for his twelve-tuned Dutch clocks. Here, too, at No. 12, in later years, died on 27th September, 1841, aged 70, in the house in which he was born, Mr. Robert Smith, Smith by profession as well as by name. He was possessed of £400,000 in funded, freehold and leasehold property, and built between one hundred and fifty and two hundred houses in the Hampstead Road.

In Great White Lion Street, at the sign of the Dove, lodged for a time, in 1746, an Irish lady of Dutch extraction, the friend of Swift, Mrs. Laetitia Pilkington, who, having married a penniless, clever and very loose parson, found herself in extremely reduced circumstances. To gain a livelihood she exhibited a notice in her window: "Letters written here, and petitions drawn on any subject except the law," but her efforts were not very successful, for two years later she was imprisoned for debt. Afterwards, having been helped by Colley Cibber and others, she began to compile her memoirs, and returning to Ireland ended her days there.

Perhaps, however, the Seven Dials was principally celebrated for its ballad-mongers and ballad-printers. In Monmouth Court lived Mr. Catnach, who died in 1841, having made a considerable fortune as "he was the first ballad printer who published yards of songs for one penny". It is recorded that "as most of his customers paid him with coppers, he used to take them to the Bank of England in large bags, in a hackney-coach, because most of his neighbours, knowing from whom he received them, dreaded to take them from him in exchange for silver for fear of infection".

One of the ballad-mongers in later years confessed to Mr. Henry Mayhew: "The little knowledge I have, I have picked up bit by bit, so that I hardly know how I

have come by it—I certainly knew my letters before I left home, and I have got the rest off the dead walls and out of the ballads and papers I have been selling. I write most of the Newgate ballads now for the printers in the Dials, and, indeed, anything that turns up. I get a shilling for a 'copy of verses written by the Wretched Culprit the night previous to his execution'. I wrote Courvoisier's sorrowful lamentation. I called it *A voice from the gaol*, I wrote a pathetic ballad on the respite of Annette Myers, I did the elegy, too, on Rush's execution, it was supposed, like the rest, to be written by the culprit himself, and was particularly penitent. I did not write that to order, I knew they would want a copy of verses from the culprit. The publisher read it over, and said 'That's the thing for the street public,' I only got a shilling for Rush. Indeed they are all the same price, no matter how popular they may be. I wrote the life of Manning in verse. Besides these, I have written the lament of Calcraft the Hangman on the decline of his trade, and many political songs."

Seven Dials had, indeed, not undeservedly, a notoriously bad name, and a report of the year 1848, speaks as follows: "The degraded condition of the Seven Dials is notorious; vagrants, thieves, sharpers, scavengers, basket-women, char-women, army seamstresses and prostitutes compose its mass, infidels, chartists, socialists, and blasphemers, exist there as in head-quarters. In addition to the street traffic on the Sabbath, there are 150 shops then open in the streets, lodging-houses of the lowest and dirtiest description, afford temporary shelter to the vagrant and the criminal. In the very heart of this debased and debasing locality is situated a Ragged School, its entrance door in the extreme angle of an irregular three-cornered yard,—so uninviting, that few respectable persons have courage to venture through it."

Of late years, however, this part of the district has been greatly improved, for, as we have already said, much of it has been cleared away. Still, even now, especially on a Saturday night, in Little Earl Street, you may see a curious sight. A very recent observer says: "The people crowd the streets, along which no vehicle dreams of passing, chattering with each other, chaffing with the sellers, buying what they want or looking on while others buy. The air is bright with flaring lights and resonant with voices. The street is occupied by a double line of costers' barrows and three slowly flowing streams of passers-by, one on each side-walk, in the narrow space left between the wares pushed forward by the shops and those displayed on the barrows, a space so restricted and so fully occupied by sellers and buyers that no one else (unless, indeed, he be a student of such doings) will attempt the passage, while in the wider space between barrow and barrow in the centre of the street those stroll along who are not immediately concerned in the traffic. The noisiest sellers are those who sell meat. They shout to the general, buy, buy, *buy*. Buy, buy, repeated rapidly with a sharpening of the sound on each repetition of the word till the last rings like a blow of hammer upon steel. But to the particular they address soft words: 'Now, my dear, what can I do for you?' or confidential recommendations of some particular bit of meat. Where there is one butcher's shop another is always close by, and between-whiles the men will shout loud chaff to their rival over the way, with seemingly an inexhaustible supply of scathing joke and repartee, taken and given with perfect geniality in the very best cockney spirit, suggesting somewhat the old days of 'Chepe' with frolicsome apprentices crying 'What d'ye lack'."

But enough of the Dials. Let us proceed along Little St. Andrew's Street, passing Tower Street on our right,

into West Street, the south-western boundary of the parish. This street begins at Upper St. Martin's Lane, where on the corner house is a parish mark with the date 1691. Between Nos. 10 and 11, was La Tremblade, one of the original Huguenot churches in London, and afterwards one of the centres of Methodist work. In it, between the years 1743 and 1793, John Wesley frequently preached. The same pulpit was also filled at various times by Whitfield, Romaine and Fletcher of Madeley. Owing principally to the exertions of the late Canon Nisbet, this chapel has, during recent years, been opened as a free church in connection with St. Giles's parish. It, as well as the adjoining district, was under the charge of the Rev. A. C. Holthouse for thirteen years, and the neighbourhood has reaped the greatest benefit from his zealous ministrations.

We turn to the right along West Street, and still following the boundary line of the parish, we reach Cambridge Circus at the spot where Shaftesbury Avenue intersects Charing Cross Road. The Circus was named after the Duke of Cambridge, who opened Charing Cross Road in January, 1887. In it stands the Palace Theatre built for Mr. D'Oyley Carte in 1890.

From Cambridge Circus we follow Charing Cross Road in a northerly direction, the right hand side of the thoroughfare only being in St. Giles's parish. Passing the western end of New Compton Street before described we reach Phoenix Street. Here, on Monday, 23rd January, 1723, William Wood, a Wolverhampton ironmaster, began coining in his newly erected factory, the establishment of which furnishes us with a scandalous example of the political corruption of those days. The previous year, a petition having been presented to the Treasury concerning the debasement of Irish money, it was resolved to issue a fresh coinage, the privilege of supplying it

being privately granted to the Duchess of Kendal, the King's German mistress. She put her right up to auction, when by the payment of £10,000 in cash, besides many gratuities to her friends and servants, Wood secured a licence for fourteen years to coin halfpence and farthings to be "uttered and disposed of in Ireland and not elsewhere". The secret, however, leaked out and there was a considerable outcry. The Irish House of Commons declared that Wood had been guilty of fraud, the patent being a source of danger to the country, while Swift thundered against the whole transaction in his celebrated *Drapier's Letters*. To such dimensions did the agitation grow that two years later Wood was compelled to surrender his right. Nevertheless, in compensation for this loss and that of another rather doubtful patent, he obtained a pension of £3,000 a year for eight years, which he only lived to enjoy till 1730.

Between the two next openings on our right, Lloyd's Court and Denmark Street, stood the house of the Duke of Wharton, formerly part of the Old Hospital, and the house of Alicia, Duchess of Dudley. The career of Philip, the only Duke of Wharton, is indeed a sad one, for in spite of his enormous talents he managed to spoil it entirely by his utterly unprincipled and dissolute conduct. Having greatly distinguished himself in Parliament, and having quarrelled with his wife, with whom, contrary to the wishes of his family, he had made a love match in his early youth, he openly joined the Pretender's cause. He even fought against his country as a volunteer in the army of Los Torros, who in vain tried to take Gibraltar in 1727. Later he attempted reconciliation with the English Government, but they refused to withdraw the indictment for high treason that had been preferred against him. Consequently he died in exile in Spain in 1730, and Pope has thus drawn his character :—

Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,  
Whose ruling passion was a love of praise  
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,  
Women and fools must like him or he dies.  
Though raptured senates hung on all he spoke,  
The club must hail him master of the joke.  
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new ?  
He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too.

Thus with each gift of nature and of art,  
And wanting nothing but an honest heart,  
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt,  
And most contemptible, to shun contempt.  
His passion still, to covet general praise,  
His life to forfeit it a thousand ways,  
A constant bounty which no friend has made ;  
An Angel tongue which no man can persuade ;  
A fool with more of wit than all mankind,  
Too rash for thought, for action too refined.  
A tyrant to the wife his heart approved,  
A rebel to the very king he loved ;  
He dies, sad outcast of each Church and State ;  
And harder still, flagitious, yet not great.

This northern portion of Charing Cross Road was made by the widening of Crown Street, its east side having been entirely removed. This street, originally Elde Street, was afterwards known as Hog Lane, till about 1762, when it was renamed Crown Street, from the Rose and Crown, an inn of some celebrity. It led to Rose Street, a street south-east of Soho Square, which connected it with Greek Street, and in old days there was an inscription on the wall at the corner of Rose Street : "This is Crown Street, 1762".

At the top of Charing Cross Road we turn to our right, and proceeding down the northern end of High Street, once more reach the church, having completed our first walk in the district.

## CHAPTER II.

### WALK II.

Oh, may thy virtue guard thee through the roads  
Of Drury's mazy courts and dark abodes !

—GAY, *Trivia*.

FOR our second perambulation let us take the south-eastern portion of the district.

From St. Giles's Church, passing down the High Street, we enter Broad Street, and then turn to our right into Endell Street which connects Broad Street with Long Acre.

This now wide thoroughfare is but of recent creation, for it was only made in 1844-46, widening Hanover Street and Old Belton Street. It received its name, as we have said, from James Endell Tyler, Rector of St. Giles's from 1825 to 1851. Before this it was a narrow and indifferent road with various courts and yards branching from it. The St. Giles' portion of this street was originally called Belton Street, after Sir John Brownlow, Bart., of Belton, whose name occurs constantly in the parish rate-books as a resident in the district in the reign of Charles II., and according to a stone tablet set up in it, some part of it was erected in 1683. This was probably the portion from Castle Street to Short's Gardens, which bore the name of "Old Belton Street". The northern portion from Short's Gardens to Broad Street must have been built later, as it was called "New Belton Street".

On our right, at the corner of Endell Street and Broad

Street are the National Schools, built during Mr. Thorold's rectorship, to which we have before alluded; while close by, on the same side, is the Swiss Protestant Church. This building was erected in 1855 by subscriptions from the Swiss in London, who for many years previously had worshipped in a church in Moor Street, Soho.

On the opposite, or east side of the street, are the St. Giles's and Bloomsbury Baths and Wash-houses, built 1852 and recently enlarged, and the St. Giles's and Bloomsbury Union Workhouse. By its southern wall run Short's Gardens which, intersecting Endell Street, lead on the west to Neale Street and Queen Street, Seven Dials, and on the east to Drury Lane. This street, whose name is now belied by its situation, is the sole relic of Dudley Short, a parishioner and vestryman in the reign of Charles II., who here possessed a house and extensive grounds. Apparently, however, the mansion had been built earlier, by another Short, for we read in *State Papers*: "July 7, 1618. The Justices of Middlesex report to the Council that they have examined the state of the large building lately erected in Drury Lane, assigned by William Short of Gray's Inn to Edward Smith, and find that it was erected on the foundations of the former tenements." The site on which this mansion of the Shorts then stood, and the site of Brownlow Street, now Betterton Street, of which more anon, "were originally 'Gardiners Grounds,' and are assessed under the name of 'the Gardiners,' on the back side of Drury Lane".

Short's house stood on the northern side, and to it were attached certain gardens and grounds taken out of "the Gardiners". Later on a deed of 1707 gives us particulars of these premises. It tells us: "That Dudley Short had several years previously, on his ceasing to reside there, demised various parts of his grounds, on



which several tenements were then standing, and these were about to be built". It then proceeds to describe the premises as "a parcel of ground and 3 messuages built thereon, situate on the west side of Greyhound Court, occupied by — Toms, Victualler, with a piece of ground where was formerly a fair brick house standing; and a garden or piece of ground lying behind the same, extending 38 feet from east to west, and 95 feet from north to south; and which last piece of ground commonly called the Mulbery Garden, abutting east on Dudley Short's House, as aforesaid, together with 13 messuages built on the said parcels of ground, demised by Dudley Short, and then held by Thomas Watson". The deed further mentions the Crown, a well-known Public House, standing nearly on the site of the present workhouse, and describes it thus: "A piece of ground demised to Ralph Bucknall, who had a stable thereon". It also tells us of: "A messuage on the south side of St. Giles's, High Street, of John Walter, farmer; and a back yard to it, with stables and buildings in the same, extending from the same messuage southward to Greyhound Court, adjoining the south side of one of the stables built as above". After this the ground was rapidly covered with little alleys, and here in 1725 arose the first St. Giles's workhouse. As far back as 1662 the parish, in common with many others, seems to have used a general workhouse, or perhaps we ought to call it an infirmary, for it was little more than an asylum for their impotent poor. Possibly, then, the able-bodied paupers became troublesome, for in 1674 the churchwardens, by order of the vestry, took a tenement in "Browne's Gardens," near the church, "to sette the poore on work". But, probably on account of the building of the Seven Dials, in 1680 this house was pulled down and the authorities had to search for another site. Great delay was caused, as many

of the places suggested proved unsuitable. On inquiry, ultimately, however, a piece of ground on the old "Gardiners' estates," called "Vinegar Yard," was purchased for the sum of £2,252, and the building was, as I have said, erected in 1725. This establishment was practically rebuilt and enlarged in 1844, but, a few years back, proving inadequate for modern requirements, was superseded by the present large and well-arranged building. Somewhere among the alleys which it displaced must have stood a very small theatre or place of entertainment of some kind, in which Charles Matthews the elder made his first attempts at acting. Attached to the workhouse, and used partly as a chapel for the Church of England inmates, is Christ Church which fronts Endell Street and which was consecrated in 1845. In a great thunderstorm, one of the worst I ever remember in London, on the 17th of August, 1887, this church was struck twice, and the spire was so much injured that it had to be rebuilt.

At the east side of Endell Street and at the corner of Short's Gardens stands the oldest Lying-in Hospital in London. The present building was erected here in 1849, the Institution having been originally established in Brownlow Street in 1749. Its object is to afford "medical and surgical treatment to married women, who are either admitted into the hospital or are attended at their own homes, and it is entirely supported by voluntary subscriptions and donations". A few steps further on, the same side of the street, is Betterton Street, late Brownlow Street, also reaching into Drury Lane. Here stood the dwelling and gardens of Sir John Brownlow. The original house had wings and offices attached to it, and an engraving of it as it was in the old days, is to be found in the British Museum ; but Brownlow must have removed from it before 1682, for we find notices in the parish books of parts of it being pulled down when the site was

built on. Some time after this the estate of Belton passed to the Cust family, the head of which, Sir Richard Cust, married Anne Brownlow, the heiress of the Brownlows. Their grandson was created Baron Brownlow of Belton, and their great-grandson Earl of Brownlow in 1815.

Still some parts of the old house long remained, though during recent years it had been mostly rebuilt. It was for some time occupied by the Lying-in Hospital, and then used as a club for working lads for twenty-two years. Until last year it was by far the best house in a squalid street, with a fine front door and old knocker, a wide staircase and lofty rooms. Now it exists no more, for the Lying-in Hospital authorities, resuming possession of it, have for the purpose of enlarging their premises, pulled it down and rebuilt upon its site.

In Brownlow Street died, in 1684, the well-known actor, Michael Mohun or Moone, buried, as we have seen, in St. Giles's Church. During the Civil War he relinquished his profession to take up arms on behalf of the King, but at the Restoration he returned to England and resumed it. Pepys, who saw him often, says that he was reported to be the best actor in the world, though his Iago in *Othello* was not quite up to the mark, while Steele, in some admirable remarks on the influence of the stage, describes him as an actor, "who by his great skill and art never failed to send me home full of such ideas as affected my behaviour, and made me insensibly more courteous and humane to my friends and acquaintance. It is not the business of a good play to make every man an hero; but it certainly gives him a livelier sense of virtue and merit than he had when he entered the theatre."

Here also, in 1735, died John Bannister the younger, who came from an old St. Giles's family, his father having

been a musician, composer and violinist, and his grandfather one of the parish waits. He himself was in the royal band during the reigns of Charles II., James II., William and Mary, and Anne, and played first violin at Drury Lane Theatre when Italian operas were first introduced into England.

For some time George Vertue was an inhabitant of this street. Educated simply as an engraver, he carefully studied drawing, applying it very skillfully to his art. Under the patronage of Lord Somers and Sir Godfrey Kneller he rapidly rose to the top of his profession. At the same time he was busily engaged in gathering together material for a history of the fine arts in England. His manuscript notes comprised forty volumes and were bought from his widow by Horace Walpole, who used them for his *Anecdotes of Painting*, and testifies to the industry and accuracy of their author. They are now in the British Museum. Vertue died in 1756 and was buried in the west cloister at Westminster, near an old monk of his family laid there two centuries before.

In 1877, as its name Brownlow Street caused it to be confused with other streets of that name in the Metropolis, it was renamed Betterton Street. The appellation was well chosen, for it is surely right that the popular actor, the loved and honoured citizen, should have a memorial near the theatres in which he nightly enthralled his audiences. A contemporary thus writes of him in 1710: "Having received notice that the famous actor, Mr Betterton, was to be interred this evening in the cloisters near Westminster Abbey, I was resolved to walk thither and see the last office done to a man whom I had always very much admired, and from whose actions I had received more strong impressions of what is great and noble in human nature than from the arguments of the most solid philosophers or the descriptions of the most

charming poets I have ever read. . . . Such an actor as Mr. Betterton ought to be recorded with the same respect as Roscius among the Romans. . . . I have hardly a notion that any performer of antiquity could surpass the action of Mr. Betterton in any of the occasions in which he has appeared on our stage. . . . While I waited in the cloisters I thought of him with the same concern as if I had waited for the remains of a person who had in real life done all that I had seen him represent. The gloom of the place, and faint lights before the ceremony appeared, contributed to the melancholy disposition I was in; and I began to be extremely afflicted that Brutus and Cassius had any difference, that Hotspur's gallantry was so unfortunate, and that the mirth and good humour of Falstaff could not exempt him from the grave. Nay, this occasion in me, who look upon the distinctions among men to be merely scenical, raised reflections upon the emptiness of all human perfection and greatness in general and I could not but regret that the sacred heads which lie buried in the neighbourhood of this little portion of earth in which my poor old friend is deposited, are returned to dust as well as he, and that there is no difference in the grave between the imaginary and the real monarch."

A little south of Betterton Street, Castle Street bounds the parish on this side. Before it was built upon it partly formed one side of the Cock and Pye ditch. It is a long street, for it stretches from Upper St. Martin's Lane, where it meets West Street, almost to Drury Lane, and crosses Neale and Endell Streets in its course. Here, on the very confines of the district, behind what is now Nos. 23, 25 Endell Street, formerly 3 Old Belton Street, are the remains of an old bath. It is supposed to have been fed by a spring of medicinal water, and tradition asserts that it was frequented by Queen Anne; of this, however, there is no real proof.

But we will retrace our steps to Broad Street and turn to our right. We pass the site of the recently demolished Lascelles Court, the new baths, the vestry offices, and Messrs. Coombe's brewery, and entering Drury Lane find ourselves in a street full of historical interest.

A little way down on our left lies Goldsmith Street, formerly the coal yard, or coleyard, "a place of no account". Here report says that Nell Gwynne, one of the celebrated mistresses of Charles II., was born. Be this the case or not, she certainly lived in Drury Lane, and she was of humble origin, for the tradition that she was a native of Herefordshire or Wales and descended from an ancient family rests upon no solid foundation. First she seems to have been an orange girl at a theatre. Subsequently, through the influence of Betterton, she went on the stage, and became mistress of Lord Buckhurst till she attracted the attention of the Merry Monarch and was appointed one of the Ladies of the Bedchamber to the Queen. Pepys tells us: "May 1st, 1667. To Westminster, in the way meeting many milkmaids with their garlands upon their pails, dancing with a fiddler before them, and saw pretty Nell standing at her lodging door, in Drury Lane, in her smock-sleeves and bodice, look upon one: she seemed a mighty pretty creature".

Although she was very ill-educated, for to the end of her life she could not sign her name, by her great personal beauty and her consummate tact she maintained for long her ascendancy over the fickle heart of her royal lover.

When he was lumpish she would be jocund  
And chuck the royal ohin of Charles II.

By him, whom she survived about two years, she had two sons; the elder died very young, while the other, Charles Beauclerk, was created Duke of St. Albans. Her generosity and kindness made her more popular than most of the King's favourites, while her munificence to

Chelsea Hospital, founded in 1682, seems to have been considerable. She was buried in the vaults under the church of St. Martin's in the Fields.

To a spot just south of the coal yard the alms houses had been removed in 1783, and for a part of these the old Round House was utilised. As it had been a place of detention for highwaymen and other criminals awaiting their trial, many of these cut their names on the walls and window sills, and these marks were visible for a considerable time. Here tradition says that Jack Sheppard was confined for a night, but managed to escape before the morning. In 1879 the trustees having bought an adjoining piece of ground, the following year the mortuary and coroner's court were erected, and the alms houses themselves rebuilt in 1885.

To return to Drury Lane, a little to the south of Goldsmith Street, parallel to it on the same side, and nearly opposite Short's gardens, we come upon Macklin Street. It was renamed in 1878 after Charles Macklin, dramatist and actor, who died at a very great age. We can scarcely congratulate the authorities on the selection of his name for a street, as Macklin, although at the head of his profession, was by no means a reputable individual. In 1735 he was tried and convicted of the manslaughter of a brother actor whom he had run through in the green room at Drury Lane in a quarrel about a wig; and afterwards he got into further trouble for severely belabouring one of his colleagues. In 1754 he opened in Hart Street, Covent Garden, a public ordinary called the British Inquisition. Every one, for three shillings a head, could drink as much as he liked, and then followed a lecture on oratory. The novelty took at first but soon failed, for Macklin, robbed right and left by his waiters, became a bankrupt. Before this, for some time, Macklin Street was called Charles Street, though its

original name was Lewknor's Lane (sometimes corrupted into Leutenor's Lane) from Sir Lewis Lewknor, a vestryman in 1618, who had property here, and who must have been a man of some ability as he published a small volume of poems which was popular in his day.

We do not know exactly when this estate was built over, but we hear of Lewknor's Lane long before the end of the reign of Charles I. From its early days it seems to have borne a very bad character as the haunt of loose women. In 1663, Dryden published *The Wild Gallant*, in which he makes an old procuress say that "her lodgings are in Lewknor's Lane, at the Cat and Fiddle". Whereupon Mr. Lovely, the Wild Gallant, exclaims: "I am ruined, for ever ruined—Plague! had you no place in the town to name but Lucknor's Lane for lodgings".

Again, in 1715, Sir Roger L'Estrange published an edition of the posthumous works of Samuel Butler, the celebrated author of *Hudibras*, although it must be admitted that the genuineness of some of these documents is doubtful. The poet says:—

Ye nymphs of fair Diana's train  
The same with those of Lewknor's Lane.

To this the editor adds a note: "Lewknor's Lane, a place still a rendezvous and nursery for lewd women, but first resorted to by the Roundheads".

Lastly, Gay in his *Beggar's Opera*, first published in 1729, has the following passage: "I expect him back every minute. But you know, Sir, you sent him as far as Hockley-in-the-Hole for three of the ladies, for one in Vinegar Yard and for the rest of them somewhere about Lewknor's Lane," Hockley-in-the-Hole being a garden celebrated for its bear and bull baitings near Clerkenwell Green, and Vinegar, properly Vine garden, Yard in St. Martin's Parish.

Here Jonathan Wild kept a house of ill fame, while



hereabouts Jack Sheppard was arrested at a butcher's shop after his second escape from Newgate. Of these two notorious criminals the former was, to our thinking, the worse, for not only was he the largest receiver and seller of stolen goods in London but also the chief informer against thieves. He had a grudge against Sheppard whom he caused to be captured and convicted at the Old Bailey in August, 1723. The culprit, however, managed twice to escape from the condemned cell, so that he was not executed till 16th November. On that occasion over 200,000 people were present, and a riot which broke out concerning the disposal of the body had to be put down by the soldiers with fixed bayonets. Ultimately it was buried in the old churchyard of St. Martin's in the Fields where not very many years ago the coffin was discovered by a workman. Happily before a year had passed, Wild, having made much money from his informations, fell into the meshes he had prepared for others and was hanged at Tyburn, 24th May, 1725.

During our progress down Drury Lane we have left Short's Gardens and Betterton Street (both previously described) on our right, and we now, on the same side, reach Broker's Alley, a short passage leading into Castle Street. Here, as regards the west side of Drury Lane, the parish of St. Giles's ends, and we have only to concern ourselves with the east side for the future. Opposite Broker's Alley is Shelton Street, so called after William Shelton, and a little further down Drury Lane, Parker Street, which, running eastward, connects us with Little Queen Street. It received its name from one Philip Parker, who built a house on its site about the year 1623, and it was originally known as Parker's Lane. Here the Dutch ambassador had stables and premises, for we are told that "in 1661, Mr. William Shelton," men-

tioned just above, purchased for £458 10s. certain tenements on the south side of this lane, described as having been "lately in possession of the Dutch ambassador," and founded a school for fifty poor boys. This school continued till 1763, when, the funds being declared inadequate for its support, it was closed. The money was allowed to accumulate till 1815, when a new schoolhouse was erected in Lloyd's Court, near Charing Cross Road, and the charity revived. Ultimately the schools were abolished and the charity amalgamated with others in 1886. Under the management of the Rector and Churchwardens of St. Giles's, it is now applied for educational purposes and for providing clothing for the poor.

Next on our left we come to Great Queen Street, but we will reserve our further notice of this till our next walk and proceed southward, passing shortly the Peabody Buildings, erected in our own time. They stand upon the site of the old "Cockpit Theatre". Here after the demolition of the theatre stood, called after it, Cockpit Alley, which was corrupted into Pitt Place. In this Alley lived the infamous Titus Oates, the originator of the Popish Plot. Here too stood the "Black Post," one of the chief resorts of Sir George Barclay and others concerned in the assassination plot of 1696. Their object was to invade England with a French army and to murder William III. on his way back to Kensington after hunting in Richmond Park. But, the hearts of some of the conspirators failing them, information of the design was conveyed to the Earl of Portland, and consequently it was rendered abortive.

In Drury Lane, indeed, in olden days lived many distinguished personages besides those whom we have already mentioned, among these were the celebrated Marquis of Argyll, executed at Edinburgh in 1661, and the Protector Cromwell himself in 1646. Here, too, Arthur

Annesley, Earl of Anglesey and Lord Privy Seal from 1669 to his death in 1686, had a house.

Early in the reign of William III., however, Drury Lane had entirely lost its aristocratic character and followed the general decadence of the district. So Steele describes it in the *Tatler* as a long course of buildings divided into particular districts or "ladyships," after the manner of "lordships" in other parts, "over which matrons of known abilities preside".

We will, however, turn to our left and enter Kemble Street, until quite recently named Princes Street. Here lived John Holles, Lord Clare, a distinguished officer who died in 1637, and who must have been somewhat of a reformer, for Gervasse Holles, in Collins's *Historical Collections*, tells us that he "purchased one-half of Princes Street by Drury Lane, and he caused to be routed those edifices called Lowches Buildings, with the most part of Clements Inn Lane, Blackmore Street by Drury Lane, and part of Clements Inn Fields".

In the same street, at the Widow Hambleton's Coffee House, lodged Henry Cromwell, the correspondent of Pope. The poet accordingly, in writing to him, alludes to "your old apartment in the widow's corner," and further pens the following couplet:—

To treat those nymphs like yours of Drury  
With—I protest—and I'll assure ye.

The whole of the northern side of Kemble Street is bounded by the Peabody Buildings which have their entrance in Great Wild Street. They occupy not only the site of Pitt Place, just alluded to, but also that of many other disreputable courts and alleys now happily removed. I remember well that, in my young and green London days, I started late one winter's evening to visit a sick lad in one of these slums, and only after urgent

entreaties from a district mission woman consented to take a policeman with me for protection.

Behind the row of houses facing Princes Street runs the southern boundary of St. Giles's Parish and the same boundary line continues through the middle of the adjoining street, Sardinia Street. At the corner of these two streets, on our left-hand side, Great Wild Street stretches in a north-westerly direction to Great Queen Street. Let us for a few minutes make a short digression up it. We have already spoken of the origin of its name and of the period when it was first built over. Weld, or Wild, House must have been originally somewhat of an "imposing structure". It had a centre with two wings, a street front of 150 feet, and a depth behind, with the garden, of 300 feet. It seems early to have been let by the Weld family. In 1655, Lady Ormonde was living here, having come over to England to recover the income of the estates to which, as Baroness Dingwall in her own right, she was entitled. After many delays she secured about £2,000 a year, a boon indeed for she and her husband were almost reduced to beggary. A devoted adherent of Charles I. in Ireland, Ormonde was compelled to remain abroad till the Restoration, when he was twice Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and created a duke. But domestic troubles soon came thick upon him. First, in 1680, died his eldest son, Lord Ossory, an excellent and most promising young man. "Nothing else in the world could affect me so much," exclaimed the bereaved parent, "but since I could bear the death of my great and good master, King Charles I., I can bear anything; and though I am very sensible of the loss of such a son as Ossory was, yet I thank God my case is not quite deplorable as he who condole with me, for I had much rather have my dead son than his living one". Then in 1684 his beloved wife passed away. Happily he did not

long survive her, for four years afterwards he was laid by her side in Henry VII.'s chapel, on the eve of the revolution that was to prove fatal to the Stuart dynasty.

Ronquillo, the Spanish ambassador, occupied another wing of Weld House during the reigns of Charles II. and James II. Evelyn tells us: "April 26, 1681. I dined at Don Pietro Ronquillo's, the Spanish ambassador, at Wild House, Drury Lane, who used me with extraordinary civility. The dinner was plentiful, half after the Spanish, half after the English way. After dinner he led me into his bed-chamber, where we fell into a long discourse concerning religion."

Lord Macaulay, writing of the riots which took place in London on the flight of James II. in 1688, says: "The rich plate of the Chapel Royal had been deposited at Wild House, near Lincoln's Inn Fields, the residence of the Spanish ambassador, Ronquillo. Ronquillo, conscious that he and his court had not deserved ill of the English nation, had thought it unnecessary to ask for soldiers: but the mob was not in a mood to make nice distinctions. The name of Spain had long been associated in the public mind with the Inquisition and the Armada, with the cruelties of Mary and the plots against Elizabeth. Ronquillo had also made himself many enemies among the common people by availing himself of his privilege to avoid the necessity of paying his debts. His house was, therefore, sacked without mercy; and a noble library, which he had collected, perished in the flames. His only comfort was that the host in his chapel was rescued from the same fate." We are also told that the ambassador himself had some difficulty in making his escape by a back door.

Six years later the *London Gazette*, for 1674, No. 3010, has the following announcement: "Weld House is to be let, containing 33 rooms, garrets, and cellars,

with other suitable conveniences in Weld Street, near Lincoln's Inn Fields. Enquire at Weld House, or at Marybone House." The next year, accordingly, the house and gardens were let on a building lease for ninety-nine years, and Great and Little Wild Street, which seem to have been previously begun, were completed. The transfer of this property was the subject of a long chancery suit and the point discussed formed the leading case of *Lister v. Foxcroft*, which was not finally decided by the House of Lords until April, 1701.

To Great Wild Street Henry Cromwell seems to have moved from the "Widow's Corner," for we learn from Pope that he was living here, at the "Blue Bull," in July, 1709. In the Baptist Chapel (now a mission hall) between Nos. 23 and 24 Little Wild Street, a sermon was annually preached commemorative of the great storm of 27th November, 1703. We are told of this hurricane that the loss sustained in London alone was calculated at £2,000,000 sterling. The number of persons drowned in the floods of the Severn and Thames, and lost on the coast of Holland, and in ships blown from their anchors and never afterwards heard of, is thought to have been 8,000. Twelve men-of-war, with more than 1,800 men on board, were lost within sight of their own shore. Trees were torn up by the roots, 17,000 of them in Kent alone. The Eddystone Lighthouse, finished 1699, was destroyed, and in it its designer, Winstanley, and those who were with him. The Bishop of Bath and Wells and his wife were killed in bed in their palace, at Wells, in Somerset. Multitudes of cattle were also lost, 15,000 sheep being drowned in one level alone. It is to this storm that Addison alludes in his poem, *The Campaign*, written in 1704:—

So when an angel by divine command  
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,

Such as of late o'er pale Britannia passed,  
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;  
And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,  
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

At No. 12 Wild Court lived for a time, Theophilus Cibber and his wife, Susannah, one of the best tragic actresses the English stage has produced. She was the daughter of Dr. Arne, a Covent Garden upholsterer, but, above all, a politician, who entertained Indian princes and neglected his own business to meddle in the affairs of Europe. In praise of Mrs. Cibber, Charles Churchill bursts into verse:—

Formed for the tragic scene, to grace the stage  
With rival excellence of love and rage,  
Mistress of each soft art, with matchless skill,  
To turn and wind the passions as she will;  
To meet the heart with sympathetic woe,  
Awake the sigh and teach the tear to flow;  
To put on phrenzy's wild distracted glare  
And freeze the soul with horror and despair.

While David Garrick, on hearing of her death in 1766, exclaimed: "Cibber dead? then tragedy expired with her." She rests in the Westminster cloisters, and her portrait, by Zoffany, adorns the walls of the Garrick Club.

Passing down Wild Court and turning down Sardinia Place to the right we enter Sardinia Street, which connects Kemble Street with Lincoln's Inn Fields. It was renamed "Sardinia Street" in 1875, from the Roman Catholic Chapel just opposite, being previously known as Duke Street. This church, the oldest of the metropolitan places of worship now in the hands of the Roman Catholics of London and built in the year 1648, is dedicated to St. Anselm and St. Cecilia. It was originally attached to the residence of the Sardinian ambassador in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and the only way into it was through

the house, while to it, established during the reign of James II., a body of Franciscans was attached.

In those intolerant days the Roman Catholics were forbidden to hear mass, and so they were obliged to visit the chapels of the ambassadors when they wished to perform their devotions.

In 1778 the "Catholic Relief Act" was brought into Parliament by Sir George Savile, member for Yorkshire, to repeal various statutes enacted against the Roman Catholics in the reign of William III. by which they were prohibited from holding property, and their spiritual instructors were subjected to the penalties of felony.

This bill, the first measure for the removal of Roman Catholic disabilities, passed almost unanimously through both houses, but it stirred up a fierce outburst of Protestant fanaticism in the country, and led to the celebrated "Gordon Riots". Lord George Gordon, son of the Duke of Gordon, a foolish young man, put himself at the head of the agitators, who began their destructive operations in June, 1780, by partly demolishing the Sardinian Chapel. As it was the mother chapel and the resort of the principal Roman Catholics in the metropolis, the mob seems to have been especially savage in attacking it. We are further told that, in derision of its form of worship, "a cat was dressed in the miniature vestments of a priest, an initiative host or wafer was placed in its paws, and thus it was hung to the lamp-post of the chapel". When the riots were suppressed, of which more later on, the chapel was rebuilt on an enlarged scale, as it comprised, towards the west, the former site of the stables of the Sardinian ambassador. Up, indeed, to the early years of the eighteenth century it was the principal Roman Catholic church in London, being enriched with many costly gifts and possessing a splendid choir, the famous singers Malibran, Persiani, Lablache, Rubini and the



principals of the Italian Opera Orchestra sometimes giving their aid gratuitously.

In this chapel, on 11th August, 1737, was baptised Joseph Nollekens, who, although he afterwards as a celebrated sculptor became a Royal Academician, was a skinflint and a miser of the worst description, besides hopelessly incapable in all the other relations of life. Here, too, that gifted authoress, Fanny Burney, was married to the French exile, General D'Arblay, on 1st August, 1793. But the recent building of so many finer Roman Catholic churches in London has caused the importance of the Sardinian Chapel to decline considerably. Still, however, a "Red Mass" is celebrated here when the Law Courts meet after the Long Vacation, for the benefit of the Roman Catholic judges and barristers. Opposite the church, probably at the present Mission House of Trinity Church, Great Queen Street, lived Benjamin Franklin, when employed as a journeyman printer at Watt's office in Wild Court, 1723-26. The house, he tells us, was at the back of an Italian warehouse, and his rent three shillings and sixpence a week. He must have been a very quiet and desirable lodger, for when he found even this rent too much for him, his landlady consented to reduce it to two shillings a week rather than lose him altogether. As the press at which Franklin worked ultimately came into the hands of Messrs. Wyman, printers of Great Queen Street, it has been wrongly inferred by some that he worked for that firm. The press, indeed, stood in their office for many years, but it was ultimately taken down and passed into the hands of Messrs. Harrild & Sons, who in 1840 gave it to Mr. J. V. Murray of New York, "on condition that he would secure for them in return a donation to the Printers' Pension Society of London".

Mr. Murray subsequently took the press to America,

and on a plate affixed to its front was engraved the following inscription :—

“ Dr. Franklin’s remarks relative to this Press, made when he came to England as Agent of the Massachusetts, in the year 1768. The Doctor at this time visited the Printing Office of Mr. Watts, of Wild Street, Lincoln’s Inn Fields, and, going up to this particular Press (afterwards in the possession of Messrs. Cox & Son, of Great Queen Street, of whom it was purchased) thus addressed the men who were working at it : ‘ Come, my friends, we will drink together. It is now forty years since I worked like you, at this Press, as a journeyman Printer.’ The Doctor then sent out for a gallon of Porter, and he drank with them,

#### SUCCESS TO PRINTING.

“ From the above it will appear that it is 108 years since DR. FRANKLIN worked at this identical Press.”

A few steps eastward from the Sardinian Chapel we pass under an archway, said to be the work of Inigo Jones, over which is a stone inscribed “ Dyke Street, 1648,” and immediately afterwards we enter Lincoln’s Inn Fields.

## CHAPTER III.

### WALK III.

Where Lincoln's Inn, wide space is rail'd around,  
Cross not with venturous step, there oft is found  
The lurking thief, who, while the daylight shone,  
Made the walls echo with his begging tone;  
That crutch, which hath compassion moved shall wound  
Thy bleeding head, and fell thee to the ground.  
Though thou art tempted by the linkman's call,  
Yet trust him not along the lonely wall;  
In the mid-day he'll quench the flaming brand,  
And share the booty with the pilfering band,  
Still keep the public streets where oily rays,  
Shot from the crystal lamp, o'erspread the ways.

—GAY, *Trivia*.

OF the building of Lincoln's Inn Fields we have already spoken. Let us now walk round them, and consider further both them and their environs. The parish boundary line from the western corner of the Sardinian Chapel passes through Chapel Yard, Portsmouth Place, Sheffield Street, Portsmouth Street, and the back premises of the Royal College of Surgeons till it reaches Serle Street.

Turning to our right, after passing through the arch in Sardinia Street, we come to Portsmouth Street, already mentioned. Here at No. 11 was the Black Jack Public House, frequented in the eighteenth century by a witty low comedian, Joseph or Josias Miller, who has acquired a posthumous fame. In 1739 John Mottley, under the *nom de plume* of Elijah Jenkins, published a book *Joe*

*Miller's Jests.* They seem to have been collected from all quarters. Still to this day we call a stale joke a "Joe Miller," implying that it is stolen from Mottley's collection. The Black Jack was vulgarly known as "the Jump," as on one occasion Jack Sheppard leapt from its first floor window to escape his pursuers. No. 14 is also said to have been the original of Dickens' *Old Curiosity Shop*, but there is not sufficient authority for this statement.

Soon after this, on our way round the Fields, we pass the Royal College of Surgeons. On the site of this Institution, in former days, was the house of Robert Henley, which he had inherited, with the family estates in Hampshire and Dorsetshire, on the death of his elder brother in 1745. Henley rose to be last Lord Keeper of the Great Seal from 1757-61, and Lord Chancellor from 1761-66, having been made a peer by the title of Lord Henley to preside at the celebrated trial of Lord Ferrers, and Earl of Northington on the accession of George III. In his youth a hard drinker, when in his old age afflicted by a bad attack of gout, he was overheard muttering: "If I had known that these legs were one day to carry a Chancellor, I'd have taken better care of them when I was a lad".

The first charter to the College of Surgeons was granted by Henry VIII. in 1540. Formerly barbers and surgeons were united, until it was enacted that "no person using any shaving or barbery in London shall occupy any surgery, letting of blood, or other matter excepting only the drawing of teeth". The Lincoln's Inn College was erected in 1800, remodelled in 1836 and the interior completed in 1837, while the premises were enlarged in 1852-53. Just behind these buildings, within the confines of St. Clement Danes, lay Portugal Row, and here was the celebrated Duke's Theatre. It occupied the spot

where the Museum of the College now stands. This museum originated in the purchase for £15,000 made by Parliament in 1813, of the collection of John Hunter, a Scotchman by birth and the first surgeon of his day, in whose honour the Hunterian Oration is still annually pronounced.

A little further on to our right is Serle Street, which connects Lincoln's Inn Fields with Carey Street and which received its name from a Mr. Henry Serle. He acquired this property by purchase from the executors of Sir John Birkenhead, the author of some satirical poems, and also of a journal called *Mercurius Aulicus*, which, during the war between Charles I. and the Parliament, communicated the doings of the Court at Oxford to the rest of the kingdom. Over the gate leading into New Square are the arms of the same Henry Serle with those of the Inn, while New Square itself was long named Serle Court after him.

Besides those previously mentioned, many other notabilities lived in or near the Fields. Lord Cowper, the stalwart supporter of the Protestant succession, Lord Chancellor from 1707 to 1710 and again from 1714 to 1718. From hence Lady Cowper, a daughter of the old Durham family of Clavering, writes in her diary, just after the first Jacobite rising: "1716. Bit in the night. I'm afraid by a bug, 'tis as bad an enemy as a Scotch Highlander". The same premises were, during the interval, occupied by Lord Chancellor Harcourt, a respectable lawyer and a poet of some merit. Although the representative of the law he was once, at least, unwillingly constrained to obey it. One Sunday he was driving through Abingdon during the time of Divine service when he was stopped by the constables who offered an apology for doing what they conceived to be their duty. Consequently Harcourt ordered his coach to

the church door and joined in the public worship till it concluded. Here also lived Thomas Parker, first Earl of Macclesfield, the son of a village lawyer and Lord Chancellor from 1718 to 1721. An able judge both in common law and equity, but bad tempered and avaricious. He incurred considerable losses owing to the South Sea Bubble, and, being impeached for corruption, was fined £30,000.

In the eighteenth century, Ancaster, formerly Lindsey, House had been sold to Charles Seymour, commonly called the proud Duke of Somerset, for he was a man eaten up with pride of birth and pomposity and at the same time hard and unfeeling to his subordinates. Nevertheless he played a considerable part in the political life of the time. First he fought against Monmouth's Rebellion, then he supported the Prince of Orange, and, lastly, by presenting himself boldly, with the Duke of Argyle, at the Council of 30th July, 1714 (though neither of them were members of it) contributed not a little to the peaceful succession of the House of Hanover. He died in 1748, leaving his Lincoln's Inn House to his daughter Frances, the negotiations for whose subsequent marriage Horace Walpole amusingly describes to Mann: "Lord Granby's match, which is at last to be finished tomorrow has been a mighty topic of conversation lately. The bride is one of the great heiresses of old proud Somerset. Lord Winchilsea who is her uncle, and has married the other sister very loosely to his own relation, Lord Guernsey, has tied up Lord Granby so rigorously that the Duke of Rutland has endeavoured to break the match. She has four thousand pounds a year: he is said to have the same in present, but not to touch hers. He is in debt ten thousand pounds, she was to give him ten, which now Lord Winchilsea refuses. Upon the strength of her fortune, Lord Granby proposed to treat

her with presents of twelve thousand pounds; but desired her to buy them. She, who never saw nor knew the value of ten shillings while her father lived, and has had no time to learn it, bespoke away so roundly, that for one article of the plate she ordered ten sauce boats; besides, she and her sister have squandered seven thousand pounds apiece in all kinds of baubles and frippery; so her four thousand pounds a year is to be set apart for two years to pay her debts; don't you like this English management? Two of the greatest fortunes meeting and setting out with poverty and want. Sir Thomas Bootle, the Prince's Chancellor, who is one of the guardians, wanted to have her tradesmen's bills taxed; but in the meantime he has wanted to marry her Duchess-mother; his love letter has been copied and dispersed everywhere. To give you a sufficient instance of his absurdity, the first time he went with the Prince of Wales to Clifden, he made a night gown, cap, and slippers of gold brocade, in which he came down to breakfast the next morning."

Lady Granby died in 1761, leaving several children, one of whom afterwards succeeded to the Rutland dukedom, while another, Lord Robert Manners, a prominent naval officer, whose praises were sung by the clerical poet Crabbe, was mortally wounded in the battle of Dominica, 1782. Her husband, greatly distinguished as a politician and soldier, fought at Minden in 1759, and became successively Commander-in-Chief of the British troops in Germany under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, Master General of the Ordnance, and Commander-in-Chief of the land forces in England from 1766-70 when he died at Scarborough, before his father.

Other inhabitants of the Square at different times were: in 1771, Lord Chief Justice de Grey, afterwards Lord Walsingham, of such retentive memory that he would

come into court with both hands crippled by gout, try a case which lasted nine or ten hours, and then sum up all the evidence without the aid of a single note; William Pitt in 1788, and Lord Chancellor Loughborough; in 1805, Thomas Erskine, afterwards Lord Chancellor, who "possessed the tongue of Cicero and the soul of Hampden," and Spencer Perceval, the only Prime Minister of England that has fallen a victim to the assassin. In the Fields died on 14th February, 1780, the eminent lawyer, Sir William Blackstone, "who first," says Bentham, "of all institutional writers, has taught jurisprudence to speak the language of the scholar and the gentleman". Here also died in August, 1783, the brilliant John Dunning, Lord Ashburton, and in 1801, at No. 35, Lord Kenyon, Chief Justice of the King's Bench from 1786. Of the last named Lord Campbell writes as follows: "He occupied a large, gloomy house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, in which I have seen merry days when it was afterwards transferred to the Verulam Club. I have often heard this traditional description of the mansion in his time, 'all the year through it is *Lent* in the kitchen and *Passion Week* in the parlour.'"

Later on, in 1812, we hear of the irrepressible Henry Brougham (Lord Chancellor, 1830-34) at No. 50, and Mr. Justice Park at No. 33. At No. 3 lived Sir George Cornwall Lewis, the critical and indefatigable statesman and essayist, whose remark that "life would be tolerable but for its amusements," is still well known among us, and Thomas Campbell, the poet, at No. 61 in 1837.

On the north side of the square, at No. 13, is Sir John Soane's Museum. Sir John, the architect of the Bank of England, having built this house in 1812, made it a storehouse for the art treasures which he had gathered together. On his death in 1837, he bequeathed the collection to the nation. It fills twenty-four rooms, and is well



worth a visit if only for the purpose of seeing how every available space has been utilised, but, inasmuch as we are not compiling a guide-book of London, it is unnecessary to describe it further here. Close by stands the Inns of Court Hotel on the site of the old Holborn coaching inn, the George and Blue Boar, where it is said, on most unreliable authority, however, that Ireton discovered Charles I.'s letter plotting to kill both him and Cromwell.

From very early days the Fields were the resort of vagrants and rabble of the worst description. We are told of "the Rufflers," who assumed the characters of maimed soldiers and begged upon the claims of Naseby, Edgehill, Newbury and Marston Moor. Their prey was people of fashion, whose coaches they attacked, and, if refused relief, they told their owners: "'Tis a sad thing that an old crippled cavalier should be suffered to beg for a maintenance and a young cavalier that never heard the whistle of a bullet should ride in his coach". Ned Ward, in the *London Spy*, tells us of another gang of roughs called the "Lincolns Inn Mumpers," while Addison, in the *Spectator*, describes a beggar named "Scarecrow," who disabled himself in his right leg and asked alms all day to get himself a warm supper and a bed at night. Here Lilly, the famous astrologer and magician of the seventeenth century, the Sidrophel of Butler's *Hudibras*, when a servant at Mr. Wright's, at the corner house over against Strand Bridge, spent his idle hours in bowling with "Watt the cobbler, Dick the blacksmith, and such like companions". Here, too, boys gambled for farthings and oranges, a favourite game being the "Wheel of Fortune," played with a movable hand pointing to a circle of figures, the prizes being gingerbread-nuts the size of farthings. Once more, Locke, in the directions he wrote for a foreigner visiting England, says

that he may see "wrestling in Lincoln's Inn Fields all the summer".

The central square was at first enclosed with wooden posts and rails, and to this Gay alludes in the lines I have placed at the head of this chapter.

But in 1735 came a change, in consequence, probably, of an accident which, two years previously, happened in the Fields to Sir Joseph Jekyll, Master of the Rolls from 1717 to 1738, whose character has been summed up by Pope as one "who never changed his principle or wig". One account tells us that as Sir John was crossing Lincoln's Inn Fields, he "was rode over by a boy who was airing a horse there, by which accident he was much bruised". Another account, however, says that Jekyll was attacked and thrown down by the mob in consequence of his aid in passing a recent Act of Parliament for raising the price of gin. Whichever of these stories is the correct one, an Act was passed in 1735 enabling the inhabitants of the Fields to levy a rate on themselves, "to enclose, cleanse and adorn them," and the plan laid before the Duke of Newcastle the same year is thus described: "There are to be four iron gates, one at each corner and dwarf walls, with iron palisades; this plan has been agreed to by the inhabitants".

At the north-east corner of the Fields is Newman's Row, a short passage so called after a Mr. Newman, a builder who lived near. Before 1735 it gave its name to the whole of the north side of the square, while the south was called Portugal Row, the west, Arch Row, the east being the wall of Lincoln's Inn Gardens. Through Newman's Row we enter Great Turnstile, which received its name from the Turnstile, or Turningstile, which, while admitting foot passengers, prevented horses and other animals straying into the Fields. It must have been put up in early days, for in a Presentment of the

Jury of Middlesex in the reign of Edward VI. mention is made of "twelve tenements at the Turne Style in Holborne". Strype later on thus describes the place: "Great Turnstile Alley, a neat thoroughfare which leadeth into Holborn, a place inhabited by shoemakers, sempsters and milliners, for which it is of considerable trade, and well noted". Here in 1750-60 John Smeaton kept a shop for the making and selling of philosophical instruments. About this time he became famous, as he solved the problem of erecting a durable lighthouse on the Eddystone Rock. The first lighthouse, a wooden structure, was, as we have seen, washed away in the great storm of 1703; the second, another wooden building, but lined internally in parts with stone, being destroyed by fire in 1755. Smeaton, adopting entirely new principles, finished the third lighthouse in 1759. It was entirely of stone, the main column 70 feet high with a diameter of 28 feet at the base, and the lantern rising to a further height of 28 feet. It remained a splendid specimen of his work till 1877, when, the sea having undermined the rock on which it stood, another lighthouse was erected on a different part of the reef. The upper rooms of Smeaton's building were put up on Plymouth Hoe, the base being left on the rock as a memorial.

At the north-west corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields is Gate Street, which was so named because here originally was a gate for carriages to pass through. It leads first to Little Turnstile, where is the Holborn Music Hall, formerly a Nonconformist chapel, and then, taking a westerly direction past New Turnstile, joins little Queen Street. There was yet one more Turnstile out of Lincoln's Inn Fields, on the south side, near New Market, now Clare Market.

Between Great and Little Turnstile lies a narrow

street, Whetstone Park, named after William Whetstone, a tobacconist and overseer of St. Giles's in the Fields in the time of Charles I. and of the Commonwealth. It was long notorious for its immorality, and was on this account attacked by the London apprentices in 1668 and again in 1682.

Of this first riot Pepys tells us : " March 24, 1668. Great talk of the tumult . . . among the 'prentices, taking the liberty of these holidays to pull down brothels . . . so Creech and I to Lincoln's Inn Fields, thinking to have gone into the Fields to have seen the apprentices, but here we found the Fields full of soldiers all in a body, and my Lord Craven commanding of them and riding up and down to give orders, like a madman ".

To Whetstone Park we have many allusions in the literature of the period. Samuel Butler (1612-80) writes as follows :—

And makes a brothel of a palace,  
Where harlots ply, as many tell us,  
Like brimstone in a Whetstone ale-house.

It is also mentioned by Wycherley and Dryden.

Here, on Sunday morning, 26th February, 1670-71, James, Duke of Monmouth, son of Charles II., and the second Duke of Albemarle, who had recently succeeded his illustrious father, with other young gallants, in a drunken frolic assaulted and accidentally killed a beadle. This event is thus noted in State poems :—

Near Holborn lies a Park of great renown,  
The place I do suppose is not unknown,  
For brevity's sake the name I shall not tell,  
Because most genteel readers know it well  
(Since Middle Park near Charing Cross was made  
They say there is a great decay of trade) ;  
'Twas there a flock of Dukes, by fury brought,  
With bloody mind a sickly damsel sought.

The west part of Whetstone Park was called Phillips' Rents from one Phillips who built it. Hereabouts lived the poet Milton, in a house in Holborn opening back into Lincoln's Inn Fields, and to which he had removed in 1645 from a larger house in the Barbican.

Since 1708, however, Whetstone Park has been deserted by the gay throng. It now is desolate enough, being occupied by stables and a few workshops, but there is still in it an ale-house called the "Horse and Groom".

Four small courts or alleys connect Whetstone Park with Holborn. The principal of these, Feather's Court, originally bore the name of Pargiter's Court, after the man who built it or was well known in the district.

But now, from the corner of Gate Street and Lincoln's Inn Fields, let us turn westward into Great Queen Street. "Queen Street is a pleasant broad street, on the south side whereof are very good buildings and uniform. It is situated between Lincoln's Inn Fields, east, and Drury Lane, south-west, length 340 yards." Strype, too, writes as follows: "Queen's Street almost opposite to Long Acre, which after a narrow entrance openeth itself and falleth into Lincoln's Inn Fields. It is a street graced with a goodly row of large uniform buildings on the south side, inhabited by nobility and gentry. But the north side is but indifferent, nor in consequence so well inhabited. And on this side are three small courts and alleys, *viz.*, Sugar Loaf Court, Bull Head Court and Whitcombe's Alley, the latter named from Whitcombe's brewery, which formerly stood on the spot." But though all these courts have long ago disappeared, four small courts still remain: Queen's Place on the northern side, and on the southern Queen's Head Yard, which leads into Sardinian Place, and New Yard.

This street, however, must have been badly watched till the middle of the eighteenth century, for here Ryan,

the comedian, was attacked by a footpad, who, firing a pistol at him, severely wounded him in the jaw, and then robbed him of his sword. He was so badly hurt that a "Benefit" was given for him at Covent Garden, and the Prince of Wales (Frederick, died 1751, son of George II. and father of George III.) sent him a purse of gold.

Here, too, it may be said that the Gordon Riots began, as the first meeting in favour of Lord George Gordon's petition to Parliament was held in this street, and, we are further told, the day after sacking the Sardinian Chapel, the mob proceeded to burn the house of Mr. Justice Cox in Great Queen Street, as well as the houses of other magistrates to whom they gave the credit of holding anti-Protestant opinions.

In old days the entrance from the west into Great Queen Street was by a gateway, a narrow passage under a house, which was called the "Devil's Gap," or "Hell's Gate," and which was taken down in 1765.

After we enter the street from Lincoln's Inn Fields, we find on our left the Wesleyan Chapel, erected in 1818 with a portico added in 1840. It was once a popular resort. There was, indeed, a former chapel on or near this spot, built in the eighteenth century at the instance of William Raguley, or Baguley, who for some time defied episcopal authority by ministering therein without a licence.

Here, we are told, on the 22nd of June, 1745, "one David Garrick of St. Paul's, Covent Garden," was married by his friend Dr. Francklin to "Eva Maria Violette, of St. James's, Westminster, a celebrated dancer," though Mrs. Garrick always said that she was married in the Parish Church of St. Giles's, and afterwards at the Portuguese Ambassadors' Chapel in South Audley Street. Into the well-known career of this master of comedy and

tragedy there is no need to enter here, save only to recall to mind the cleverest answer he ever made, a lesson for all time to ministers of religion. "Why is it, Mr. Garrick," asked the Bishop of London, "that your theatre is always full and my churches are always empty?"

"I suppose, my Lord," was the reply, "it is because I represent fiction as if it were truth, while you preach truth as if it were fiction."

Of Mrs. Garrick, Mr. J. T. Smith, who knew her well, says that although she was in the habit of swearing vigorously when annoyed, perhaps no lady in public or private life held a more unexceptionable character. She was visited by persons of the first rank, even our late Queen Charlotte, who had unexpectedly honoured her with a visit at Hampton and found her peeling onions for pickling. The gracious Queen commanded a knife to be brought, saying, "I will peel some onions, too". The late King George IV. and King William IV., as well as other branches of the Royal Family, frequently honoured her with visits. She is described as "a little bowed down old woman, who went about leaning on a gold-headed cane, dressed in deep widow's mourning and always talking of her dear Davy". Concerning her birth there was a mystery. It was said by some that she was a natural daughter of Lord Burlington, but this she herself denied, while others asserted that her father was a Viennese citizen. She died in extreme old age, in 1822, and, wrapped in her wedding sheets, was buried beside her husband, whom she had survived forty-three years, in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey.

On the same side of the street, two doors westward, stand the Freemasons' Hall and Tavern. The hall, designed by T. Sandby, R.A., was opened on 23rd May, 1776, for the purpose of providing a central meeting-

place for the different lodges of Freemasons, who had previously conducted their business in the halls of the city companies, while ten years after the Tavern was added. Towards the cost of building the hall £5,000 was raised by a Tontine (or loan given for life annuities with benefit of survivorship), and so called from the inventor, Tonti, a Neapolitan. Tontines seem to have been first set on foot in Paris, about 1683, to reconcile the people to Cardinal Mazarin's government, by amusing them in the hope of suddenly becoming rich. We hear of a Mr. Jennings, who, an original £100 shareholder in a Tontine company, outlived all the other shareholders, and consequently obtained £3,000 a year.

In the Freemasons' Tavern many memorable dinners have been given; notably one to John Philip Kemble on his retirement from the stage in 1817, when was recited an ode composed by Campbell for the occasion, of which the following was the most notable stanza:—

His was the spell o'er hearts  
That only acting lends,  
The youngest of the sister arts,  
Where all their beauty blends,  
For Poetry can ill express  
Full many a tone of thought sublime,  
And Painting, mute and motionless,  
Steals but one partial glance from Time;  
But by the mighty Actor brought,  
Illusion's wedded triumphs come,  
Verse ceases to be airy thought,  
And Sculpture to be dumb!

Here James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, was entertained on his birthday, and here, too, was held in June, 1824, a public meeting in honour of James Watt the inventor of the steam engine, which was attended by Lord Liverpool, Brougham, Mackintosh, Peel, Davy, Huskisson and Wilberforce. In 1867-68 both Hall and



Tavern were practically rebuilt by Mr. F. Pepys Cocke-rell. In the front a new ornamental façade was erected, as well as a new banqueting hall into which the old hall was incorporated.

On the opposite side of the street is the Novelty, now the Great Queen Street Theatre, and which, until recently in the occupation of Mr. Penley, has constantly remained tenantless for long periods. Here, too, in 1690 was born Sir Martin Ffolkes, the great numismatist, the first President of the Society of Antiquaries, which received its charter of incorporation from George II. in 1757. A few years after this Richard Savage, 4th Earl Rivers, the reputed father of Richard Savage, the poet, whose story is so touchingly told in Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, makes mention in his will, 1712, of Rivers House, in Great Queen Street in the parish of St. Giles's in the Fields. It is now impossible to identify the houses inhabited by these people as no clue to them exists in the parish records. Moreover in early days the houses in the streets had no numbers. The practice of numbering did not begin till 1764, Burlington Street being the first and Lincoln's Inn Fields the second place to receive them.

Hither early in the eighteenth century from the Piazza, Covent Garden, moved the celebrated portrait painter, Sir Godfrey Kneller, to whom eight monarchs are said to have sat for their pictures.

We find the following entry in the rate book of 1717, "Drury Lane Division, Sir Godfrey Kneller, Knight, to be charged £100 per annum, rent, double received to single for the last half-year". From Great Queen Street, Kneller writes to Pope, 16th June, 1719, and "sends his humble respects to Lady May Whortly". His house was in all probability the one west of the Freemasons' Hall. Walpole and some other authors have

erroneously stated that Dr. Radcliffe, the famous physician, lived next door to Kneller in Great Queen Street, and that the famous altercation between these two wits took place here. In reality it occurred when the painter was living in the Piazza and had a garden reaching back to the doctor's house in Bow Street, still as the story refers both to Kneller and Radcliffe, of whom more hereafter, and is also too good to be lost, I insert it here, with apologies for the digression.

Kneller, having had a door opened into his garden for the use of his friend and neighbour the doctor, soon discovered that Radcliffe's servants had stolen a good many of his flowers. Consequently he became exasperated and sent the following message: "I will shut up the door to prevent the doctor going into the garden". Radcliffe replied, "I care not what you do, so you do not *paint* the door". "Did my very good friend, Dr. Radcliffe, say so?" answered Sir Godfrey. "Go you back to him, and, after presenting my services to him, tell him that I can take anything from him but *physic*." Kneller died in October, 1723, possessed of a considerable fortune.

In the same house, attributed to Inigo Jones and afterwards divided into two, Nos. 55 and 56, part of which, apparently, was over New Yard and part on the site of the Freemasons' Tavern, lived another portrait painter, Thomas Hudson, who died in 1779, and here the young Joshua Reynolds came to him as a house pupil, remaining under his roof till July, 1743. When Hudson moved about 1763 the rooms were occupied by Thomas Worlidge, etcher, painter and engraver. On his death in 1766 his widow, who had already gained a name in making copies of paintings in needlework, carried on the sale of her husband's etchings here, while she let at least part of the house to a Mrs. Darby on the

eve of her engagement to one of Worlidge's most intimate friends. With Mrs. Darby lived Mary Robinson (Perdita), her daughter, then a child, whose story is indeed a sad one, for, during a short existence, she tasted the extremes of prosperity and adversity. Having at an early age made an uncongenial marriage with one Robinson, she went on the stage, filling several parts with credit, till on the 20th of November, 1778, Garrick produced *The Winter's Tale*. Then, in the character of Perdita, her beauty and grace took the town by storm. With Florizel the public exclaimed :—

When you speak, sweet,  
I'd have you do it ever! When you sing,  
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;  
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs  
To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish you  
A wave o' the sea, that you might even do  
Nothing but that; move still, still so,  
And own no other function! Each your doing,  
So singular in each particular,  
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,  
That all your acts are queens.

Her fame quickly reached royal ears, and on 3rd December there was a performance by command. The Prince of Wales, little more than a boy, being captivated at first sight, sent her a letter signed Florizel, and shortly afterwards obtained her consent to be his acknowledged mistress. In her favour George executed a bond of £20,000, payable when he came of age, but poor Mary never received the money, as another fair face, before long, conquered her lover's fickle heart. Subsequently she was granted a pension of £500 a year by Charles James Fox, whom she is said to have enslaved, and this she endeavoured to supplement by writing; ultimately, however, "neglected, crippled and impoverished," she died in 1800, at the age of forty, and was buried at Old Windsor. In

this house, too, afterwards lived John Hoole, for forty-two years a clerk in the India House, who, devoting his leisure hours to the study of Italian, translated Ariosto and Dante. Next William Haley, the poet and friend of Cowper, tells us that for some years previous to his retirement to Eartham, near Chichester, in 1775, he lived in a house in Queen Street which he believed to have been Kneller's, though probably by this time it had been permanently subdivided.

Some would also have us believe that Richard Brinsley Sheridan also occupied this dwelling, but the evidence on this point is inconclusive. It is, however, certain that he lived in the street for some time, as many of his letters to Moore are dated from here, and we are further told that "he passed the day in seclusion at his house in Great Queen Street on the occasion of Garrick's funeral in 1779". In recent years the house in question was rented by Chippendale, the celebrated furniture dealer. Then it became a steam pencil factory, though for long it retained its original architectural features.

At No. 52 lived, and died in 1792, Sir Robert Strange the engraver, and from here he published his famous engravings of Charles I. with the horse, and Queen Henrietta Maria. In early manhood, having become attached to a Scotch Jacobite lady, whom he years after married, he was by her induced to take part in the rising of 1745. When after the disaster of Culloden strict search was made for the rebels, it is said that Strange, being very hard pressed, concealed himself under the hoop of his lady-love while soldiers vainly examined the house. In 1756, at No. 341, probably now part of the premises occupied by Messrs. Corben, the coach builders, we find another engraver, James Basine. With him, William Blake, poet and artist, and, according to Charles Lamb, "one of the most extraordinary persons of the age,"

passed his apprenticeship, and from him we learn that Oliver Goldsmith visited Basine while he was living with him.

In this street John Sheldon opened a private anatomical theatre, where he both taught and carried on scientific researches, being appointed Professor of Anatomy to the Royal Academy in 1782, and surgeon to Westminster Hospital four years later. Besides this he was almost the first English aeronaut, but his health giving way in 1788, he retired to Exeter, his London house being taken by another anatomist, James Wilson, whose son, James Arthur Wilson, the well-known physician of our time, was born here. Not far off for a time lived Dr. Thomas Francklin, the friend of Johnson and of Reynolds, an able and voluminous writer of whom it was, perhaps maliciously, said that "he sickened at all triumphs but his own".

Hither, too, in the eighteenth century, came Dr. John Woolcot, or Wolcote, a clergyman, who, having abjured the gown, had assumed the character of a physician, and was the concealed author of the famous lyric odes of Peter Pindar. With him he brought his countryman John Opie, then aged twenty:—

The Cornish boy, in tin mines bred,  
Whose native genius like her diamonds shone  
In secret, till chance gave them to the sun.

For a time they lived together, but then quarrelling, Opie set up for himself. At first he became the wonder of the town. To him flocked people of all kinds, and the roadway was so blocked up with the carriages of his sitters that he laughingly said he should have to plant a cannon at his door to drive the mob away. Although when the novelty wore off his early popularity waned, he had earned a considerable sum of money and could afford to wait. Indefatigable both as regards his painting and in his

efforts to remedy his somewhat deficient education, he laboured on till he acquired a more permanent fame, becoming a Royal Academician and Professor of Painting to the Royal Academy. His first years in London had been embittered by his wife, a woman wholly unworthy of him; but having obtained a divorce from her, his second venture was a happy one, for in 1778 he married the charming and accomplished Amelia Alderson, whose life has been so pleasantly written by Miss Brightwell. Six years before this he had moved westward, following the tide of fashion, and one evening on his way home, as he was passing St. Giles's Church with a friend of avowedly sceptical opinions, Opie said (alluding to his first marriage), "I was married in that church". "And I," replied his companion, "was christened there". "Indeed," remarked the painter, "it seems they do not do their work well in that church, then, for it does not hold."

Opie died in 1807 and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.

In apartments hereabouts lived the landscape painter, John Wilson, and was followed in them by William Theer, the sculptor, best known to the public for his colossal group representing Africa, at the north-east angle of the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park. Still in the corridor of Windsor Castle stands a far more touching work of his, a group which appeals to our tenderest emotions. It shows us the late Queen and Prince Consort in Saxon costume; the male figure reluctantly departing and pointing upwards, the wife clinging to his arm imploring him to stay, while underneath are Goldsmith's lines:—

Allur'd to brighter worlds and led the way.

Nothing can be finer than this conception of that parting which for so many years "left the crown a lonely splendour".

We are further told that "in a house on the south side of the street, occupied before 1830 by Messrs. Allmans & Lewis," died in 1826 Edward Knight, the comedian, commonly known as "Little Knight," while at No. 74, within the walls of Messrs. Wyman's establishment (then Messrs. Cox & Co.), about the year 1825, Samuel Laman Blanchard and Douglas Jerrold worked as printers' readers.

Let us now turn northwards up Little Queen Street. The *New View of London* thus describes it as it was between 1708 and 1720: "Little Queen Street, which cometh out of Great Queen Street and falleth into Holborn, is a place pestered with coaches, which are found very troublesome to its inhabitants. On its west side it hath a good row of buildings. On the east side of Little Princes Street, a place of no great account for buildings or inhabitants, it receiveth new Turnstile Alley, which hath a broad passage, with a free stone pavement into Holborn." Down Little Queen Street, on the 21st of July, 1683, Lord Russell was led to execution in Lincoln's Inn Fields from Newgate. At No. 7, on the site of the present Trinity Church, lived the parents of Charles Lamb, and here a terrible tragedy occurred. The family were in great poverty, the father almost in his dotage, the mother partially an invalid, and the daughter, Mary, only able to earn a pittance by needlework. This apparently preyed upon her mind which became unhinged, and on the 23rd of September, 1796, in a fit of fury against an apprentice girl in the room, she seized a knife from the dinner table and rushed at her, stabbing to the heart Mrs. Lamb who had tried to intercept her mad design.

As we pass up Little Queen Street, on our left lie Parker Street and Trinity Church, and on our right Twyford Buildings, Gate Street and Kennedy Court, for long one of the worst places in St. Giles's. Then

entering Holborn we terminate our third walk. But here I have been writing of the district more as it used to be than as it is, for Little Queen Street will no longer exist when the much-needed new road, the Kingsway, from Holborn to the Strand, is completed.



## CHAPTER IV.

### WALK IV.

Such love warms the coldest of spots,  
As I feel for Scrubinda the fair,  
Oh, she lives by the scouring of pots,  
In Dyot Street, Bloomsbury Square.

— W. B. RHODES, *Bombastes Furioso*.

A LITTLE to the east of Great Turnstile the boundary line of St. Giles's parish turns westward through the centre of High Holborn. Let us, therefore, beginning our fourth walk at the Great Turnstile, follow the line while, at first at any rate, we consider only the streets on our left, and leave those on our right till we speak of the Bloomsbury district. I have already noticed the origin of the name of Holborn, and I have also alluded to the Turnstiles, the neighbouring courts and Little Queen Street.

At the north end corner of the last named street stands now the spacious and comfortable Holborn Restaurant. Its site and even part of its present building was, to within our own time, occupied as a Casino or dancing saloon, while our late rector, Mr. Richards, who had known St. Giles's well from his boyhood, told me that at different times he remembered it a swimming bath and a shooting gallery.

On the west side of the restaurant, where there is the entrance to the King's Hall, lies Newton Street, thus described in the *New View of London* and Strype's

*Stowe*, between 1708 and 1720 : "Newton Street, on the southerly side of High Holborn, over against Bloomsbury Square. It comes into Holborn next the watch-house, and is a broad street not over well inhabited. On its east side is Dover Court, of no great account." Dover Court has long since disappeared, and no one now would dream of calling Newton Street "a broad street". It leads to the smaller streets to the east of Drury Lane, of which I have already spoken.

Still following the boundary line down the narrower part of High Holborn, on our left we have Smart's Buildings, leading to Goldsmith Street. Here the old round house once stood. Here, too, on the 7th of May, 1820, died a remarkable old woman, named Anne Henley, in her 105th year. Her earlier life had been spent in her native county of Cheshire and she was the mother of thirteen children. With the help of a weekly allowance from the parish she supported herself till within six days of her death by making pincushions, which she used to sell to passers-by as she sat at different doors in Holborn.

Once more entering Broad Street, we reach the corner of Endell Street. Just opposite, the boundary line of St. Giles's parish takes a northern and somewhat erratic direction to Torrington Square. As in its course it passes through houses, it will be simpler now to leave it, though we shall often speak of it again, and to consider the streets, but in so doing we shall have to include some parts of Bloomsbury parish in our present walk.

Crossing the line we turn up Bloomsbury Street, recently named Shaftesbury Avenue. Until within the last few years there was here, on the west side of the street, the remarkable spectacle of three churches side by side. The most southern of these was the French Protestant Episcopal Church built in 1845 by Ambrose Poynter. This church, now "the last of the Huguenots'

churches" in London, was first founded by Charles II. in the Savoy; adjoining it is the French Protestant School for girls.

Next to it, on the north, stands Bloomsbury Baptist Chapel, opened in December, 1848. It is erected on Crown land, and cost £8,700.

The third church, which has been recently pulled down, and the site of which is now occupied by a large clothier's establishment, stood at the corner of Bloomsbury Street and New Oxford Street. It was called Bedford Chapel and was first opened in the year 1771. We are told that it was built "by Samuel Meeke, a bricklayer, on a piece of ground demised for the term of 101 years, from Lady Day, 1768, by the Duke of Bedford". The covenants of the lease expressly stated that the chapel should not be consecrated, and that nothing should be done in it except preaching, and reading prayers and psalms in the Common Prayer Book. Thus it was little better than a preaching shop, though it acquired a considerable notoriety on account of the eloquence of two of its pastors, the Rev. J. C. M. Bellew and the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke.

We now enter New Oxford Street, which was opened for carriage traffic on the 6th March, 1847, and was a vast improvement, as it cut through the once most disreputable Rookery of St. Giles's. It was erected at the cost of £290,227, of which £113,963 was paid to the Duke of Bedford alone for freehold purchases.

Of this Rookery Mr. Timbs gives the following account in his *Curiosities of London*: "The 'Rookery' was a triangular space bounded by Bainbridge, George, and High Streets: it was one dense mass of houses, through which curved narrow tortuous lanes from which again diverged close courts—one great maze, as if the houses had originally been one block of stone, eaten by slugs into numberless small chambers and connecting passages. The lanes

were thronged with loiterers ; and stagnant gutters and piles of garbage and filth infested the air. In the windows wisps of straw, old hats, and lumps of bed tick or brown paper, alternated with shivered panes of broken glass ; the walls were the colour of bleached soot, and doors fell from their hinges and worm-eaten posts. Many of the windows announced, ' Lodgings at 3d. a night,' where the wild wanderers from town to town held their nightly revels."

But, for the present keeping as far as possible in St. Giles's, let us turn to the left at the corner of Bloomsbury Street, and for the moment leave the northern portion of the same street and also those streets which debouch on the eastern end of New Oxford Street.

After a very few steps we cross Dyot Street, which is thus described in Strype's *Stowe*, 1708-20 : " Dyot Street cometh out of Great Russell Street, and falleth into St. Giles's, almost against Monmouth Street. It is very long, with buildings and inhabitants answerable to the rest of these streets, and at the upper end of this street, eastward is Nottingham Street, which falleth into Plumtree Street, but short, narrow and ordinary."

Through the middle of it passes the parish boundary line ; the western side is accordingly in St. Giles's and the eastern in Bloomsbury.

Dyot, sometimes Dyott, Street derived its origin from the Maiden Head which still in 1822 stood near the south end of the street. An inn of this name seems to have been here as early as the days of Queen Elizabeth, and in it many of the parish meetings were held. At the Restoration it was particularly flourishing, but it gradually lost its respectability and became well known as a public house and liquor shop of the very lowest description, the haunt of beggars and desperate characters. The street from this inn was first called Maidenhead Close

and Maidenhead Row, but during the reign of Charles II. it was renamed Dyot Street after one Richard Dyot, who resided here about that time and was elected a vestryman in 1699. After him his son, Philip Dyot, occupied a residence here called Dyot House for many years. We are told "that as late as 1710 there was a certain 'Mendicants' Convivial Club' held at the 'Welch's Head' in this street. The origin of this club dated as far back as 1660, when its meetings were held at the Three Crowns in the Poultry."

In Dyot Street, with her mother, lived Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas, who, having written several poems that were greatly praised by Dryden, inveigled him into a correspondence with her in which he signed himself Pyrades and conferred upon her the name of Corinna. After her death in 1730, what purported to be this correspondence was published, but many of the letters are clearly fictitious. Elizabeth seems to have been vain and not very truthful, for she gave her address as Great Russell Street, Dyot Street being too disreputable, and also sold to "Dauntless Curle," the well-known bookseller and publisher, her employer, some of Pope's letters to Henry Cromwell of which she had become possessed in a not very straightforward manner.

In this street, too, we hear of two public houses, the Black Horse and the Turk's Head, where Haggerty and Holloway planned the murder of Mr. Steele on Hounslow Heath. To the Black Horse they returned after the murder, and here they were subsequently arrested principally through the instrumentality of Old Jack Norris, the Musical Shrimp Man, so called from his peculiar cry when hawking his shrimps. Of him an old account thus speaks: "Norris was considered the father or veteran chief of low life in St. Giles's. He was, it is said, down to everything, and his advice on the subject of 'cadging'

was considered of the first order. No man could in finer style than he evade the clauses of the vagrant act, and none in his day, when he could work, could make a more profitable harvest of a cadging ramble in his profession of shrimp-dealer. He had by fighting, and mere dint of beating driven out of a certain walk all the dealers in that way, and monopolised to himself the business. In this monopoly he could always command a party to defend him and substantiate his pretensions. He was known for the last fifty years at the markets. In fact, the whole of his life was a busy round of eccentric trickery and begging”.

At the execution of the murderers at the Old Bailey in 1807, twenty-eight people were crushed to death and many more maimed and wounded. For a time the name of Dyot Street was changed into George Street, in consequence of a ribald song which attained considerable popularity, but the original name was restored in 1877. Before the year 1834 the Maiden Head Inn was pulled down, together with a great part of the east side of the street. Here, in 1849-50, were built the first model lodging houses for artisans in London. They were designed for forty-eight families by Henry Roberts, architect of Lord Shaftesbury's society for improving the dwellings of the working classes; they have their entrance in Streatham Street.

At the corner of the upper part of Dyot Street and New Oxford Street stands Holloway's establishment, famous for its pills and ointment. It came here in 1865 from the Strand, where it occupied part of the site of the present Law Courts. Its founder, Mr. Thomas Holloway, the princely donor of the magnificent Sanatorium at Virginia Water, and the Ladies' College at Mount Lee, Egham Hill, died in 1883. Of the progress of his work he gives the following account: “My pills and ointment

for a considerable time obtained little or no favour. I used to go down to the docks to see captains of ships and passengers sailing to all parts of the world, collecting from them such information as was necessary. It was my rule from the commencement to spend judiciously what money I could spare in publicity, which went on increasing, and in the year 1842 I expended £5,000 in advertising. Time rolled on, and from the hitherto unthought of yearly outlay of £5,000, I increased it to £10,000 in the year 1845, at the time of the Great Exhibition in London, in 1851, my expenditure was £20,000; in the year 1855 it had risen to £30,000; and in 1877 it had reached £40,000, in advertising my medicines in every available manner throughout the globe. For the proper application of their use I have had ample directions translated into nearly every known tongue—such as Chinese, Turkish, American, Arabic, Sanskrit and most of the vernaculars of India, and all the languages spoken on the European continent. Among my correspondents I number kings and princes, together with other distinguished persons." Nearly opposite are the equally celebrated headquarters of Messrs. Pears of soap notoriety, another visible proof of the success of wholesale advertising. As we proceed westward, on our left is Arthur Street leading to St. Giles's Church. On the east side of this street is Bucknall Street which leads into the lower part of Dyot Street. It was renamed in 1878, having been before Church Lane, quite one of the worst slums in the district. From the west side of Arthur Street Lawrence Street runs into High Street.

A little further along New Oxford Street, on our right, we find Bainbridge Street, leading into Dyot Street and now chiefly occupied by the buildings of Messrs. Meux's brewery, first erected about the year 1809. Before this Bainbridge Street apparently led into Tottenham Court

Road for Strype tells us that it : "Falleth into St. Giles's near the Pound and hath a small place called Maynard Lane, which falleth into Lawrence Lane." It was built before 1672 and derived its name from a Mr. Bainbridge, a parishioner in the reign of Charles II. He seems to have been a munificent individual as he gave £300 towards building galleries in the church. Hereabouts, too, formerly, was Buckridge Street, also named after an eminent parishioner. Yet once again we quote Strype : "Buckridge Street, situate on the west side of Dyot Street, is another narrow and ordinary place which falls into St. Giles's by the Pound, also, and is over against Hog Lane."

We now reach the corner of Tottenham Court Road, the western boundary of St. Giles's parish. For many years there was a large circular boundary stone, let into the pavement in the middle of the highway, exactly where Oxford Street and Tottenham Court Road meet. Here we read : "When the charity boys of St. Giles's parish walk the boundaries, those who deserved flogging are whipped in order that as they grow up they may remember the place, and be competent to give evidence should any dispute arise with the adjoining parishes." Turning to our right up Tottenham Court Road we follow the boundary line for some distance leaving the houses on our left out of consideration as being outside our parish boundaries.

First we pass the entrance to the Meux Brewery, whose buildings occupy the site of a garden attached to an old manor house on the property. Then we arrive at the Horse Shoe, now a spacious restaurant and hotel, but formerly a tavern, receiving its name from the shape of its first dining-room. That it was an old and well-known institution is evident, for as early as the year 1623 we find it mentioned in the assessment as "standing on the



north side of the town, or somewhere in Bloomsbury," and Meux's is often called the Horse Shoe Brewery after it. A few steps further on we come to Great Russell Street, built about the year 1670, and described as "a very spacious and handsome street, between King's Street, Bloomsbury, north-east, and Tottenham Court Road, west; its length 725 yards, and from Charing Cross north, 1,170 yards". We are further told that, in 1720, it was "a very handsome, large and well built street with the best buildings in all Bloomsbury, and the best inhabited by the nobility and gentry". Of course it derived its name from the family of Russell whose house, "Bedford House," stood close by.

Behind the north-west end of this street was a large farm, called "Capper's Farm," as it was occupied by two maiden sisters named Capper. They were decidedly eccentric, for they not only wore men's hats and riding habits, unusual costume for ladies in those days, but they also spent their time in somewhat curious diversions. The chief delight of one of them was, mounted on a grey mare, to ride after boys who were flying kites and to cut the strings with a large pair of shears, while her sister stole the clothes of other boys who had trespassed on the farm to bathe in the ponds.

With the exception of a few straggling houses the ground hereabouts was entirely unbuilt upon, and towards the end of the eighteenth century from it Old Pancras Churchyard, Whitfield Chapel in Tottenham Court Road, Montagu House, Bedford House and Baltimore House, where Russell Square now stands, could be seen almost uninterruptedly.

In Great Russell Street stood a house built for himself by Sir Christopher Wren, the immortal architect, the learned philosopher and the "loving, gentle and modest" Christian, who died in 1723. In his great cathedral he

rests in a humble grave, while at the entrance of the choir his simple epitaph strikingly appeals to us :—

Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.

The house was afterwards occupied by his son and grandson, and subsequently by Sheldon, the surgeon and anatomist, before he settled in Great Queen Street. In 1823, however, its fine front was taken down and common fronts for four houses put up in its stead.

In this street in 1768 died Arthur Onslow, Speaker during all the five Parliaments of George II. His well-earned peerage was conferred eight years later on his son, created Baron Cranley in 1776, and Viscount Cranlèy and Earl of Onslow in 1801.

Of Montagu House, now the British Museum, we have already spoken. In a house just opposite the Great Gate, on 27th December, 1679, was born John de Neve, the antiquary, the compiler of *Monumenta Anglicana* and *Fastæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*. Hereabouts, too, about the same period, lived Frances Sandford, author of the *Genealogical History of the Kings of England*, who died January, 1690-94, advanced in years, neglected and poor, in the prison of Newgate where he had been confined for debt. On Lord Cowper's second appointment as Lord Chancellor, Lady Cowper writes thus in her diary : "November 30, 1714. This day was employed in packing for removing from Russell Street (where I had a delightful house, with the finest view backwards of any in the town) to the house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where I had lived before, when my Lord had the seals, and which my Lord Harcourt lived in whilst he was Chancellor".

The neighbourhood must, however, have been rather a rowdy one, for some time after this as Walpole, in a letter dated 31st January, 1750, to Sir Horace Mann, says : "You will hear little news from England but of robberies, the numbers of disbanded soldiers and sailors

have all taken to the road, or rather to the street; people are almost afraid of stirring after it is dark. My Lady Albemarle was robbed the other night in Great Russell Street by nine men. The King gave her a gold watch next day." This lady was sister of the Duke of Richmond, wife of William Keppel, Earl of Albemarle, and Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Caroline.

In this street lived, and died 1780, Topham Beauclerk, grandson of the first Duke of St. Albans, and great-grandson of Nell Gwynne, but better known as the friend of Dr. Johnson and the possessor of a splendid library of 30,000 volumes. Once again we quote Walpole, who, writing to Lady Ossory, cannot resist another sly hit at the British Museum. "November 14, 1779. Mr. Beauclerk has built a library in Great Russell Street that reaches half-way to Highgate. Everybody goes to see it. It has put the Museum's nose quite out of joint". On Beauclerk's death the library was sold by auction, and the same year Lord Mansfield took a house in this street after the destruction of his mansion in Bloomsbury Square, of which more hereafter.

I have already mentioned Thanet House, opposite Dyot Street, and later divided into two houses. At No. 56 died Benjamin Wilson, master painter to the Board of Ordnance, the employer of Zoffany, and here was born, in 1777 his third son, Sir Robert Wilson, who, after a distinguished military career, was made Governor of Gibraltar. William Battie built No. 88. He was the physician of St. Luke's, the author of a well-known treatise on mental madness, and, at his death in 1776, is reported to have been worth £100,000. In his later years the architect, Augustus Charles Pugin, moved into Great Russell Street from Store Street. Here, one day in 1824, when he was engaged in making drawings for a book illustrating the Brighton Pavilion, George IV. came

in and, accidentally upsetting a colour-box, picked it up and restored it to its owner with a gracious apology. Sir Sidney Smith, the hero of Acre, inhabited No. 72 in 1828, and Charles Matthews, the elder, No. 101. It is also said that the poet Shelley, as well as William Hazlitt, lodged in this street for a time, while Sir Edward Burne Jones occupied a house here till he removed to Kensington in 1864. Out of Great Russell Street in old days ran Wyan's Court, which no longer exists. From here there is still extant a letter, dated 16th April, 1729, written by Lewis Theobald, dramatist, translator, and the original hero of Pope's *Dunciad*, in which he is severely handled, especially on account of his edition of Shakespeare :—

Old puns restore, lost blunders nicely seek  
And crucify poor Shakespeare once a week.

But we must proceed. As we turn into Great Russell Street from Tottenham Court Road, on our left lies Caroline Street, which extends to the south-west corner of Bedford Square. Only one house, No. 16, of the old street now remains, as it with the adjoining Caroline Mews have been removed to make way for the flats which now occupy Caroline Street and Bedford Avenue. But in old Caroline Street, short as it was, lived several notabilities. In 1787 Mrs. Barbauld the joint authoress, with her brother, of *Evenings at Home*, the old friend of our childhood, and the sole authoress of many other works, inhabited a house here. Here, too, that prince of actors, John Philip Kemble, lived. Mr. Boaden, in his *Kemble's Memoirs* tells us that, in 1787, "On December 8th, Mr. Kemble was married to the amiable widow of Mr. Brereton. . . . The remainder of the wedding day is soon told. Kemble sat amusing himself till the evening in the drawing-room (at Mrs. Bannister's in Frith Street), occasionally conversing, but commonly playing with the

children in their own way ; and when it grew late, he ordered a coach to take him to the play-house, from which he brought home his wife to the house in Caroline Street, Bedford Square, which had been prepared for her reception." He here steadily pursued his object of forming a complete collection of the drama, and for this purpose he enlarged his library, building out a room at the back on the first floor ; subsequently he removed to No. 89, on the north side of Great Russell Street (a house originally built by Lord St. Helens, and destroyed in 1847 to make way for the eastern wing of the British Museum).

While living here he opened the new Covent Garden Theatre on 18th September, 1809, with increased prices of admission, a proceeding which gave rise to the celebrated O.P. riots. The play was *Macbeth*, and when the curtain rose the cry, "Old Prices," diminished to "O.P.," burst from every part of the house. This continued to increase in violence till the 23rd, when rattles, drums, whistles and cat-calls having completely drowned the voices of the actors, Mr. Kemble, the stage manager, came forward and said that a committee of gentlemen had undertaken to examine the finances of the concern, and that until they were prepared with their report the theatre would continue closed. "Name them !" was shouted from all sides. The names were declared, viz. : Sir Charles Price, the Solicitor-General, the Recorder of London, the Governor of the Bank and Mr. Angerstein. "All shareholders !" bawled a wag from the gallery. In a few days the theatre reopened ; the public paid no attention to the report of the referees, and the tumult was renewed for several weeks with even increased violence. The proprietors now sent in hired fighters to reduce the refractory to submission. This irritated most of their former friends, and amongst the rest Mr. Horace Smith, one of the authors of *Rejected Addresses*, who accordingly wrote

the song "Heigho, says Kemble," which was caught up by the ballad singers and sung under Mr. Kemble's house windows in Great Russell Street, accompanied "by shouts and other sounds," which, Mrs. Inchbald (novelist and dramatist) says, "nearly frightened Mrs. Kemble to death".

Ultimately, however, a compromise was made, a dinner being given at the Crown and Anchor Tavern in the Strand, to celebrate the victory obtained by Mr. Clifford in his action against Brandon, the box-keeper, for assaulting him for wearing the letters O.P. in his hat. Kemble attended, and matters were arranged by allowing the advanced price (seven shillings) to the boxes. "In his house the great actor exercised a munificent hospitality, extending his courtesy even to authors with MSS., whom he invariably attended to the door and bade them 'beware of the steps'." He died at Lausanne, during a tour abroad in 1823, and was buried there.

Resuming our walk northward along the eastern side of Tottenham Court Road, on our right Bayley Street leads us into Bedford Square which we shall investigate hereafter. It was formerly called Bedford Street, but was renamed Bayley Street in 1878. Here was living Sir Marc Isambard Brunel, the projector of the Thames Tunnel, when he perfected his invention of block-making machinery, but whose fame has been eclipsed by that of his more remarkable son. Our next turning is Store Street, which unites Tottenham Court Road and Gower Street. In this street, about 1791-92, was staying Mary Wollenscraft, a miscellaneous writer, "an impulsive and enthusiastic woman, with great charms of person and manner". For some time she had lived with Gilbert Imlay, a captain in the American army during the War of Independence, but, wearying of his infidelities, she left him and attempted to drown herself by jumping into the

Thames from Putney Bridge, whence she was rescued insensible by a steamer. Then, becoming attached to William Godwin, the author of *Political Justice*, they lived together till the approach of an infant rendered marriage advisable. The ensuing confinement proved fatal to Mrs. Godwin; the child, however, survived to be the wife of Shelley and the authoress of *Frankenstein*.

In Store Street also died on the 20th of November, 1794, the actor, Robert Baddely, well known in his day for his personation of foreigners and his imitation of London street cries, but best remembered now on account of his will. By it he left "the reversion of his house into money, in Surrey, to found an asylum for decayed actors, providing that when the value of the property reached £350 a year provisions were to be granted to the inmates. He further bequeathed the interest of £100 to provide the actors at Drury Lane Theatre with wine and cake in the green room on Twelfth-night; a custom which is still observed." His illness was a short one, for he had only been seized with a fit while dressing for Moses, in *The School for Scandal*, the evening before.

As we advance up Store Street, on our left lies Alfred Place, which joins North Crescent to South Crescent in Chenies Street. On this ground, the property of the Corporation of London, the Place and Crescents were laid out 1790-1814. In Alfred Place Thomas Campbell the poet lodged in 1837, while James Sheridan Knowles, the dramatist, occupied No. 29 in 1838.

Parallel to this street runs Ridgmount Street, so called after property of the Duke of Bedford, in Bedfordshire, and which now principally consists of flats. A little further up Tottenham Court Road we come to Chenies Street, leading to Gower Street, and named after the well-known manor of the Duke of Bedford in Buckinghamshire. Here, from February till May, 1813, lived

Madame d'Arblay, and here, too, Mrs. Jameson spent her early married life. Northwards from this street stretch Huntley Street and the continuation of Ridgmount Street, but here it becomes impossible to follow our boundary line any farther, for it takes a north-easterly direction, from Tottenham Court Road, through many houses across Huntley Street, Ridgmount Street and Gower Street, till it reaches the north-west corner of Torrington Square. There it meets the other line, which, after it leaves Dyot Street, crosses Great Russell Street, Bedford Avenue, Bedford Square, where it cuts the eastern corner of the central Garden, and Keppel Street. We will, therefore, once more retrace our steps and begin our next walk from Bedford Square, remembering always that its eastern side alone is in Bloomsbury Parish.



## CHAPTER V.

### WALK V.

Fountains and trees our wearied pride do please,  
Even in the midst of gilded palaces ;  
And in our towns the prospect gives delight,  
Which opens round the country to our sight.

SPRATT, quoted in Wren's *Parenthalia*.

IN Bedford Square we find ourselves among reminiscences of many legal luminaries. Timbs informs us that it was built 1800-06 and was formerly "St. Giles's ruins," but it must have been erected before this date, as it "is mentioned and highly praised in the 1783 edition of Ralph's *Critical Review of the Public Buildings, etc., in London*. Moreover, we read that Lord Loughborough, commissioner of the great seal in 1783, and Lord Chancellor from 1793 to 1801, lived at No. 6, on the eastern or Bloomsbury side, from 1787 till 1796. The same house was afterwards, between 1804 and 1815, occupied by the celebrated Lord Eldon, who succeeded Lord Loughborough as Chancellor from 1801 till 1806 and subsequently again held the seals from 1807-27. Here took place the well-known interview between the Chancellor and the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV. The Prince went alone to the house, and when the servant opened the door said that as the Chancellor had the gout he knew he must be at home, and therefore requested that he might be taken up to his room. The servant demurred, answering that his master was too ill to be seen, and that he had also positive orders

to show in *no* one. Nothing daunted by this reception, the Prince asked to be shown the staircase, which he immediately walked up, and, pointing first to one door then to another, asked, "Is that your master's room?" The servant answered "No," until he came to the right one, upon which he opened the door, entered and, seating himself by the Chancellor's bedside, asked him to appoint his friend Jekyll, the great wit, to the vacant office of Master in Chancery. Eldon sternly refused, whereupon the Prince, knowing the determination of his character, threw himself back in the chair and exclaimed, "How I do pity Lady Eldon!"

"Good God!" cried the Chancellor, seriously alarmed, "what is the matter?" "Oh, nothing," answered the Regent, "except that she will never see you again, for here I remain until you promise to make Jekyll a Master in Chancery." Eldon seeing the hopelessness of the situation, tortured with gout, and, consequently, anxious to be rid of his unwelcome royal visitor, was compelled to yield, and the Prince retired, having obtained the nomination for his friend.

Another anecdote of Eldon's sojourn in Bedford Square is worth preserving. In 1814-15 Mr Robinson, afterwards Lord Ripon, caused an Act of Parliament to be passed permitting the importation of corn, when wheat should be eight shillings a quarter. During the discussion on this measure, mobs assembled in London, and many of the houses of its supporters were damaged on 28th January, 1815. The inhabitants of Westminster seem to have been exceptionally angry, and a riot in that quarter of the town occasioned much destruction. The Chancellor, indeed, had little or nothing to do with the bill, but, on account of his supposed hostility to free trade, he was specially obnoxious to the populace. Accordingly, on one occasion a large assemblage insulted him as he was waiting for

his carriage at the House of Lords. When, however, it arrived, and in it they saw Lady Eldon, who had been in the habit of coming to fetch him and had not been deterred from her duty by the fear of their violence, they gave her three cheers and allowed them both to depart unmolested.

But this triumph was short lived. On the night of 6th March the rioters attacked No. 6 Bedford Square, and after breaking the windows and tearing up the iron railings, penetrated into the house itself. Lady Eldon took refuge in the garden, which communicated with the British Museum, and from the guard of which a corporal with four men was sent over. This corporal, by some adroit manœuvres, made such a display as to cause the rioters to believe that the house was occupied by a strong military force, and they retired into the street. Then the Chancellor himself sallied forth, and seizing one of the mob by the collar, said: "If you do not mind what you are about you will be hanged".

"Perhaps so, old chap," was the reply, "but I think it looks *now* as if *you* would be hanged first." In telling this story afterwards Eldon would add, "and I had my misgivings that he was in the right". Ultimately the rioters were dispersed by a strong reinforcement of soldiers.

The services of the corporal were not forgotten, but he was killed at Waterloo, 18th June, 1815, not many weeks afterwards, so that nothing could be done for him. As the Chancellor had never been remarkable for hospitality, when on this occasion all his windows were broken, a wit observed that he had at last begun to keep open house. There was yet another jest against him for, although he prided himself on the care which he took of the wards of his Court, his own eldest daughter, in November, 1817, surreptitiously married Mr George Repton. "Thus the whirligig of Time brings in his revenges,"

and Eldon, now an old man, while smarting under the unfilial conduct of his child, must have meditated on his own elopement with Bessy Surtees many years before.

At No. 5 Bedford Square, in 1842, died Sir Joseph Littledale, Justice of the Queen's Bench, who, although little more than a lawyer in character, was, according to Lord Campbell, one of the most acute, learned and simple-minded of men. At No. 12 lived, and died in 1867, Sir George Thomas Smart, musician and composer, organist of the Chapel Royal, St. James's, and conductor of the music at the Coronation of George IV., William IV. and Victoria. The house was held till quite recently by his daughter and niece, well known for their good works, and especially for their generosity to the St. Giles' parish schools. In the early part of the last century No. 25 was a centre for London literary society, as it was occupied by Basil Montagu, the editor of Bacon, and the natural son of John Montagu, fourth Earl of Sandwich. With him lived his son-in-law, Bryan Waller Procter, Barry Cornwall, whose daughter, the gifted poetess, Adelaide Procter, was born here in 1825. Sir William Draper Best, more famous as an advocate than a judge, afterwards Lord Wynford, and Chief Justice of the Common Pleas from 1824 to 1829, inhabited No. 29, and Sir James Allan Park, Justice of the Common Pleas, No. 32. At No. 33 dwelt Sir James Patteson, Justice of the Queen's Bench, "one of the best and ablest judges that ever sat in Westminster Hall," and the father of John Coleridge Patteson, first missionary bishop of Melanesia, martyred on the Island of Nukapu in 1871. In No. 43 lived Sir Nicholas Tindal, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, 1829-46, who presided in the famous case of Norton v. Lord Melbourne, and also at the murder trials of Courvoisier and Macnaughten.

Of the two streets on the western side of Bedford

Square, Bayley Street and Caroline Street, I have already spoken. At the south-east corner of the Square, Charlotte Street, after crossing Great Russell Street, connects it with New Oxford Street—but the name of the lower part of this street has been changed to Bloomsbury Street. John Britton, the antiquary (1771-1857) says: "Where Charlotte Street now is was called the Green Lane," and Mr. Parton, in 1822, after informing us that it is a continuation of Old Plumtree Street, adds: "It is of a very superior description, and whose houses and inhabitants are of considerable respectability". Now, however, it has come down in the world and consists principally of second rate lodgings.

Yet it has some interesting associations. Theodore Hook, the novelist, wit and practical joker was born at No. 3, on the 22nd of September, 1788, and here his father lived as late as 1800. Poor Theodore's life has been ably written by R. H. D. Barham, and it is indeed to be regretted that with such talents he brought so little fruit to perfection. His levity must have been his bane, for not even in his greatest misfortunes could he forbear a jest. For five years he had been Accountant-General and Treasurer of the Mauritius, when in 1818 it was discovered that the military chest had been robbed of about £12,000 by his deputy. Hook, held responsible for the loss and sent home, on the journey met an old friend. "What are you going home for?" asked the latter. "Change of air, something wrong with the chest," was the answer.

At No. 6 on 14th August, 1844, died the Rev. H. F. Cary, the well-known translator of Dante, and at 26, in 1881, John Gould, who, though the son of a working gardener, became a celebrated ornithologist and an F.R.S. His collection of humming birds is to be seen in the South Kensington Natural History Museum.

Across Bloomsbury Street from east to west runs Streatham Street, before mentioned, while at 36 Bloomsbury Street is the Swedenborgian Society. This religious body, calling itself "the New Church," or "the New Jerusalem Church," was practically founded by Baron Emmanuel Swedenborg, who was born at Stockholm in 1688, and died in London in 1772. It began its operations in England about 1783, and there were fifty congregations in 1851. It maintains that to it alone is revealed a spiritual sense of the words of Scripture, and it declares that the Last Judgment took place in 1757. It does not accept the usual doctrine of the Trinity, as it believes that the three persons are One in Christ. At the same time it rejects the doctrine of justification by faith alone, and the imputed righteousness of Christ, and holds that salvation cannot be obtained except by faith and good works. On the other hand, it receives the ordinances of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, and makes use of a Liturgy in its public worship.

At the north-east corner of Bedford Square we find Montagu Place, which taking an easterly course leads us to Russell Square. It occupies the site of the once famous gardens of Montagu House. At the same corner before us lies Gower Street, stretching to Euston Road. Although, as various leases have fallen in, it has been improved, it is still, in my opinion, one of the dreariest streets in the metropolis.

I have already described the streets which connect it with Tottenham Court Road, but as we advance up it on our right we come to Keppel Street running into Russell Square. Here at No. 1 lived, in 1817, the well-known Royal Academician, John Constable. His biographer tells us that "His art was never so perfect as at this time of his life," and that his friends christened this abode of his "Ruysdale House". To his landscapes John Fuseli

paid the highest possible compliment, when he exclaimed: "Constable makes me call for my hat and umbrella". Here, too, that "fascinating actress," Miss Foote, who afterwards, in 1831, married Charles Stanhope, Earl of Harrington, occupied the house with the arched entrance to Keppel Street Chapel.

In Gower Street itself we once more come across our old friend Lord Eldon, who resided at No. 42 from 1791 to 1804, when he removed to Bedford Square. During most of this period he was Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and Twiss, in his *Life of Eldon*, informs us that he was in the habit of saying his house here, "was the pleasantest he ever occupied: he could look over the fields, then open, as far as Hampstead, Highgate and Islington, and had a garden with excellent vegetables and even peaches. Adjoining was a piece of waste ground," and "men in London" said he to Miss Foster, "used to bring dogs to fight there, when I was Chief Justice of the Common Pleas". Of his peaches he was indeed so proud that he one day alluded to them in court, at the same time complaining that the smoke was beginning to affect his plants. The soil hereabouts must originally have been very suitable for fruit as we read that at No. 33 Colonel Sutherland, well known as the illustrator of Clarendon's *History of His Own Times*, "grew grapes at his back parlour window, where they ripened perfectly;" and again that in "1800, William Bentham, the topographical book and print collector, had nearly twenty-five dozen of the finest looking and most delicious nectarines, all fit for the table, gathered from three completely exposed trees, at what was then No. 6 Upper Gower Street," while the same garden produced abundantly the most excellent celery. At No. 15 lived Francis Douce, antiquary, for some time keeper of the manuscripts in the British Museum and the author of

*Illustrations of Shakespeare, and of ancient manners, with illustrations on the clowns and fools of Shakespeare*, published in 1807. Having, in 1823, as one of the residuary legatees of Nolleken's will inherited much of his wealth, he sold his Gower Street house and removed to Kensington, where he died in 1834. So great was his horror of being buried alive that he left to Sir Anthony Carlisle, the eminent surgeon, £200, requesting him either to cut off his head, or to take out his heart to make sure that he was really dead.

No. 40 was occupied by William Hilton, R.A., who followed Fuseli as Keeper of the Academy, where he was greatly beloved by the students. He does not seem to have been very successful in selling his pictures for most of them were on his hands, when, his health ruined by the loss of his wife, he died in 1839, but two of them at least, "Sir Calpine rescuing Serena" and "Edith discovering the body of Harold," are in the National Gallery. To No. 40 removed in 1827 from Percy Street, Peter de Wint, the landscape painter, Hilton's double brother-in-law (for apparently they had married each other's sisters), who was never so happy as when, surrounded by his pupils, he painted directly from Nature. After his death in 1849 at this Gower Street house, many of his works found their way into our national collection.

The street, moreover, was the home of several people well known on the stage. Jack Bannister, of sterling virtue, unblemished character, and one of the brightest dramatic stars of the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century, died at No. 65 in 1836, while, before this, Mrs. Siddons had a house here of which she wrote, "The back of it is most effectually in the country and most delightfully pleasant". Here, too, at No. 15, on the 22nd of August, 1858, muttering the well-known line from *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* :—



I have an exposition of sleep come upon me,

passed away John Pritt Harley, the comedian, jocularly nicknamed "Fat Jack" because he was so thin. Famous both for his comic singing and for his rendering of the clowns of Shakespeare, he practically died in harness, having been stricken with paralysis only two nights before in the wings of the Princess's Theatre when he was playing Lancelot Gobbo. Thrifty to all appearance he left hardly anything except over three hundred different walkingsticks, for the collection of which he had a mania.

But the St. Giles's boundary once again crosses our path, for it passes through Nos. 81 and 84, and consequently with the northern portion of Gower Street we have no concern. As here it is impossible to follow the line, we step across it for a few moments into St. Pancras parish, and turning down Torrington Place to our right we regain it at the north-western corner of Torrington Square where it meets the north-western boundary of Bloomsbury. From henceforth we shall deal with Bloomsbury alone, so we here conclude this walk.

## CHAPTER VI.

### WALK VI.

March 18, 1807.—Young Faulder and I walked over all the Duke of Bedford's new feuing grounds, Russell Square, Tavistock Place, Brunswick Square, etc. The extent of these, and the rapidity of the buildings, is beyond all comprehension.—*A. Constable and his Literary Correspondents.*

THIS walk begins from the north-west corner of Torrington Square at its junction with Torrington Place. When Tom Hood lost himself in the pedigree of Miss Kilmansegg he exclaimed that its difficulties

Were enough, in truth, to puzzle Old Nick,  
Not to name Sir Harris Nicolas.

Now at No. 55 Torrington Square the last-named of these gentlemen, properly Sir Nicholas Harris Nicolas, had a house. One of the ablest of our recent antiquaries and genealogists, he compiled many learned works, among which the most remarkable were an edition of Nelson's *Despatches* and *Notitid Historica*. He died at Boulogne, 1848. Close by at No. 30, where he had resided for many years, died in 1861, another celebrated antiquary, the Presbyterian minister, Joseph Hunter, who came to London from Sheffield in 1833, having been appointed sub-commissioner of the public records.

From the centre of the south end of the Square, a very short street connects it with Keppel Street, but, we will, as far as possible, follow the northern boundary of the parish, which, through houses again, leads us into Woburn

Square. It was originally intended to be called Rothesay Square, but received its present name from Woburn Abbey, the principal country seat of the Bedford family. On the Eastern side of the Square stands Christ Church, a district church of St. George's, Bloomsbury, erected about 1833-34, in the pointed style, with a spire 150 feet high. The church contains a memorial to Christina Rossetti, to whom it is consequently more convenient to allude here than at the house at which she died after a long illness in Torrington Square on 29th December, 1894. Like many another author her first volume, *Goblin Market*, was her best, and in style and conception has been compared to Coleridge and even to Shakespeare ; but many of her later lyrics are of great beauty. In January, 1898, a book, *Christina Rossetti, a Biographical and Critical Study*, was sent by the author, Mr. Mackenzie Bell, to the late Bishop of Durham, who, in acknowledging its receipt, writes: "I am glad to think how widely Miss Rossetti's influence is now reaching through her verses. I see the book everywhere, and find that it speaks to the heart, whenever a reader listens reverently to the words and waits as a poet must be read." So great indeed was the admiration felt by Bishop Westcott, "everybody's bishop," as his northern flock loved to call him, for Rossetti, that he preached at the dedication of the memorial in 1898, and his "address, delivered with the deepest feeling, characterised by great delicacy of treatment, and clothed in language of poetic beauty, held an audience, comprising many prominent literary and clerical figures, in enthralled interest."

In her house in this Square died, in 1850, Mrs. Bentley, who in her day gained some reputation as an actress. The only outlets from Woburn Square are, to the south, Upper Montagu Street, of which more hereafter, and, on

the north, Gordon Square. This last-named square is indeed over the St. Pancras boundary, but, as it is so near Bloomsbury, two remarks may be made about it here. (1) That it was not finished till 1858; and (2) that at its south-west corner stands the Cathedral of the Catholic and Apostolic Church, better known as the Irvingite Church, which is well worth a visit.

Still skirting the boundary, and leaving over it to our left Tavistock Square, which bears the second title of the Duke of Bedford, we reach Upper Bedford Place, which connects us with Russell Square. In Upper Bedford Place, in 1826, lived Sir Richard Bethell, afterwards Lord Westbury and Lord Chancellor from 1861 till 1865. In the last mentioned year, some scandalous proceedings were brought to light in connection with the Leeds Bankruptcy Court, which it was thought he ought to have detected and checked. In consequence of this, and of an adverse motion in the House of Commons, he resigned the Great Seal, dying in July, 1873, the day after Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester, his altercations with whom had often amused and sometimes scandalised the serenity of the House of Lords.

Early in the nineteenth century, at No. 40, John Thelwall, who had set up as a teacher of elocution some few years before, 1794, having become deeply imbued with the doctrines of the French Revolution, and openly advocating them, was arrested and sent to the Tower with Thomas Hardy and Horne Tooke. They were all tried for High Treason, but, being ably defended by Erskine, were acquitted amidst great popular applause. Against Thelwall, the last to be arraigned, it was alleged that upon a public occasion he had cut the froth from a pot of porter, invoking a like fate upon all kings; and that he had moved a seditious resolution at a meeting at Chalk Farm. He must have been a trying client for he

frequently interfered in the defence, at one time even writing on a bit of paper, which he threw to Erskine: "I'll be hanged if I don't plead my own cause". "You'll be hanged if you do," was the rejoinder. In Upper Bedford Place he seems to have got on very well and to have had many barristers among his pupils. Afterwards, giving his attention to the cure of stammering, he took a larger house, No. 57 Lincoln's Inn Fields, so that his patients might live under his immediate supervision.

A little further on, turning to our right up Woburn Place, we enter Russell Square. This Square, by far the largest of any in the Bloomsbury district, as each side of it is about 670 feet in length, was built about 1804, and called after the Russell family. It occupies the site of what was formerly part of Southampton Fields, and subsequently Long Fields. Mr. Timbs informs us that, "in 1800 Long Fields lay waste and useless, with nursery-grounds northwards; the Toxophilite Society's grounds north-west; and Bedford House, with its lawn and magnificent lime trees, south."

Russell Square can indeed boast of many eminent inhabitants. At No. 21 lived Sir Samuel Romilly, the son of a Westminster jeweller, who became an eminent lawyer and solicitor-general in 1806. Wilberforce said of him that he was "A man whose general knowledge was only equalled by his professional attainments; and who brought to the subject all the lights of the understanding and all the advantages of experience". In this house Romilly's wife died, 29th October, 1828, and, his mind being utterly unhinged by the blow, he lost all self-control and here committed suicide four days later.

In No. 28, on the 4th of November, 1832, died Charles Abbott, Lord Tenterden. He also had risen from the ranks, for he was the son of a barber of Canterbury and is described as "a little scrubby boy, who ran after his

father, carrying for him a pewter basin, a case of razors, and a hair-powder bag". Nevertheless his ability and perseverance made him Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench from 1818 till 1832, and a peer of the realm. He presided at several important trials, the most notable of which was that of the Cato Street conspirators in 1820. These men had plotted the overthrow of the Government by the murder of the Ministers dining together at 39 Grosvenor Square. One of the gang turning traitor, the rest were arrested in Cuts Street, Edgeware Road, after a desperate resistance, five of them being convicted and executed. Tenterden's career further well exemplifies "the chances of this mortal life," for when, as Chief Justice, he went the Home Circuit and attended Canterbury Cathedral, he said, pointing out a singer in the choir to his colleague, Mr. Justice Richardson, "Behold, Brother Richardson, that is the only human being I ever envied. When at school in this town we were candidates for a chorister's place; he obtained it, and if I had gained my wish he might have been accompanying you as Chief Justice, and pointing me out as his old schoolfellow, the singing man".

At No. 40 lived the old East Indian director, Charles Grant, whose father perished at Culloden, fighting for the rebels, a few hours after his son's birth. After holding high office in India under Lord Cornwallis, Grant entered Parliament, and as member for Inverness-shire promoted the construction of the Caledonian Canal. Deeply interested in education, he was one of the founders of the East Indian College at Haileybury, closed in 1857, and, a member of the Evangelical Clapham sect, he introduced Sunday schools into his native Scotland.

In his house in Russell Square, on the 28th of May, 1803, Francis Horner, the well-known writer on finance and political economy, was invited to meet William Wil-

berforce, "whose genius was elevated by his virtues and exalted by his piety," the judicial historian, Sir James Mackintosh, and Sir William Grant, Master of the Rolls. Here, too, Charles Grant died suddenly in 1823, leaving two sons—Charles, afterwards Lord Glenelg (Secretary for the Colonies, the last of the Canningites), and Sir Robert Grant, Governor of Bombay, the stalwart advocate for admitting Jews to Parliament. The East India Company, mindful of his long services, erected to his memory the monument in St. George's, Bloomsbury, of which I have already spoken.

From her temporary apartments at No. 56, Mary Russell Mitford, whose story, *Our Village*, won for her the name of the "Claude of English Life," gives us, in 1836, an account of another dinner party, at which, among others, Wordsworth, Landor, Proctor and Browning, "a young poet," were present.

Almost the whole of the eastern side of what is now Russell Square, where stands the magnificent Hotel Russell, was, before the building of the Square, occupied by Baltimore House, erected in 1763, for Frederick Calvert, seventh Baron Baltimore. His ancestry was a distinguished one, for the first lord was Secretary of State to James I., and the second successfully planted the colony of Maryland, the capital of which was called Baltimore in his honour. But of the peer for whom this house was built we can give but a poor account as, although an author of some merit, he seems to have been a most dissolute and disreputable character. In 1768 he was tried for rape, as, during the previous year, he had decoyed a young milliner, named Sarah Woodcock, into his house. He was indeed acquitted of the charge of violence, but despite the lesson he had thus received, he made no effort to reform his libertine habits. A contemporary thus writes of him: "One of those worn out beings, a hipped

Englishman, who had lost all moral and physical taste". At his death his peerage became extinct. In the first instance it had been honourably acquired:—

But one sad losel soils a name for aye  
However mighty in the olden time;  
Nor all that heralds rake from coffin'd clay  
Nor florid prose, nor honied lies of rhyme,  
Can blazon evil deeds, nor consecrate a crime.

Baltimore House was afterwards occupied by Harry Powlett or Pawlett, sixth and last Duke of Bolton, a distinguished admiral, who gave it his name, which part of it still retains. In it he was succeeded by Alexander Wedderburn, Lord Loughborough, a man of such brilliant talents and subtle reasoning powers that even the accurate and painstaking Sir Nathaniel Wraxhall believed him to have been the author of the *Letters of Junius*. Yet, when he died in 1805, George III. is reported to have said: "He has not left a greater knave behind him in my dominions". Nor, in truth, although he seems to have been amiable and kind in private life, was this a wholly unfair summary of his character, as his political career was entirely governed by the principles of self-seeking and chicanery. In 1771 he deserted his party to become solicitor-general to Lord North, but on being subsequently disappointed of the Chancellorship he attached himself to Fox and the Whigs. Nine years later, in order to obtain the Great Seal, he opened negotiations with Pitt, whose private correspondence he afterwards betrayed to the King. Ultimately, as all sides must have distrusted him, Addington, with the bribe of the Earldom of Rosslyn, induced him to surrender the Great Seal in April, 1801. Still clinging tenaciously to power, which by habit had become a second nature, he continued to attend the Cabinet Councils after he had ceased to have a right to do so, until he was almost summarily ejected. From his last title Bol-



ton House seems sometimes to have borne the name of Rosslyn House. Part of this same house, numbered 67 Russell Square, was the residence of Sir Vicary Gibbs, an acute and learned lawyer but utterly destitute of humour and so bitter in his manner that he acquired the soubriquet of "Vinegar Gibbs". He rose to be Chief Justice of the Common Pleas from 1814 to 1818, and died here two years afterwards. The house some time later was the last London home of another Chief Justice of the same court, Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd, also a dramatic and miscellaneous writer, who died, 1854, in the act of delivering a charge to the Grand Jury at Stafford.

At No. 65, died on the 7th of January, 1830, Sir Thomas Lawrence, President of the Royal Academy from 1820 till his death. Here he had lived for twenty-five years, and the *Gentleman's Magazine*, January, 1818, says: "We shall never forget the Cossacks mounted on their small white horses, with their long spears grounded, standing sentinels at the door of this great painter, whilst he was taking the portrait of General Platoff". In Russell Square, Mr. Gladstone tells us, he stayed for a time at the house of his mother's brother, Mr. Colin Robertson, and, being then a child, was much vexed and put about by being forbidden to run freely at his own will into and about the streets as he had done in Liverpool. Last but by no means least, at No. 5, between the years 1856 and 1862, was to be found the saintly Frederick Dennison Maurice, whose sermons and lectures will never fade from the memory of those who had the privilege of hearing them.

To the south of Russell Square lie Southampton Row, Bedford Place and Montagu Street. Southampton Row leads into High Holborn, and in it have been merged King Street, originally between Holborn and Hart Street, and Upper King Street from Hart Street to Bloomsbury

Place. On the eastern side, a few doors from Cosmo Place, the narrow passage which conducts us out of the parish into Queen Square, lived, about 1750, Ashley Cowper, the father of Lady Hesketh and Theodora Jane Cowper. It is of this house that his nephew William Cowper, the poet, writes as follows, in later years: "I did actually live three years with Mr. Chapman, a solicitor, that is to say, I slept three years in his house; but I lived, that is to say, I spent my days in Southampton Row, as you very well remember. There was I and the future Lord Chancellor" (Thurlow) "constantly employed from morning to night in giggling and making giggle instead of studying the law".

On the same side of the Row another poet, Thomas Gray, had apartments when the British Museum was first opened to the public. Writing from hence to Mr. Seagrave, on 24th July, 1759, he says: "I am now settled in my new territories, commanding Bedford Gardens and all the fields as far as Highgate and Hampstead, with such a concourse of moving pictures as would astonish you; so rus-in-urbe-ish, that I believe I shall stay here, except little excursions and vagaries, for a year to come, what though I am separated from the fashionable world by broad St. Giles's and many a dirty court and alley, yet here is air and sunshine, and quiet; however, to comfort you, I shall confess that I am basking all the summer, and I suppose shall be blown down all the winter, besides being robbed every night; I think, however, that the museum, with all its manuscripts, and rarities by the cart-load, will make ample amends for all the aforesaid inconveniences."

In Southampton Row the Rev. Dr. Dodd for a time kept a select academy. This unhappy man was convicted in February, 1777, of forging a bond of £2,200 in Lord Chesterfield's name. Walpole tells us that Dodd "was

undoubtedly a bad man, who employed religion to promote his ambition—humanity to establish a character, and, it is to be hoped, to indulge his good-natured sensations—and any means to gratify his passions or vanity, and to extricate himself out of their distressing consequences". Still the trial does not seem to have been very fairly conducted, as every unfavourable action in his past life was raked up against the accused. "I am sorry for Dr. Dodd," said Dr. Newton, Bishop of Bristol, "because he is to be hanged for the least crime he ever committed." The highest influence was exerted to obtain a mitigation of the death sentence, but when the case came before the Privy Council the Minister of the day, alluding to two brothers hanged the previous year, said to George III. : "If your Majesty pardon Dr. Dodd, you will have murdered the Perreaus". Accordingly the law was allowed to take its course, and the execution, delayed for some time, at length took place at Tyburn on 27th June, 1777.

In Southampton Street, too, died in 1796, another Dodd, an actor of some merit, and especially celebrated for his impersonation of Sir Andrew Aguecheek in Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*. Charles Lamb tells us that "Jem White saw James Dodd one evening in Aguecheek, and recognising him next day in Fleet Street took off his hat, and saluted him with 'Save you, Sir Andrew'. Dodd simply waved his hand and exclaimed, 'Away fool'."

From a house on the east side of the same street is, in 1792, reported the death of an eccentric old lady, Miss Griggs. In her dwelling were found eighty-six living and twenty-eight dead cats. She was well off, as she kept a carriage in which she drove out every day, and left £30,000. Part of this by her will was to form a handsome annuity for her black female servant to look

after the surviving cats, while the remainder, with the exception of a few small legacies to friends, was to be applied for the benefit of poor widows and maidens of sixty years of age and upwards ; the widows of seamen and their daughters preferred.

Parallel with Southampton Row runs Bedford Place, connecting Russell and Bloomsbury Squares. It has a statue at each end, facing each other. In the gardens of Russell Square stands the effigy of Francis, Duke of Bedford, to whom Burke in 1796, addressed his letter to a noble lord, and Bloomsbury Square is adorned with one of Charles James Fox. At No. 30, Richard Cumberland, dramatic and miscellaneous writer, used to be the frequent guest of Mr. Henry Fry, some even say that he died here in 1811. His works, the *West Indian*, the *Wheel of Fortune*, and *The Jew*, etc., are well nigh forgotten ; but his caricature is still with us in the shape of Sir Fretful Plagiary in *The Critic*. It is said that Sheridan thus satirised him because on the first night of the representation of *The School for Scandal*, Cumberland was seen in the theatre reproving his children for laughing at the play. "He ought to have laughed at my comedy," remarked the wit on hearing this, "for I laughed heartily at his tragedy."

At the south-west corner of Russell Square is Montagu Street, which, skirting the British Museum, leads southwards into Great Russell Street. It received its name from Montagu House. On the west side of the Square, too, we pass Montagu Place and Keppel Street, already described, but on the north side, Upper Montagu Place which leads into Woburn Square, short though it be, demands more than a passing notice. Here were the fields behind Montagu House, from 1680 to 1750 the favourite resort of duellists. In these pastures John Aubrey, the antiquary, tells us that, on St. John Baptist's

Day, 1694, at midnight, he saw twenty-three young women looking for coal under the root of a plantain, to put under their heads that night, that they might dream who would be their husbands.

Hereabouts also lay the "Field of the Forty Footsteps". An old legend says, that, about the time of the Duke of Monmouth's Rebellion, 1685, two brothers here fought a duel on account of a lady, who sat by. They were both killed; and their footsteps, imprinted on the ground during the struggle, were reported to remain, nor would any grass or vegetation ever grow over them. On this fable Miss Jane Porter, the novelist, in conjunction with her sister, published, in 1828, a romance called *The Coming Out, and the Field of Forty Footsteps*, while some years later a melodrama dealing with the same subject was produced at the Tottenham Street Theatre.

Southey seems to have been a believer in this tradition. In his *Common-place Book*, after quoting a letter from a friend, recommending him to "take a view of those wonderful marks of the Lord's hatred to duelling, called the Brothers' Steps," and describing the place, the poet proceeds to give an account of his own visit to the spot: "We sought for near half an hour in vain. We could find no steps at all within a quarter of a mile, no, nor half a mile, of Montagu House. We were almost out of hope, when an honest man, who was at work, directed us to the next ground, adjoining to a pond. There we found what we sought, about three-quarters of a mile north of Montagu House and 500 yards east of Tottenham Court Road. The steps are of the size of a large human foot, about three inches deep, and lie nearly from north-east to south-west. We counted only seventy-six; but we were not exact in counting. The place where one or both the brothers are supposed to have fallen is still bare of grass. The labourer also showed us the bank where

(the tradition is) the wretched woman sat to see the combat."

Another writer says: "June 16, 1800. Went into the fields at the back of Montagu House, and there saw, for the last time, the forty footsteps; the building materials are there, ready to cover them from the sight of man. I counted more than forty, but they might have been the footprints of the workmen." On the other hand, Mr. J. T. Smith informs us: "The fact is, that these steps were so often trodden that it was *impossible* for the grass to grow. I have frequently passed over them, they were in a field on the site of Mr. Martin's Chapel, or very nearly so, and not on the spot as communicated to Miss Porter." Lastly, Robert Hill, the water-colour painter, long resident in the neighbourhood, writes: "I well remember the Brothers' Footsteps. They were near a bank that divided two of the fields between Montagu House and the New Road, and the situation must have been, if my recollection serves me, what is now Torrington Square."

From the above extracts it is clear that we cannot now fix the site of this celebrated field with any degree of accuracy.

At the north-east corner of the Square, on our right, lies Bernard Street. It is built on the Foundling Hospital estate, and named after Sir Thomas Bernard, Treasurer of the Hospital from 1795 to 1806, who, by erecting streets on its property, considerably augmented the funds of the institution. A native of Lincoln and having an impediment in his speech, he began life as a conveyancer, then he made a fortune and a rich marriage, after which he devoted himself to the amelioration of the working classes. On the south side of this street, at No. 2, in 1832, died Joe Munden, the actor, who, although he was inferior to Liston, is described by Charles Lamb as "not one but legion, not so much a comedian as a company".

The Rev. George Croly, poet and novelist, occupied No. 14, and until he moved in his later years into No. 18 Upper Bedford Place, Peter Mark Roget, the eminent physician and savant, lived at No. 39. He was of Genevese extraction, his father being the pastor of the French Protestant Church in Threadneedle Street and his mother the sister of Sir Samuel Romilly. Roget took a leading part in founding the London University, was secretary of the Royal Society, and also compiled a *Thesaurus of English words and phrases, classified and enlarged so as to facilitate the expression of ideas and assist in Literary Composition*, which reached its twenty-eighth edition before his death in 1869.

On the left or northern side of Bernard Street are Marchmont, Kenton and Hunter Streets. At No. 26 Marchmont Street lived Shelley, in 1815, with Mary Godwin, afterwards his second wife, having deserted his first wife, the unhappy Harriet Westbrook, who was subsequently found drowned in the Serpentine. In Hunter Street, too, resided Dr. Abraham Rees, a leading Non-conformist minister, who, in 1819, completed in forty-five volumes a continuation of the famous *Cyclopædia or Universal Dictionary of Arts and Sciences*, first published in two volumes in the year 1728 by Ephraim Chambers. Here, too, this same year, in No. 54, was born John Ruskin, who tells us in his *Præterita* that, when four years old, from his nursery windows he used to wonder at "the view of a marvellous iron post, out of which the water carts were filled through beautiful little trap doors, by pipes like boa-constrictors".

On the east side of Russell Square, a little south of Bernard Street, is Guildford Street. It stretches, indeed, from the Square to Gray's Inn Road, but very soon after entering it we pass out of Bloomsbury. On our left lies Herbrand Street, named after the present Duke of

Bedford, and here till quite recently stood the colonnade, notorious for its poverty and profligacy. From here our boundary line takes a north-easterly direction, and, striking across Bernard Street, includes the north-west corner of Brunswick Square.

In this Square, though strictly speaking it is out of our district, lived, in 1816, Bryan Waller Procter, and afterwards John Leech, of *Punch* fame. Up and down Brunswick Square, too, Macaulay would pace with his sisters for a couple of hours at a time, when they had a house in Great Ormond Street in 1830.

Following our line northwards we come to Handel Street, formerly Henrietta Street. Here Ugo Foscolo, the celebrated Italian writer, was living in 1826, having sought a refuge in England from his political and literary adversaries. From here, in extreme poverty brought on by his own improvidence, he writes to a friend, "I send you my new address, you are the only person that will be acquainted with it, 19 Henrietta Street, Brunswick Square, let nobody know of it now or ever". He died the following year, but as, despite his hopeless gambling and loose living, he had rendered no small assistance to the cause of Italian unity, Garibaldi, when in England in 1864, visited his grave at Chiswick.

At the east end of this street are the disused burial grounds of St. George's, Bloomsbury, and St. George the Martyr, already mentioned.

When it reaches the eastern corner of Compton Street the boundary line turns west and crosses in succession Kenton, Marchmont and Little Coram, now Herbrand, Street. The last named street leads us into Great Coram Street, which stretches from Woburn Place to Brunswick Square, and derives its name from Captain Coram, the founder of the Foundling Hospital.

A native of Dorsetshire, he was in early life a skipper,



but his ship having been wrecked and lost near Cuxhaven about the year 1719, he opened a business at Rotherhithe. On his frequent visits to London he was shocked to see numbers of deserted children in the streets, and he ultimately evolved the idea of founding a home for their reception. After seventeen years' labour his efforts were crowned with success, and in 1739 a Royal Charter was granted him to establish a hospital "for the reception, maintenance and education of exposed and deserted young children : in a hospital erected after the example of France, Holland, and other Christian countries".

But the history of the Foundling Hospital is beyond our province here, so let us return to Great Coram Street. At No. 15 is the Russell Literary and Scientific Association. It is now "a subscription library and reading-room. The house was erected in 1800 on speculation for the purpose of holding assemblies and balls, and was purchased in 1808 from Mr. James Burton, the builder, by the managers of the Institution, of which Sir Samuel Romilly was one of the trustees, and E. W. Brayley, author of *Londoniana* and many other topographical works, librarian, from 1825 to his death in 1854."

Mr. W. M. Thackeray, who was living in this street, at No. 13, from 1837 to 1843, thus alludes to this institution when speaking of the Cork Reading-room in his Irish note-books :—

"Not Palmyra, not the Russell Institution in Great Coram Street, present more melancholy appearances of faded greatness."

At the west end of Great Coram Street we re-enter Woburn Place, and have thus completed our circuit of this portion of the district.

## CHAPTER VII.

### WALK VII.

In Palace Yard, at nine, you'll find me there ;  
At ten, for certain Sir, in Bloomsbury Square.

FOR our last walk we will start from the south-eastern corner of the Bloomsbury district, nearly opposite New Turnstile, where Kingsgate Street joins High Holborn. In the reign of James I., Kingsgate Street was a mere country lane, with a barred gate at its entrance, which gate from that monarch often passing it on his journey to Theobalds, his hunting seat in Hertfordshire, received the name of the Kingsgate. Thence the street subsequently built on its site was called at first Kingsgate Road, and afterwards Kingsgate Street, though in 1878 part of the original King's Gate Road was renamed and included in Theobalds Road.

Adjoining the Kingsgate, on the north side of Holborn, a little below the end of the present Kingsgate Street, stood the Kingsgate Tavern, formerly the Vine, a noted house of entertainment in the days of the Stuart Kings and as such frequently mentioned in the parish books. It was pulled down in 1817 and two houses built upon its site.

The road here must in early days have been very bad, as our old friend Pepys writes: "March 8, 1668-1669—To Whitehall, from whence the King and the Duke of York went by three in the morning, and had the mis-

fortune to be overset with the Duke of York, the Duke of Monmouth, and the Prince Rupert, at the King's gate in Holborne; and the King all dirty but no hurt. How it came to pass I know not, but only it was dark, and the torches did not, they say, light the coach as they should do." A few years later also, 1681-1684, we find the following entries in the accounts of the Surveyor of the Ways to the Crown :—

To Stephen Dowling for mending the King's Gate at Gray's Inn Lane end . . . . .	11/-
To Richard Stanley for making an arch bridge at the King's Gate at the end of Gray's Inn Lane end . .	54/-
For making up a ditch in the King's highway between King's Gate in Holborn and Lilly-pot Row . . .	
For gravel laid at Newport Wall (Leicester Fields) to repair the King's Private Way to Enfield Chase, etc.	

But in Kingsgate Street there is nothing else to detain us beyond the remark that here Charles Dickens in *Martin Chuzzlewit* fixed the abode of the immortal but mythical Mrs. Gamp: "Which her name is well-known in S. Gamp Midwife Kingsgate Street High Holborn". At the end of the street we find our boundary line stretching northwards across Theobalds Road, near the Fire Engine Station. We will, however, turn to the left and enter Vernon Place, which leads us into Bloomsbury Square.

This square was originally called Southampton Square, and the whole of its northern side was filled by Southampton House, which had grounds extending northwards so as to take in what is now the southern portion of Russell Square. The Square was first laid out by Thomas Wriothesley, last Earl of Southampton. The first Earl, Lord Chancellor Wriothesley, one of the executors of Henry VIII. and joint governors of Edward VI., had acquired vast estates about the time of the Reformation. Among these was the "manor or grange of Bloomsbury,"

and a house in Holborn originally called Lincoln House because it was formerly the town residence of the Bishops of Lincoln. From them it had passed to Lord Warwick and from him by exchange to Southampton, who renamed it Southampton House. Here he died, 1550, and was succeeded by his son Henry whose strong Roman Catholic sympathies nearly led to his execution. Not only was he implicated in the scheme for marrying Mary Queen of Scots to the Duke of Norfolk, but also at one time meditated deserting his country and going over to Alva in the Netherlands. On his death in 1581 he left an only son, Henry, third Earl of Southampton, a minor, whose trustees, as I have said, purchased the St. Giles's manor. This young man joining in Essex' rebellion was tried, found guilty and committed to the Tower. After he had been restored to his honours by James I., he served with distinction in the Netherlands, dying at Bergen-op-zoom of pestilence in 1624. To him, as his munificent friend and patron, Shakespeare dedicated his *Venus and Adonis*. His son again, Earl Thomas, after for a time supporting the popular party against Charles I., went over to the King's side and was employed as mediator both in 1642 and at Uxbridge in 1645. During the Commonwealth he lived in retirement in the country, but after the Restoration was appointed Lord Treasurer. About 1652 he seems to have abandoned old Southampton House, which was converted into New Southampton Buildings, and then to have built the new Southampton House, a fine structure though having but one story, with splendid acacia growing in its courtyard.

Pepys writes: "October 2, 1664. To my Lady Sandwich's through my Lord Southampton's new buildings in the fields behind Gray's Inn, and indeed they are a very great and a noble work". Evelyn, too, tells us: "February 9th, 1664-1665. Dined at my Lord Treasurer's, the

Earl of Southampton, in Bloomsbury, where he was building a noble Square or Piazza; a little towne; his owne house stands too lowe, some noble roomes, a pretty cedar chappell, a walled garden to the north, but good aire". The following year, after the great fire, the *London Gazette* announces: "The Great Office for the excise is now kept in Southampton Fields, near the house of the Right Honourable the Lord Treasurer of England, and is every day open at the usual hours for receiving and performing all things relating to that affair". A few days later the same *Gazette* further gives notice: "Such as have settled in new habitations since the late Fire, and desire for the convenience of their correspondence to publish the present place of their abode, or to give notice of goods lost or found, may repair to the corner house in Bloomsbury, or on the east side of the Great Square, before the house of the Right Honourable the Lord Treasurer, where there is care taken for the receipt and publication of such advertisements". Once again, Strype says: "Southampton House, a large building with a spacious court before it for the reception of coaches, and a curious garden behind, which lieth open to the fields, enjoying a wholesome and pleasant air". We read that the Lord Treasurer was a "man of great virtues and of very good parts," but "melancholick and reserved in his conversation". He must also have been unkempt for he hardly ever cut his nails. Southampton did his best to reform the extravagance of the court, but, being of a delicate constitution, and suffering tortures from gout and stone, the task proved too heavy for him so he delegated most of the Treasury work to Sir Philip Warwick. Pepys in a passage, which, combining as it does pathos with economy, may well make us smile, thus describes his death: "Ascension Day, May 16, 1677. To my Lord Treasurer's where I find porter crying, and suspected that

it was my Lord is dead; and, poor Lord! we did find that he was dead just now; and the crying of the fellow did so trouble me, that considering I was not likely to trouble him any more, nor have occasion to give any more, I did give him 3s. but it may be, poor man, he hath lost a considerable hope by the death of his Lord, whose house will be no more frequented. There is a good man gone, and I pray God that the Treasury may not be worse managed by the hand or hands it shall now be put into; though for certain, the slowness, though he was of great integrity, of this man, and remissness, have gone as far to undo the nation as anything else that hath happened; and yet, if I knew all the difficulties that he hath lain under, and his instrument Sir Philip Warwick, I might be brought to another mind."

Although the Lord Treasurer had been thrice married he left no sons but several daughters, with one of whom only, Rachel, we have any concern here. She married first, Francis, Lord Vaughan, and secondly, William Russell, second son of the fifth Earl of Bedford, who, on the death of his elder brother in 1678, adopted the courtesy title of Lord Russell and was executed, as we have seen, in 1683. To Lady Rachel passed Southampton House, with the greater part of her father's London estates, and in it she died in the year 1723, aged 86. The earldom was recreated in 1670 on behalf of Charles Fitzroy, natural son of Charles II. by the Duchess of Cleveland, and five years afterwards elevated into a dukedom.

Here it is necessary to say a few words of this Russell family, the great Whig house to which the country owes no small a debt, and which has played so conspicuous a part in the history of St. Giles's and Bloomsbury. Its ancestors are said to have had a landed estate in Dorsetshire from a very early period, and as far back as 1221 we hear of John Russell, Constable of Corfe Castle. In

1284 William Russell obtained a charter for a market at his manor, Kingston-Russell, and was member for the county of Southampton in 1307. His lineal descendant, Sir Henry Russell, Knight, fought in the Hundred Years' War, and represented Dorset in Parliament. His son again, Sir John Russell, was three times Speaker of the House of Commons, in 1423, 1432 and 1450.

In 1506 during the brief stay of Philip of Austria on the coast of Dorsetshire, where he was compelled to put in by stress of weather, he made the acquaintance of Mr. John Russell, possibly the grandson of the Speaker, "a scion of one of the most ancient families in the county," and recommended him for employment to Henry VIII. Consequently Russell received an appointment in the Privy Chamber, and was thenceforth constantly employed in the public service. In 1539 he was made Lord Russell, and in 1542 Earl of Bedford, receiving large grants of the confiscated lands of the Abbeys of Woburn and Tavistock, while on the attainder of Protector Somerset in 1552, he obtained in addition Covent Garden. In May, 1694, William, fifth earl, was created Duke of Bedford as a prominent supporter of William of Orange and of the Revolution which placed him on the throne. He died in 1700 and was succeeded by his grandson, the son of Lord Russell and Lady Rachel.

In 1704 old Bedford House, the former town residence of the Russells, which stood on the north side of the Strand on the site of the present Southampton Street, with its garden abutting on the Covent Garden Piazza, was pulled down, and the family migrating to Bloomsbury, renamed Southampton House, Bedford House. Curiously enough we hear of a family of Russel inhabiting the parish of St. Giles's during the reigns of Henry III., Edward I. and Edward II.; but there is no evidence to show that they were in any way connected with the

Dorsetshire Russells. Mr. Parton tells us that "Seman Russel, William Seman (Russel), his son, and Henry Russel, the grandson, grant various pieces of land," described in the deeds as abutting on the way leading to Tottenham (Tottenham court-road), and which must have stood on the site, or nearly so, of the present Great Russell Street. William Russell, another of the family, also witnesses several of the hospital deeds.

In 1800, Bedford House was sold by auction with many of its inestimable contents, while others were removed to Woburn. Soon after it was demolished, and the building of the north side of the present Square and the adjoining streets and squares was proceeded with. In the gardens on the north side of the Square is the bronze sitting statue of Charles James Fox, by Westmacott.

In this Square, Sir Charles Sedley, poet and dramatist, died early in the eighteenth century. Of him Rochester writes :—

Sedley has that prevailing, gentle art,  
That can with a resistless charm impart  
The loosest wishes to the chastest heart.

While Macaulay describes him as "one of the most brilliant and profligate wits of the restoration".

Nor is this a libel, for much of Sedley's behaviour was scandalous in the extreme. In 1663, accompanied by Lord Buckhurst and Sir Thomas Ogle, he went to the Cock Tavern in Bow Street where they all got drunk. Then Buckhurst and Ogle opening the window stepped out on to the balcony and behaved in a disgraceful manner. A crowd rapidly collected till at last Sedley appeared and harangued those present in the most obscene language. This was too much for the mob, even in those degenerate days of public morality, and becoming infuriated, they broke the windows and tried to force the door. A riot ensuing, the drunkards were very properly locked up. At the trial Sedley was fined



£500 and severely censured by Lord Chief Justice Foster, who told him, "that it was for him and such wicked wretches as he was that God's anger and judgments hung over us". Five years afterwards Sedley, apparently with the same companions, seems to have indulged in a similar performance again, they were put in prison, but this time they were rescued by the King himself, who, getting drunk with them, thoroughly enjoyed their disgusting songs. Sedley had been married in 1657 at St. Giles' Church to Catherine, daughter of John Savage, Earl of Rivers, by whom he had one daughter, Catherine, who became the mistress of the Duke of York, afterwards James II., and was by him created Countess of Dorchester.

In the same Square also died, 1713-14, Philip Stanhope, second Earl of Chesterfield, Lord Chamberlain to Queen Catherine of Braganza. Swift unhesitatingly pronounces him to be "the greatest knave in England," while another historian of the period calls him "a young man of disagreeable manners and immoral habits, who was chiefly remarkable for the jealousy of his disposition and the redundancy of his hair". On the other hand De Gramont is more flattering, for he says: "*Il avait le visage fort agréable, la tête assez belle, peu de taille et moins d'air*". Of Chesterfield's jealousy there can be no doubt, for so violent did he become at the foolish indiscretions of his second wife, a daughter of the Duke of Ormonde, that when she died suddenly it was gravely asserted that he had caused her to be poisoned in the sacramental wine. To him Henry Bennet, Lord Arlington, the Cabal Minister, writes, 20th October, 1681: "I wish you would give me a commission to let your house in Southampton Square and hire you another near Whitehall, that I might with less trouble to you, enjoy the honour and satisfaction of a frequent conversation with you".

Another very different inhabitant of the Square was Richard Baxter, and here his wife died on 14th June, 1681, in what he describes as a "most pleasant and convenient house". Baxter, the most celebrated Nonconformist preacher and writer of his day, being chaplain to a regiment in the Parliamentary army, was present at several sieges. In 1661 he took a prominent part in the Savoy Conference, drawing up a revised liturgy which received a warm eulogium from Samuel Johnson. Johnson indeed admired him greatly, for Boswell says that when he asked the doctor: "What works of Richard Baxter should I read?" he replied: "Read any of them—they are all good". While Barrow writes, "Baxter's practical writings were never mended; his controversial seldom confuted". Yet even this man of unblemished life and saintly character was the victim of the persecuting laws of that intolerant time, and was tried before Jeffreys in 1685 on a charge of sedition, when that infamous and bullying judge, after grossly insulting him, fined and imprisoned the venerable preacher then over seventy years of age.

At the corner of Southampton Street next Bloomsbury Square practised as a physician Sir Hans Sloane before he removed himself and his treasures to Chelsea.

To Bloomsbury Square, about the year 1709, Dr. Radcliffe migrated from Bow Street. We have already given one anecdote of this celebrated physician. Here are others. He was no respecter of persons, for he said plainly to William III.: "I would not have your two legs for your three kingdoms". This speech was resented by the King, who would never see him again. When Queen Anne sent him a messenger concerning her health, he replied: "Her Majesty is as well as any woman in England if she would think so". Once indeed Radcliffe seems to have been worsted in a conflict of repartee,

as his friend, Dr. Mead, writes as follows : " Dr. Radcliffe could never be brought to pay bills without much following ; nor then, if there appeared any chance of wearing them out. A pavior, after long and fruitless attempts, caught him just getting out of his chariot at his own door in Bloomsbury Square, and set upon him. ' Why, you rascal,' said the doctor, ' do you pretend to be paid for such a piece of work ? Why, you have spoiled my pavement and then covered it over with earth to hide your bad work '. ' Doctor,' said the pavior, ' mine is not the only bad work the earth hides '. ' You dog you ! ' said the doctor, ' are you a wit ? You must be poor, come in,' and paid him."

On occasions, however, Radcliffe could be munificent enough, for we read that while living here he gave a large sum of money to the poor nonjuring clergy. He also entertained Prince Eugene, the hero of Blenheim, in his house at a dinner of " barons of beef, juggets of mutton and legs of pork, washed down with ale seven years in the cask ". Probably in his old age he became querulous, long-winded and prosy, for Matthew Prior thus writes of him :—

I sent for Radcliffe ; was so ill,  
That other doctors gave me over :  
He felt my pulse, prescribed his pill,  
And I was likely to recover.

But when the wit began to wheeze,  
And wine had warm'd the politician,  
Cured yesterday of my disease  
I died last night of my physician.

Radcliffe died in November, 1714. He was buried with great pomp at Oxford, where he had practised in his youth, and where he had erected the splendid library which still bears his name. His portrait, painted by his old friend Kneller, hangs in the library of the Royal College of Physicians.

Here, too, Richard Steele, the dramatist and essayist, took a house from 1712 to 1714, and from hence he writes to his wife, on 15th July of the first mentioned year, "You cannot conceive how pleased I am that I shall have the prettiest house to receive the prettiest woman, who is the darling of Richard Steele". Thackeray tells us that this was the house in which a dinner party was given when the bailiffs were dressed as footmen and waited on the guests.

In Bloomsbury Square died Sir John Willes, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in 1707, a lawyer of great learning but an unscrupulous politician, who is said to have refused the Chancellorship because a peerage was not offered with it. Here, too, was residing Charles Yorke when he accepted the Great Seal on 17th January, 1770. He was the second son of the great Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, and, having gained considerable reputation at the Bar, became successively Solicitor-General and Attorney-General. In the latter capacity he conducted the prosecution of Lord Ferrers for the murder of his steward. In these days, when sometimes pity verges on morbidity concerning the fate of a condemned malefactor, it may be well to recall Yorke's words in rebutting the plea of madness vainly advanced by the relations of the aristocratic criminal: "In some sense every violation of duty proceeds from insanity, all cruelty, all brutality, all revenge, all injustice is insanity. There were philosophers in ancient times who held this opinion as a strict maxim of their sect; and, my Lords, the opinion is right in philosophy, but dangerous in judicature. It may have a useful and a noble influence to regulate the conduct of men; to control their impotent passions, to teach them that virtue is the perfection of reason, as reason itself is the perfection of human nature; but not to extenuate crimes, nor to excuse those punishments which the law

adjudges to be their due". The King, on the resignation of Lord Camden, offered Yorke the Chancellorship, which, after two refusals, he was almost compelled to accept. Then followed a tragedy. He was in weak health, and his nerves giving way entirely from agitation and excitement, he died three days afterwards, on 20th January. He had been raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Morden of Morden in Cambridgeshire, but the patent was not completed before his death. As he thus suddenly expired in the forty-eighth year of his age, it was scarcely unreasonable that the report of his having committed suicide should gain considerable credence; but Lord Campbell, after carefully weighing the available evidence on the subject, sums up: "The charitable conclusion may therefore be drawn that Charles Yorke died from the accidental bursting of a blood vessel".

Here, too, the Lord George Gordon Riots reached their climax. In the evening of 1st June, 1780, the mob attacked the house of Lord Mansfield at the north-east corner of the Square, the Lord Chief Justice and his wife escaping with difficulty through a back door. It was utterly wrecked and burnt to the walls, a bonfire being made of the books, papers and furniture in the middle of the Square, while a story has been preserved of a chimney-sweep dancing behind the blazing mass in one of Lady Mansfield's hoops. Thus perished an excellent library of books enriched by the marginal notes of Pope, Bolingbroke, and other literary friends of Mansfield, as well as a priceless collection of letters which the Chief Justice had been storing for half a century, as materials for memoirs of his times. The poet Cowper bewails this destruction in the following lines:—

So then—the Vandals of our isle,  
Sworn foes to sense and law,  
Have burnt to dust a nobler pile,  
Than ever Roman saw!

And Murray sighs o'er Pope and Swift,  
And many a treasure more,  
The well-judged purchase and the gift  
That graced his letter'd store—

*Their* pages mangled, burnt and torn,  
The loss was *his alone*,  
But ages yet to come shall mourn  
The burning of *his own*.

Ultimately the rioters having been fired upon, with the result of some 200 killed and 250 wounded, the insurrection was suppressed. One hundred and twenty-five of the ringleaders were arrested and twenty-one of them executed, two of whom, Charles King and John Gray, suffered in Bloomsbury Square. Lord George himself was arraigned before the court of King's Bench in 1781, and, being ably defended by Erskine, was acquitted. Subsequently he became a convert to Judaism, and died in Newgate in 1793, having been convicted for libel in 1787.

In later years, about 1803, No. 30 was occupied by Edward Law, Lord Ellenborough, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench from 1802 to 1818. Although he was a man of vigorous intellect and great legal knowledge, he often allowed his judgments to be biased by his religious and political feelings, while his practice of brow-beating juries produced widespread dissatisfaction. He further seems to have had some reputation as a gourmet. Once when Canning was dining at the Guildhall he sat next a famous Alderman Flower, who said to him: "Mr Canning, my Lord Ellenborough was a man of uncommon sagacity". Canning bowed assent, and said he believed he was, but asked what gave rise to the observation at that moment. Alderman Flower answered: "Why, sir, had he been here, he would have told me by a single glance of his eye which is the best of those five haunches of venison".

In Ellenborough's house was an apartment called "Paley's Room," as it was always reserved for Archdeacon William Paley, the celebrated author of the *Evidences of Christianity*, when he visited London. Close by we come across the poet-physician, Mark Akenside, the son of a butcher at Newcastle-on-Tyne, who was set up by an old friend, one Jeremiah Dyson, in a house in Bloomsbury Square with an income of £300 and a chariot. In his youth he had developed great poetical talent, his principal poem being *The Pleasures of the Imagination*, while Macaulay writes of him: "If he had left lyric composition to Gray and Collins, and had employed his powers in grave and elevated satire, he might have disputed the pre-eminence of Dryden". As he rose in his profession the Muse was neglected. Being appointed principal physician to Christ's Hospital in 1759 and connected with St. Thomas's, besides possessing a large private practice, he removed to Burlington Street, where he died. A contemporary thus describes his personal appearance: "One leg of Dr. Akenside was considerably shorter than the other" (in consequence of an accident with his father's cleaver when a boy), "which was in some measure remedied by the aid of a false heel. He had a pale strenuous countenance, but was always very neat and elegant in his dress. He wore a large white wig, and carried a long sword. He would order the servants (at his hospitals) on his visiting days, to precede him with brooms to clear the way and prevent the patients from too nearly approaching him."

Some years ago, one bright spring afternoon, I came upon Canon Nisbet in conversation with a man who was drawing pictures on the pavement with coloured chalks. "Can nothing be done for that man?" said the rector as we walked away together; "he is a parishioner and seems to have talent; with encouragement and teaching

he might become a Royal Academician." I investigated the poor artist's circumstances, and was fortunate in finding some charitable friends ready to help him, so that he has done extremely well, although I have not yet heard that he is a Royal Academician. Still, as wonderful things have happened. Early in the eighteenth century a philanthropic gentleman observed a lad, a chimney-sweep's boy, sketching the elevation of the banqueting hall at Whitehall upon the basement walls of the building itself. Struck by the correctness of the work, the spectator, who seems never to have revealed his name, interested himself in the boy, Isaac Ware, sent him abroad and had him well educated. The trouble was not thrown away, for in after years Ware developed into a very eminent architect, and designed for his own abode No. 6 Bloomsbury Square, where he died in 1766. This house, the first from Hart Street, was occupied from 1818 to 1829 by Isaac D'Israeli, and here he revised his *Curiosities of Literature*, first published in 1791 and republished in 1825. Probably in the Square, when a boy of thirteen or fourteen, his more famous son, Benjamin, afterwards Prime Minister and Earl of Beaconsfield, played with the neighbours' children.

At another house in the Square died, in 1862, the eminent Biblical scholar, Dr. Thomas Hartwell Horne, while to No. 31, which he described as in "a very unfashionable quarter, though very respectable," Sir Anthony Panizzi retired when he relinquished his post of Principal Librarian of the British Museum in 1866, and here he died, having been long paralysed, in 1879. An Italian by birth, for he was born at Modena, he came to England in 1821, obliged to quit his country on account of political troubles. Still, though his name will be for ever connected with the Museum, he never forgot the cause of Italian freedom, and when Garibaldi was in London



entertained him as his guest. In these days the Square possesses little of interest, its three principal buildings being the College of Preceptors, the Pharmaceutical Society, and the Institute of Chemistry of Great Britain and Ireland.

On the south side Southampton Street connects Bloomsbury Square with Holborn. Colley Cibber, dramatist, and Poet Laureate from 1730 till his death in 1757, writes: "I was born in London on November 6th, 1671, in Southampton Street, facing Southampton House," at the north-east corner of the Square in Bloomsbury Place which extends into Southampton Row. Here No. 9 (as well as Nos. 6, 28 and 29 Bloomsbury Square) was built upon the ruins of Lord Mansfield's burnt house, and at No. 4, in 1802, died the celebrated Strand publisher, Thomas Cadell, who produced the first edition of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* in 1788, as well as Blackstone's and Robertson's works. In this street also stands the Corporation House of the Sons of the Clergy. The Festival of the Sons of the Clergy, held annually in St. Paul's Cathedral, was instituted about 1655 and the charity incorporated in 1678. Its object is to assist by grant or pension the clergy of the Church of England and their widows and children.

Of these outlets from Bloomsbury Square, namely, Bedford Place on the north, Great Russell Street on the west, and Vernon Place, I have already spoken, so let us turn up Hart Street at the south-western corner. Here in 1829 died Robert Nares, F.R.S., Archdeacon of Stafford, Canon of Lichfield, Rector of All Hallows, London, and the author of the well-known *Glossary of English Words*. Between the present Hart Street and New Oxford Street lay, in old days, Bloomsbury Market, established in 1662. It is thus described by Strype, 1708-20: "Bloomsbury market is a long place with two

market houses, the one for flesh, the other for fish, but of small account, by reason the market is of so little use and so ill served with provisions insomuch that the inhabitants are served elsewhere". In the market, where he had lived for many years, died, 1703, in very reduced circumstances, Robert White, the most celebrated engraver of his time. Although the market was still standing in 1822, Mr. Parton tells us that "it then exhibited little of that bustle and business which distinguishes similar establishments". When New Oxford Street was made it was swept away, and only the insignificant market street now remains to remind us that it ever existed. Just beyond St. George's Church we enter New Oxford Street, where by Bury Street there was, since removed, the Royal Arcade: "A glass-roofed arcade of shops extending along the rear of four or five of the houses, and having an entrance from the street at each end". To our right and left we find Museum Street leading from Broad Street to Great Russell Street. The southern portion of this street has branching from it Brewer Street and Hyde Street in which the district post-office has been erected. Before the British Museum was opened, Museum Street was known from Great Russell Street to Castle Street as Queen Street; from Castle Street to Brewer Street as Peter Street; and from Brewer Street to Broad Street as Bow Street. In 1712, before he removed to Brownlow Street, Vertue was living in Queen Street, and here Ralph Thoresby, the antiquary, author and topographer, frequently visited him and sat to him. In Peter Street was born, 1771, Tom Dibdin, who says: "My birth reminds me of nothing but mortality; the house in which I was born, (as if I had been a Damriens or a Ravailac), is pulled down; the name of the street is changed from humble Peter Street to the dignified designation of Museum Street, Bloomsbury Square". Poor

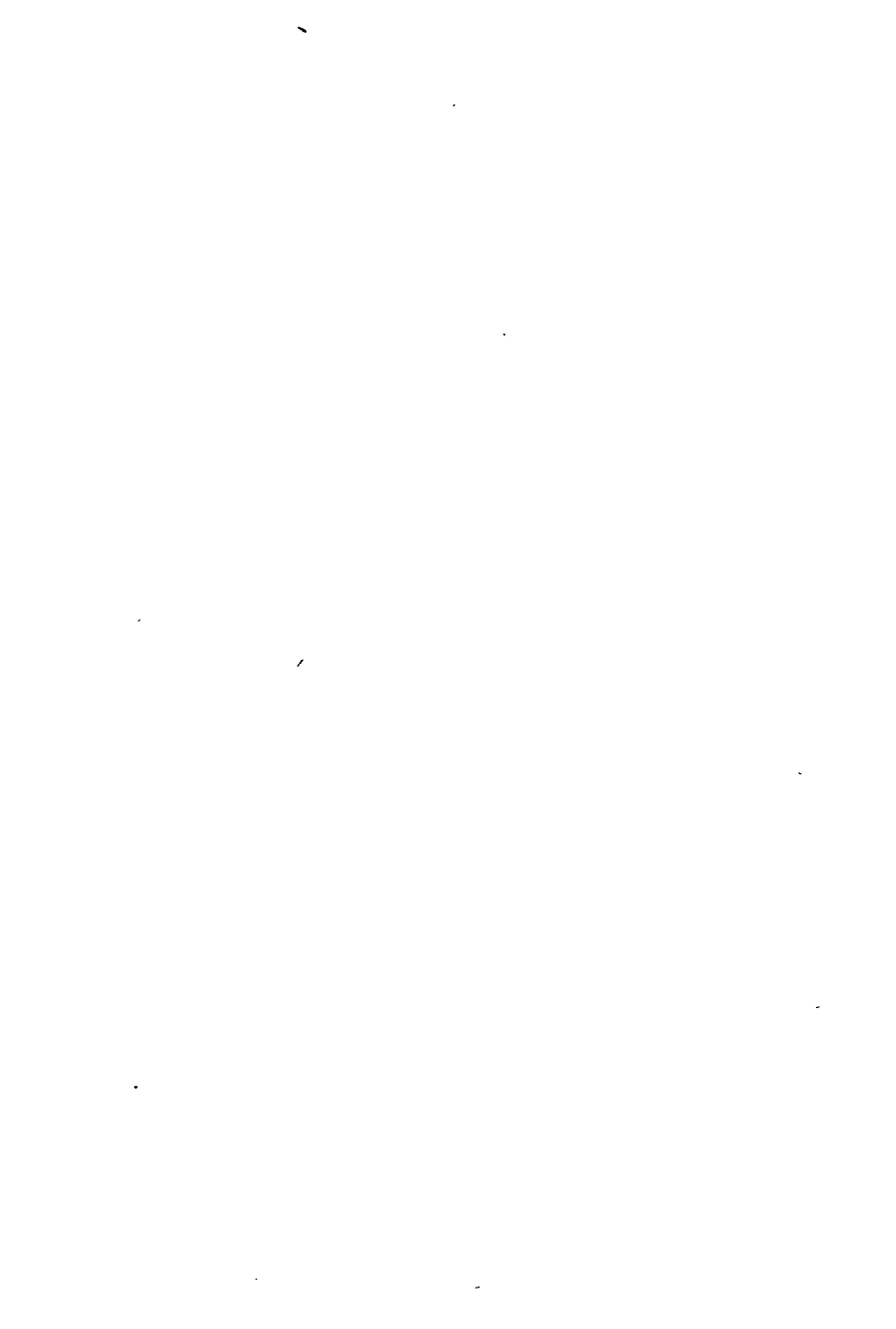
Dibdin, the illegitimate son of Charles Dibdin, the famous sea song writer, by an actress named Pitt, began his theatrical career at a very early age, for when he was only four Mrs. Siddons led him on to the stage at Drury Lane as Cupid to her Venus. In after years he seems "to have performed in every part of the drama," to have written plays, and more than one thousand songs, some of which were very popular in his day. He died at Pentonville in 1841, and although his dramas have been long forgotten, a few of his ballads are still remembered.

In conclusion, a word must be said as to the origin of Mudie's Library, since 1864 a limited liability company. Its founder, Charles Edward Mudie, the son of a second-hand bookseller, set up as a stationer and bookseller at 28 Upper King Street, now Southampton Row, Bloomsbury. In 1842 he began lending books, and in ten years his business had grown to such an extent that he removed to 510 New Oxford Street. Having been member for Westminster on the first London School Board, he died, 1890, at Hampstead. Passing Mudie's Library and Coptic Street, until recently Duke Street, we once again reach Shaftesbury Avenue and Bloomsbury Street, thus concluding our district perambulations.

## PART III.

### PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

It has hardly been sufficiently borne in mind that work for the poor demands an effort of the mind as well as a sentiment of goodwill. It is not money that is chiefly wanted. Thought and love are more than gold.—**LORD AVEBURY.**



## CHAPTER I

### CHARITY ORGANISATION.

It is an easy and a vulgar thing to please the mob, and not a very arduous task to astonish them; but essentially to benefit and to improve them, is a work fraught with difficulty and teeming with danger.—COLTON.

To the foregoing pages I have been asked to add some of my own experiences, extending over a period of more than thirty years. The principal work in which I have been engaged in the district has been threefold.

- (1) Charity Organisation.
- (2) Board of Guardians.
- (3) An Institute for Lads.

Of each of these I propose to speak in turn, though in the present chapter I shall confine myself to the first alone, dealing principally with the committee of which I became a member on its foundation more than thirty years ago.

At first the prospect was by no means encouraging, for we were plunged into a veritable Augean mass of confusion, consisting of extreme poverty, overlapping relief, and warring sects, the problem before us being how to bring these discordant elements a little more into line. Nor was our reception cordial. This was scarcely surprising, for it is natural enough that people who have been long working in a district should resent the arrival in their neighbourhood of another institution bearing a panacea for all evils. It is on an occasion of this kind

that the real philanthropist meets with his hardest trial and his severest test as to whether he cares more for his cause and the benefit of those for whom he works than for his own name, credit and influence; for, alas that it should be so, the love of fame, "that last infirmity of noble minds," is visible perhaps more in workers among the poor than in those in any other capacity. Still, despite many discouragements, we made slow but decided progress, mainly owing to the tact and perseverance of our first three honorary secretaries, the Honble. W. Warren-Vernon, Mr. Lightly Simpson and Colonel Fremantle, afterwards Sir Arthur Lyon Fremantle, K.C.B. "I have worked hard," said the last named to me one day, "as Adjutant of the Guards, but this work is harder and far more interesting." Our central position enabled us to secure the services of many barristers on their way from chambers, and, later on, of several most competent ladies, whose assistance was invaluable, while we were supported by the majority of the local clergy.

On all committees there are, I suppose, fluctuating persons who are a trial to the secretaries, and we were no exception to this rule. I do not allude to those who for a time did excellent work, being afterwards called away to home, professional or Parliamentary duties; but to those who with the loudest professions did little or nothing. To us came the individual who wished only to see his or her name on the committee list and rarely attended the meetings; the elderly spinster in search of society who desired, if we had not resisted it, to turn our business reunions into a tea party; the men and women who were angry because the cases to which they had taken a fancy were not instantly relieved; the theorists with preconceived and unalterable notions as to the treatment of the poor; and, worse than all, the gusher, undertaking everything, and, on the excuse of

social duties, neglecting everything. These people were, indeed, a thorn in the flesh to the regular workers and had little idea what confusion they caused. Would that voluntary workers could remember that, though they can relinquish their occupation whenever it suits them, they are morally bound to carry it out effectually while they retain it. A lady once said to me: "I shall not come here again if you will not help this case".

"I am sorry," I answered, "that it is impossible for us to take it up."

"Well I shall help it privately myself."

"Certainly," was my reply, "there are cases that may be assisted by individuals which a committee cannot deal with on account of creating a precedent."

"Very well, good-bye," cried she, losing her temper. "I *must* help it to get my name up in the philanthropic world."

This sentiment somewhat surprised me, but I am bound to admit that she has had her reward, for now, as a friend of the poor, she basks in fashion's brightest blaze.

Yet though we did progress, as our work was necessarily critical, we failed to rouse any kind of enthusiasm, and certainly never became popular in the district.

To my own knowledge in St. Giles's, three accusations are usually levelled against the much-abused Charity Organisation Society. (1) That, being rich, it spends too much of its money on organisation and too little on relief. (2) That it is hard in its judgments. (3) That it is very slow in its methods of procedure.

Now as regards the first accusation, there seems to be an erroneous opinion abroad that the Society has splendid offices and a large staff. That it is rich in proportion to its needs is simply not the fact, as any one can see who will take the trouble to turn to the balance sheets of the various



committees. It must also be remembered that the amount of money disbursed, as shown in the Relief Account, represents but a portion of the work done. There are numbers of inquiries to be made for and from other committees, cases to be referred to other committees and reports to be sent out. It is, of course, necessary to have an experienced agent to make inquiries, but I have no hesitation in saying that as co-operation with local charities increases many more cases can be dealt with without any material addition to staff or working expenses.

It must never be forgotten that the primary object of the Charity Organisation Society is not necessarily the giving of money, for if all the money spent on charity in London were strictly applied, there would, I believe, be sufficient to meet most of the cases of genuine distress; thus the typical committee should be a sort of clearing house for cases of distress and a centre of reference for all the religious bodies and societies in the district.

Again, it is said that the Society is hard. To counteract this accusation it can only invite those who differ from it to come and inspect its work. Speaking of my own committee I can say that several times within the last few years those who originally came to find fault remained with us, and, in more than one instance, became our best colleagues. They discovered how easy it is to criticise, but how difficult it is to carry out any work connected with the poor with the "strength, wisdom and moderation" which can alone ensure its success.

Once more, the Society is accused of being slow in its procedure. This is to a certain extent inevitable if the best way of helping a case permanently has to be considered. It is often difficult to find at home people of whom inquiries have to be made, while others are sometimes remiss in answering letters. It is, however, not

the case that the applicants are meanwhile left to starve, for in cases of emergency, the honorary secretaries, or, in their absence, the agent, are empowered to give temporary relief while the inquiry is proceeding.

Of course the method of procedure varies in the different committees. From time to time I have visited most of those within the metropolitan area. In one of them I was astonished to find that the applicants were interviewed by the committee, and what was to my mind an unseemly wrangle occasionally took place. Another, mainly composed of old military men, resembled a regimental court-martial, while one other, at least, might be fairly accused of being niggard of its relief.

The case of an old man came up and was dismissed, as one of his sons had not been sufficiently provident. A lady friend of mine, who was present as a visitor, could not contain herself, and exclaimed indignantly: "You are unjust. I have five brothers who never gave our father any anxiety, but to say that they were miracles of providence would be untrue."

It is faddists such as these that have brought the Society into evil repute with the public, while other faddists full of theories, and with little or no practical experience of the poor, have forced the council into most injudicious interference with other societies simply because they were not managed in exact accordance with C.O.S. ideas. This red-tapeism has driven not a few individuals and societies into open hostility, for by confounding the principles of unity and uniformity it is impervious to the moral of the poet's words:—

I this infer,—

That many things, having full reference  
To one consent, may work contrariously;  
As many arrows, loosed several ways,  
Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one town,  
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea,

As many lines close in the dial's centre ;  
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,  
End in one purpose, and be all well borne  
Without defeat.

In consequence of such action on the part of the central body our committee was, I am free to confess, somewhat rebellious, and rightly thinking that it understood the needs of its own district best, sometimes refused to be bound by the decrees of the council. But to show the sort of case with which we had to deal let me give a few specimens of those I have come across during the time I was a member of the committee.

One of my earliest experiences was the following : In New Compton Street lived a most respectable and hard-working old couple whom we will call Brown. They were, however, entirely possessed by the idea that they had been unjustly ousted from their property by the family of a well-known metropolitan banker. The property had in truth belonged to their ancestors, and Brown argued, with great emphasis and raising his voice to a higher pitch at each narration, that what had been granted to his progenitors and their heirs must in any case remain theirs for ever. Utterly in vain I endeavoured to show him that the property had been sold by a former spendthrift possessor who had squandered the purchase money in gambling. Nothing would satisfy the old man, who, to my horror, began to adopt aggressive measures. He went to the bank and there openly denounced the present holder of the estate as a thief ! Consequently he was ejected from the establishment. Not knowing what he might do next, I, too, visited the banker, who, after he had heard and verified the story, from most generous motives of pity, gave the old couple an ample pension for the remainder of their lives. This I used to take to them from time to time, but, though they consented to receive it, I could never persuade them

that it was not hush money, given in order to prevent them taking legal measures to recover the property.

Here is another instance of illusion. An old woman applied at the office asking us to give her five shillings to buy beads for her work or to help her to recover some estates in the south of England worth about £15,000 a year. Her views of dates and of English history generally were decidedly vague and inaccurate, for she informed me that King Richard III., after his *victory* at Bosworth, had knighted her *grandfather* on the field. She proceeded to add that her family was a very long-lived one, nor did she the least grasp the point of my reply that that must be so indeed if her grandfather took part in the battle of Bosworth. On inquiry we found that she was perfectly respectable, hard-working and distantly connected, through her mother's family, with the owner of the estates in question. As some near relations of the latter were personal friends of my own, I told them the story, and a weekly allowance was provided for the poor old woman, which, of course, she also called hush-money.

Then there was an excellent old man, the illegitimate scion of a well-known family. He was supported by his relations, as he was long past work, with a pension administered by us. He was convinced that he could make his fortune by a rhyming English Dictionary, and by a submarine explosive which he wished to patent. Whenever he came to the office for his money he implored us to help him to publish the dictionary—quite the worst kind of doggerel; and on one occasion he invited the whole committee to repair to the Serpentine to see experiments with his explosive.

"Certainly not, my dear sir," was the reply of one of our wits, "we should not only be taken up but blown up".

Let me here cite two curious cases of imposture.

A. B., a governess who had held some excellent situations in which she had been most kindly treated, adopted the following ingenious device for obtaining money. She used, as she was well educated and had good testimonials, to obtain a situation. After remaining in it for about a month she left saying the place did not agree with her, sometimes it was too cold, and sometimes too damp. She then returned to her lodgings in Bloomsbury, and, after an interval, wrote to one of her former employers stating that she was starving and threatening to commit suicide if she were not relieved. The tender feelings of the good ladies being thus worked upon, she, from time to time, obtained considerable sums of money, and lived very comfortably, till at last she was referred to us and her game was shown up.

My masculine modesty led me to believe that I should be unequal to the task of confronting so accomplished a female schemer, I therefore relegated the case to one of the most capable of our ladies, though I consented to be present at the first interview. The governess arrived and poured forth her starvation story. "But," said my friend, "you are beautifully dressed, and apparently in no want at all."

"Oh, all my clothes are very old," pleaded A. B.

"Pardon me," was the prompt reply, "your mantilla is in the very latest fashion". When the applicant had gone the lady turned to me with a smile and said: "You were right, you would not have been equal to that". Although we did our utmost to persuade the victims of this imposture to prosecute we failed, owing to their dread of the publicity of the police courts, and this swindler escaped with no other penalty but that of the failure of her plans.

C. D., an Italian, having applied for assistance, was referred to us for inquiry. He told us that he was a

teacher of languages and had held a good social position among Roman Catholics, but that, in consequence of his having become a Protestant, he had been despised by all his former friends, lost all his pupils and was in distress. He referred us to a Church of England clergyman, who believed his story and had helped him. He declined to give the names of previous friends or addresses of relations, who, he asserted, were well off. He wanted money to go to Italy to sell some property. During the inquiry we had reason, from information received from the priests, to doubt his piety, and before the case was completed, C. D. was arrested on a charge of blackmailing and libelling a lady who had been kind to him. He was sentenced at the Old Bailey to two years' hard labour.

But the greatest pests of our district, were, I am inclined to think, the begging letter-writers. These people, almost invariably undeserving, pay a small weekly sum to a shop-keeper or publican to receive their letters. They then obtain the loan of a peerage or directory, and inundate the public with shoals of begging letters, often changing their tone to suit the supposed taste of the persons to whom they apply. Unfortunately some kind people, touched by such appeals, send help without inquiry, and thereby encourage systematic fraud. As it was obviously impossible to run these impostors to ground, our usual course was to invite the writer to call at our office. If the case was at all a genuine one the man or woman came to visit us, usually, however, our letter received no response of any kind.

On the other hand, those who work regularly among the poor, and have learnt how difficult it is to do real and permanent good without at the same time doing mischief to the recipient of charity, can always recommend deserving cases. Of some of these I must here speak.

Some years ago an old man, a widower, who bore an exemplary character, applied to be sent out to his only son who was doing well in New Zealand. The son sent most of the passage money, the remainder being raised without much difficulty. As I had known the applicant for some years, the night before he sailed I attended a prayer-meeting in his room to wish him God-speed. To my astonishment, four days afterwards he re-appeared in our office. He had been wrecked on the coast of France, near Boulogne, and had lost all his possessions. He was, nevertheless, nothing daunted by this mishap, and attributed his safety to the prayers that had been offered on his behalf. The shipping company housed and fed him till the departure of their next vessel, then he sailed again, and we subsequently heard from him at the Antipodes that he had joined his son and was well and happy.

E. F., a tailor, with ten children, had, owing to slackness, got into debt, and was unable to pay insurance premium, club arrears, or obtain nourishment for his wife who was ill. He bore a very good character, was a good workman and had prospect of work. The case was recommended to a local charity, which supplied nourishment; the man's club and insurance premiums were paid for him. He obtained work, and the family appeared to be in a fair way of getting out of their difficulties. Unfortunately, at this juncture, owing principally to the worries he had endured, the man's health gave way, and the case was practically re-opened. We obtained admission for him to a hospital, and on his recovery a lady sent him to a convalescent home. During his absence the family depended on the club allowance and the earnings of one of the children, the rent being paid by a member of the committee. Ultimately the man returned home fit for work and the family have done well ever since.

Here is a case that shows the benefit of co-operation. G. H. was attending a hospital, and was certified to be suffering from dyspepsia owing to the loss of her teeth. Her husband, a street orderly on small earnings, was just able to support his family. He belonged to two clubs and had an excellent character, but could not get the artificial teeth which the doctors considered necessary for his wife. We sent the woman to the Dental Hospital where she was promised a full set of teeth if £4 were paid towards the cost. This we undertook to supply, and we secured the necessary funds from three of the London charities. The woman got quite well and was very grateful for the help given.

I have even known an element of personal danger in charity-organisation work. Several times in old days we were compelled to summon the police to remove from the office applicants who used threatening language. On one occasion, also, accompanied by one of our ladies, I went to visit a woman whose case had puzzled our agent. She received us civilly enough, but on our refusal to give her the assistance she demanded she changed her tone and launched forth into the most vituperative language, driving us from the room with execration. Nor, indeed, was she content with this, for, bonnetless, she pursued us down the street, flourishing a large stick and screaming at the top of her voice that she would do for us. Naturally enough a crowd began to collect, and no guardian of the law being in sight we were reduced to the undignified resource of running. My companion was able to take refuge in the house of a friend, while I, hailing a cab, drove to another part of the town and so lost all traces of the enemy. Shortly afterwards the poor creature having been proved to be hopelessly insane was removed to an asylum. I could quote cases good, bad and indifferent almost *ad infinitum*. I could tell of



pain and trouble heroically borne; of pattern homes; of devotion of children to their parents; of true Christian sympathy and self-denial among the poorest for the benefit of their suffering neighbours, but I refrain for the sake of my readers, if, indeed, any one has had the patience to follow me thus far. I cannot, however, resist recounting two of the most amusing of my C.O.S. experiences.

Late one evening a man came into our office and asked us to give him money to redeem his tools from pawn as he had work to go to at a neighbouring shop very early the next morning. As he could show no evidence of the truth of his statement and it was too late to visit the shop his application was refused. On making inquiries the following morning we learnt that he had recently been dismissed from his place for keeping bad time and lazy habits. He naturally never reappeared at the office, but within a week I met him again in the following circumstances. One morning I had occasion to visit a mission hall adjoining the district. As it was blowing a gale and pouring with rain I sallied forth in a very old mackintosh, an equally old stalking-cap on my head and a stick in my hand, looking, doubtless, very disreputable. Finding on my arrival at the hall that the sister I had come to see was temporarily engaged, I sat down among the poor who were waiting there. Almost immediately our recent applicant came in, and, after looking at me for a minute or two, addressed me thus: "I know your face, I have seen you somewhere before". "Very possibly," I answered, "I live near here." "I suppose you are out of work like me and have come here for what you can get," rejoined he. I nodded, and thereupon he added, "You'll get — little, for people round here have got so — cute." I was much afraid that my speech would betray me or that he would see my watch chain, for I had

opened my macintosh, consequently I was immensely relieved by the entrance of the sister. My friend's face fell when he witnessed the warmth of her greeting and heard her apology for keeping me waiting. I accompanied her to her private room where I told her the story of the man outside. She laughed much and promised him a hot reception, at which she begged me to be present. I, however, thought it better to retire by a private door.

The second anecdote is as follows :—

We received a letter from a lady asking us to inquire and report to her concerning some one who had written her a begging letter. The usual invitation was accordingly sent asking the applicant to call at our office. The next morning a very handsome lady, beautifully dressed, arrived, accompanied by a splendid deer-hound. She explained that she had simply asked the lady who had written to us to take tickets for a charity concert. Instead of being indignant, as she might well have been, she was enormously amused at having been made a C.O.S. case, and we parted with much laughter.

Such is a very brief account of the incidents of our every-day office work, but other work grew out of it, to which I must for a few moments refer. During the winter of 1880-81 many for various reasons had been thrown out of employment. Noisy meetings were held in Trafalgar Square, the habitual loafers being, as usual, the loudest with their complaints. On one occasion violence was exhibited, for a mob parading the West End wrecked several shops. Yet even then the sense of humour observable in English crowds was not wanting. A respectable printer friend of mine, who was watching the scene, informed me that he saw a man take a chicken from a poulterer's shop and put it in his pocket. Another man close by, evidently the looter's pal, watching his opportunity, a very few minutes afterwards, undiscovered,

transferred the prey to his own greatcoat. Unhappily, the public became alarmed, and the Lord Mayor opened a fund at the Mansion House for the relief of the unemployed. Subscriptions flowed in till a very large sum of money was accumulated. The greatest part of this it was proposed to hand over to the C.O.S. committees for distribution under some rather lax rules prescribed by the Mansion House authorities. Many of my committee were strongly averse from this proposal, but, being defeated on a narrow division, our loyalty to the society and our colleagues compelled us to accept it. We organised as good a committee as possible, including many temporary workers, and opened two offices labouring from morning till night. Of course, we were besieged by all the cadgers in the neighbourhood, and also by people from the country who pretended that they had been in London for years. The task was an impossible one, for there was no time to make full inquiries, and the applicants, having only to prove that they were unemployed within the Mansion House rules, we were powerless to refuse them. "Who are you that you should prevent us having the money the Lord Mayor has got for us?" was the usual refrain. We tried every conceivable plan; grants of stock of all sorts, small weekly allowances, and orders for food on a coffee-house hard by. Some of these orders were found torn up in the streets, while attempts were made to sell others for drink. This we stopped by always sending some one to the coffee-house with the applicant, who often asserted that he had been starving for a fabulous time, and this policy certainly had the effect of choking off our most arrant humbugs. Though we took care to have a policeman in the room, rather violent scenes were not uncommon, and twice, being completely taken in, we were compelled to prosecute men for obtaining public funds under false pretences. At last, to our relief, the

grant came to an end, but even then we had some difficulty in persuading the mob collected round our door that we had no more to give. Thus a considerable sum of money was scattered abroad with very little permanent result for good. Undoubtedly a few deserving cases were helped, of which the best that came to my knowledge was the following. Some two years afterwards, as I was walking along Drury Lane, I passed a man who, looking hard at me, accosted me thus: "Sir, are you not the gentleman who distributed the Mansion House Fund in this district?" "Yes." "Well, sir, the stock you gave me then entirely set me up and I have done very well ever since. I live at Hornsey now. Will you come and see me?"

I went and found him in a very pretty little villa with a capable wife and boys who were doing well at school. The visit was indeed an encouragement to me amid the many failures of my philanthropic life. It is a good adage that tells us "It is useless to cry over spilt milk," yet it may be well in the future to avoid the accident by which the milk was spilt. I therefore recall this "Mansion House Fund" in the hope that a generous public may never again fall into a similar error.

Shortly afterwards another happier experience befell me. One summer a large number of so-called unemployed took to sleeping in Trafalgar Square. Their numbers were augmented by the foolish kindness of some old gentlemen who went about distributing small sums of money to "those poor things without a home". The late Mr. Kitto, then at St. Martin's in the Fields, distressed at this scandal in his parish, formed a committee to deal with the evil and pressed me into the service. By the courtesy of the St. Giles's authorities, we were lent a room in their district, whither we invited these night-birds. Though many of them refused to have anything

to do with us, thither came the usual crowd of vultures who flock together whenever there is a remote chance of getting money. There was the man who never meant to do a stroke of work if he could avoid it, the impecunious foreigner, the almost imbecile drunkard, the frequenter of casual wards and the professional beggar, with a small number of genuine artisans out of work. Any one of these people whom we considered to be helpable in the least degree we drafted into a lodging close by for further inquiries. Most of the cases have now passed from my memory, but three I remember well. The first of these was that of a man of good education who had been a clerk, but had lost several situations owing to keeping bad time. We decided to give him another chance, and procured him a place in a well-known city firm. Alas, however, his laziness was incorrigible, and he was soon dismissed. When remonstrated with for coming late, he calmly said, although he was perfectly well, that the state of his health did not permit him to rise before 10 A.M. Next there was a bright, intelligent boy of about fifteen, who averred that he was an orphan and destitute. His manners, intonation and the texture of his clothes causing us to doubt this statement, we prevailed on him to confess that he was the son of good suburban parents and had run away from home for fear of his schoolmaster. By our influence he was ultimately restored to his family. Once more there was a man who interested me much. He had certainly played the fool, like most of us, in his youth, but now seemed anxious to turn over a new leaf. We obtained work for him as a super at a well-known place of entertainment where, shortly after, I went behind the scenes to see him. The piece was *A Roman Triumph*, and I found my friend glittering in tinsel armour, with a regal helmet upon his head. "I have gone up in the world since we last met,

sir," quoth he, "now I am the Emperor Titus". For years I kept His Imperial Majesty in view, and he has done very well indeed. Although the work of Mr. Kitto's committee was far more satisfactory than that of the Mansion House Fund, still the proportion of applicants permanently helped was small, so difficult is it to reinstate those who have once fallen behind in the race of life.

In connection with our committee let me also draw attention to the excellent work done in St. Giles's and other districts by the "Children's Country Holiday Fund". For the moderate fee of 10s., one of these little ones chosen from the schools, irrespective of creed, can have a fortnight's holiday in a country cottage, and any one who has seen and talked with a child on his or her return to London can appreciate the delight afforded and the real good done. The best parents are willing enough to contribute towards the expense of this outing, though some endeavour to shirk giving anything at all. They have been thoroughly pauperised by some religious bodies and philanthropists in the neighbourhood who, only wishing to score off their own bats, give free holidays and, if possible, free everything else indiscriminately. Consequently, as these people not infrequently refuse to exchange lists with others, I have known one child have more than one holiday and another left out altogether. If parents profess themselves unable to pay the small quota asked by the Children's Country Holiday Fund, the matter is referred to the C.O.S. to report on the circumstances of the family, and in the case of extreme poverty the child gets the holiday for very little, indeed practically nothing. Even then it is extremely difficult to gauge the amount of the wage earned. One case in which the family declared they were too poor to pay anything was reported on unfavourably, as there was

abundant evidence of lying and concealment. We were certainly right, for soon afterwards the whole party went to Margate for three weeks. In another case which we considered genuine, after the boy had had his fortnight's holiday for the payment of about 2s 6d., the mother bargained for him privately to stay on another week for the full sum of 10s. produced by her.

Two years ago, owing to the decrease of the population in the district, we disestablished our C.O.S. committee and amalgamated it with a neighbouring committee. Since then my active co-operation with the society has ceased, though I shall have a life-long recollection of the kindness and cordiality of my colleagues and of the lessons the work has taught me.

## CHAPTER II.

### POOR LAW AND BOARD OF GUARDIANS.

One of the chief characteristics of the English poor law system is that through the strict and uniform definition of the sphere of public relief the province of private charity is distinctly marked.—*ASCHROTT.*

INTO the vexed questions that surround the poor law system I have no intention of entering here. I shall only record my own experiences, adding thereto a few general observations.

I stood for election as a Guardian at the request of my C.O.S. colleagues, and of some of the clergy, for the purpose of endeavouring to bring about a more thorough co-operation between our local committee and the Poor Law authorities. I was surprised to receive a letter from a local society asking whether, if they advocated my candidature, I would support certain measures shortly to come before Parliament. I answered that I conceived the office of Guardian was to administer the law and not to make it, and that I could not see what politics had to do with the question. When, to my great astonishment, I was elected, I was much gratified by the cordiality of the reception given me by my new colleagues, for the contest had been carried out mainly on political lines while I had come forward as an independent candidate. This kindness continued all the time I held office, and when at the next election, for various reasons, I declined to stand, I was so pressed to allow myself to be co-opted



that I had to yield and accept the greatest compliment my dear old district ever paid me.

Of course the members of a Board of Guardians can work as hard or as little as they like, and so Guardians may be divided into three classes. (1) Those who attend the committees regularly and really do the work. (2) Those who attend occasionally. (3) Those who come but rarely and then only to the meetings of the Board. It seems a pity that these last-named gentlemen, whose time is fully taken up with other business, should accept the office of Guardian, as they are a considerable trial to the real workers. Never attending a committee and knowing nothing of what has passed therein, they often, in somewhat lengthy orations, bring forward the same arguments that have been thoroughly threshed out in committee, and thereby waste a considerable amount of time, while the same ground is covered twice. I have always regretted that there were in my time no ladies on the St. Giles's Board, as I have profited so much from their invaluable services elsewhere.

The work of a Guardian involves three duties :—

- (1) The management of the House.
- (2) The distribution of outdoor relief.
- (3) The visitation of the parochial schools.

(1) During my six years' Guardianship we had every reason to be pleased with the management of the Workhouse under the firm but temperate rule of its master and matron, while the sick were tended by a competent staff of doctors and nurses. Happily we had very few able-bodied men, as these were usually relegated to the stone-yard at Kensington. An inquiry into the antecedents of the inmates showed that only about one-third of them had ever had anything like a decent home, and that the rest had brought themselves into their present position by idle and dissolute conduct. The policy of

separating the respectable from the disreputable has been carried out as far as possible, but it is very difficult to do this effectually in a workhouse in the centre of London where every available inch of space is required, nevertheless a very pleasant room has been set apart for the respectable old women, while the largest apartment on the men's side has been divided by a partition in order to separate the elders from the rowdy element.

Nothing will satisfy the arrant grumbler, of which the following is an instance. A friend of mine, the house physician of one of the large London hospitals, asked me to take him over the Infirmary. During our progress through the wards one of these objectors-general set upon me and, putting a truss into my hands, said: "You Guardians ought to be ashamed of yourselves for giving me such a thing as this". I silently handed the truss to my companion, who, after examining it, remarked: "It is as good an instrument of the kind as can be made". When I told my complainant who my friend was, he slunk away abashed, nor did he ever bother me again. This man who had spent most of his life in different workhouses, had an ingenious dodge for obtaining money when he was allowed out. He used to sit upon the doorstep of some West End house and by coughing spasmodically attract the attention of the passers-by. When they inquired what was the matter, he replied that, being ill and poor, he should be obliged to degrade himself by going into the Workhouse if he were not relieved. By this method he was often successful in obtaining alms.

*Apropos* of this anecdote the question of allowing the paupers out bristles with difficulties. First there are those who deliberately set to work to get drunk directly they pass the portals. Once, when I happened to be Chairman of the House Committee, an Irishwoman asked leave to go to Mass on the following Sunday. "Certainly

not," said I. "The last time you went out on Sunday morning you did not return till eleven o'clock on Monday night and then you were the worse for drink." "Then you will not let me see the priest?" "You can see him," I replied, "on his regular visiting days here and talk to him as much as you like." "But you won't let me out to church?" "No." "Then may the devil take you for preventing me going to the House of God," exclaimed she, as a parting shot, when she was removed from the room.

Next there are those whose age and infirmities make it dangerous for them to go out. Two octogenarians who could scarcely crawl into the committee-room, used to ask leave to go out together as they were old pals. They grumbled much because, fearing that they would be run over, we always insisted upon their being accompanied by two younger men. They said they did not want "the boys"—men of about forty or fifty.

Once again, great care has to be taken on the return of the paupers that they do not introduce spirits or other forbidden goods into the house. In the Workhouse there is an excellent library, and every effort has been made to employ the inmates, while most of the house-work is done by them. Sewing is procured for the women, and the men have a sort of carpenter's shop in which they make bundles of firewood, boxes, etc. Some of the old men, indeed, do but little; at any rate, however, even this occupation prevents the time hanging heavily on their hands. Alas! with one class it has been found almost impossible to do anything in this respect. This is the Irish, and especially the women. Having been accustomed all their lives to loafing and gossiping, they prefer doing nothing and spend their days with arms folded in listless apathy.

Until within recent years there were complaints of the

manner in which the funerals were conducted. This has been now remedied by the energy of one of the Guardians who himself attended at the cemetery. On the death of a member of the Church of England the first part of the service is invariably performed at the adjoining Christ Church.

One poor law regulation has always rather surprised me. Before a person can be removed from the insane ward to an asylum, a certificate signed by two Guardians, besides that of the doctors, is required, stating that they believe the person in question to be demented. In some cases indeed the decision is easy enough, but where the unfortunate individual is on the borderland of sanity and insanity, it is impossible for one not possessed of a medical training to judge with any accuracy.

On one occasion one of my colleagues and myself hesitated considerably as to signing a certificate, as the poor old woman, the subject of it, appeared to us to be fairly rational. Happily for ourselves we ultimately yielded to the representations of the doctors, for, a few days after her removal to an asylum, she went raving mad and inflicted serious injury on one of the attendants.

This part of my Guardian duties I cordially detested, as I knew myself to be perfectly unqualified to perform it.

(2) I am by no means one of those who think that outdoor relief should be abolished, for in many cases I deem it to be both necessary and desirable. But until within recent years in St Giles's its distribution had been far too lavish, and by this system of doles, without doubt, many of the people were considerably pauperised. Even in my own day I have known all, or almost all, the inhabitants of one house in receipt of it. Nor was this wonderful. An old woman, we will say, obtained an allowance of two shillings and sixpence a week from the

Relief Committee. She told her immediate female neighbours of this windfall, who, naturally enough, thought they should like it too, especially as it was so easy to be obtained. All that had to be done was, after answering a few questions to the relieving officer, to repair to the Workhouse on a Thursday morning. Here, by a good fire in winter time, the old woman could gossip with her friends while waiting for her turn. Ultimately when she appeared before the committee, especially if she was towards the end of the list, she had not much difficulty in persuading the Guardians to grant her request as they were often anxious to get rid of the matter and be off to their own business. Thus sometimes the ratepayers' money was squandered on unworthy objects.

Happily all this has now been changed and a scheme drawn up by which fewer are relieved, and those who are so relieved have their wants more adequately dealt with.

The tales of the applicants were piteous enough, but there were sometimes amusing incidents to relieve the monotony of the proceedings. Often my C.O.S. applicants reappeared before the Relief Committee telling a different story to the one they had given me at the office. When I drew their attention to the discrepancy between the two narratives they, almost invariably, answered unblushingly: "Oh we did not know you as the same gentleman!". I remember once that just as an old man, who had obtained outdoor relief, was leaving the room, the Chairman of the Committee said to him: "Is it necessary for you to stand in front of my shop and to use disgusting language to your wife on the other side of the road?" He replied with a smile: "Well, Mr. B., I must use strong language to the old woman, she is so very 'ard of hearing".

(3) The only children in St. Giles's Workhouse are

those detained there temporarily by sickness, delicacy or for other reasons, and for these a competent instructress is engaged. Sometimes also boys who have been before the magistrates are remanded here while inquiries are being made about them. One day as one of my colleagues and I entered the yard we found an intelligent lad there. "What are you doing here?" asked my friend. "Remand, sir. I nicked a horse and cart but I was copt before I got to the end of the street," was the answer. The parish children are sent to the Strand Schools at Edmonton or to an excellent Roman Catholic School. The official visit which was paid periodically by the St. Giles's Guardians to Edmonton is, to use the words of one of the ablest of my late colleagues, "a survival of the Bumbledom of Dickens". Two or three of the Guardians left St. Giles's in the morning in a carriage and pair and drove to Edmonton. Then after a somewhat cursory examination of the schools, the afternoon was principally occupied by a dinner of many courses paid for by the Strand, and followed by long speeches in which the Guardians of each Union tried to out-do those of the other in mutual admiration. In my early Guardian days I, unknowingly, had the misfortune of attending one of these orgies on a lovely summer afternoon, and I inwardly determined that nothing should induce me to go to another. As several of my colleagues agreed with me, we subsequently visited the schools on non-official days, when we really saw the system working. Besides this, as we went by omnibus and railway, we saved a little of the ratepayers' money.

Of the management of the schools themselves I can speak with the highest satisfaction. The children are well treated in every way, and, as far as I could judge, well instructed. Still I have considerable misgivings as to whether this barrack system is the best that can be

adopted, and I appreciate the grumble of the provident working man when he complains that his children cannot obtain the same advantages of education and recreation that are enjoyed by the offspring of paupers. But these are some of "the vexed questions" above alluded to, which I leave to those who are better versed in poor law administration than I am.

It must be confessed that the St. Giles's Guardians have not always been very happy in their selection of names for deserted infants. One boy found in Lincoln's Inn Fields was christened Lincoln St. Giles's, while another, discovered on the steps of the Baths and Wash-houses by a man named Norman, received the appellation of Norman Baths.

What's in a name? that which we call a rose,  
By any other name would smell as sweet,

writes the poet, nevertheless it seems hard that these unfortunate lads should have to go through life under such designations.

The Casual Ward is also under the direction of the Guardians. I admit that at first I was inclined to think that the sleeping accommodation was too rough, and that it was cruel to confine men in prison-like cells to do their tasks. A further acquaintance with vagrants, however, soon convinced me that I was wrong in these respects. The habitual frequenter of casual wards certainly belongs to the lowest class of the community, though he has the advantage of usually being clean, for he has to take a bath each time he enters a ward.

An unreflecting public, moved by generous pity, which thinks that the well-known line:—

All hope abandon ye who enter here,  
should be inscribed over the portal of every poor-house, is apt to endeavour to make the lives of the inmates of such institutions too luxurious. It en-

tirely forgets the injustice it is doing to those who in straitened circumstances are trying to lead independent lives. Each time the rates and taxes are raised this becomes more difficult for them, for the price of everything is thereby increased. Free education is an accomplished fact, and there are some philanthropists who would feed, clothe and give free holidays to the children as well. They would be horrified to hear that by destroying parental responsibility they were sapping the foundations of family life and encouraging the worst kind of socialism by giving the poor everything for nothing, yet such to my thinking is the case.

But I must conclude this part of my subject. After having been a Guardian for some years, though again pressed to be co-opted, I retired, as many other duties rendered it impossible for me to give sufficient time to the work.



## CHAPTER III.

### A BOYS' INSTITUTE.

*Maxima debetur puero reverentia.*—JUVENAL.

A CHARITY Organisation Office, dealing as it does with so many kinds of imposture, has a tendency, imperceptibly perhaps, to make one consider that the applicants are guilty until they are proved to be innocent. In visiting paupers, too, there is a decided tinge of sadness, so impossible is it in most cases to remedy their condition, to restore them to independence, and to enable them to lead self-supporting lives. On the other hand, in working for the young,

Hope springs eternal in the human breast.

A hope, indeed, sometimes belied, but more often, if only sufficient pains be taken, amply justified. It is therefore to this third part of my work in St. Giles's, the management of a Lads' Institute for twenty-eight years, that I turn with the pleasantest recollections.

For some years I had been in the habit of taking a class in a night-school just over the boundaries of St. Giles's parish, where I used to meet the present Archbishop of Canterbury, then reading for ordination in the precincts of the Temple with the late Doctor Vaughan. When the day-school in which our meetings were held was closed in consequence of its not fulfilling the requirements of the then recent Education Act of 1870, some of my pupils asked me whether it would be possible to find

a room in the neighbourhood in which we might still occasionally meet. I mentioned the matter to a friend, one of the St. Giles's mission clergy. He, being anxious to found a boys' club, offered a room, rent free, and his cordial co-operation, provided I would take the chief responsibility. For the purpose of gaining information I visited the few institutes then existing in London, but found only three of these at all useful, and from their rules we drew up ours. I was fortunate indeed in being able to secure enthusiastic helpers both then and within the next two years in the persons of three of my own cousins, my oldest friend, who had been with me at a private school, the same house at Eton and the same college at Oxford, as well as a few other gentlemen who willingly volunteered for the service.

The opening day came at length on the 27th of February, 1875. Our room, an underground apartment, in fact, a St. Giles's cellar, had been plainly though comfortably furnished, so that with a good fire it looked very cosy. We had no inauguration ceremony, and the first night only admitted six boys, three of whom came from the old night-school. As our numbers increased our troubles began. A number of high-spirited boys who have been shut up in workshops all day are certain to give vent to their repressed feelings in larking and mischief, and it was, of course, necessary, without being too strict, to keep such larking within bounds in the interests of our small community.

The only exit from "our cellar" was a steep staircase leading into the passage on the ground floor of the house above. When we closed for the night the last manager had to turn off the gas at the main, which was at the other end of the room, and then make a rush for the door. In so doing he not infrequently sprawled over a table, the bagatelle board and chairs, to the damage of

his shins and sometimes of his ribs. Meanwhile the boys, who had assembled at the top of the staircase, delighted in hurling down an extremely dirty door-mat on the heads of their ascending comrades. I have known the door-mat alight, probably by design, on the manager himself, but we thought it best to pardon this boyish mischief and not inquire too closely concerning its authors.

One night by turning out the gas too early I got myself into a rather awkward scrape. In the summer we had arranged to take the Institute, then numbering about fifteen boys, for a day's outing to Southend. As we were to start very early, I closed the place at nine, instead of ten, the night before. Unfortunately, I forgot that by extinguishing the light I should not only reduce the cellar to darkness but also the room above, in which a missionary meeting was being held. Here, then, was a scene of considerable confusion, some of the women almost in hysterics, many thinking that something serious was amiss with the gas, and the missionary interrupted in the midst of his address. Of course I offered a humble apology, but I am convinced that many of those present thought that I intended to make them the victims of a practical joke. Nor was this indeed the only occasion that these good people suffered eclipse at our hands. Sometimes one of the boys would put out by stealth a gas burner, and, after allowing it to cool, would blow down it. It was not difficult to detect the culprit, probably because, on the principle of "set a thief to catch a thief," this had been a favourite pastime of my own schoolboy days.

As we proceeded punitive measures had to be adopted, in the shape of turning out members for a night, a week, or a fortnight, in consequence of the projection of coals, chess draughtsmen, dominoes and occasionally even

bagatelle balls, across the room. On more than one occasion, too, we were compelled to be more severe still. When the festival of Guy Fawkes approached squibs, crackers, etc., began to go off on all sides. Fearing that, if these sort of pranks were indulged in, not only the cellar but also the house might be burnt down, we issued an edict forbidding them. Nevertheless, on 5th November a brilliant pyrotechnical display took place. In consequence of this the Institute was closed for three or four nights, and the lesson was a salutary one as the fireworks were never repeated.

One of my colleagues had now arranged expeditions on Saturday afternoons to Westminster Abbey, Houses of Parliament, museums, etc. In due course St. Paul's was visited, and two or three members who had ascended into the ball refused to come down and prepared to hold their exalted position against all comers. As considerable annoyance was caused to the other visitors to the Cathedral, these would-be heroes of a modern Thermopylæ, when they were ultimately dislodged, were ejected from the Institutè for a space, *pour encourager les autres*.

In those early days our progress homewards must have astonished our neighbours. Five or six of our members then lived in Soho, and they thus far accompanied the managers westward. The little procession was usually headed by a youth playing a concertina, while the others shouted in chorus or talked at the top of their voices. One of the party, however, whose education had been neglected in his childhood, on graver thoughts intent, was, even on these occasions, "sedulously bent on acquiring learning". He used to ask one of the managers how to spell different words, and the latter frequently wrote them up on the shops with a bit of chalk. It is surprising that the police never interfered with these proceedings, and I wonder what were the feelings of the

good shopkeepers when they took down their shutters in the morning.

Perhaps once some of us were even in greater danger of falling into the clutches of the law as receivers of stolen goods. One of our lads, whose behaviour at the club made us think well of him, on our first anniversary presented my clergyman friend and myself with two very nice pocket-books. We were touched by this compliment, but very shortly afterwards the youth was arrested for robbing his employer, a large stationer in the neighbourhood, and we discovered to our horror that he had made the gifts to us from his nefarious gains. We communicated with the stationer, but as the pocket-books were now decidedly the worse for wear, he declined to take them back and at the same time magnanimously refused the offer we made of paying for them. When the lad in question came out of prison, his parents petitioned us to allow him to rejoin the Institute, but we felt unable to accede to this request, as our club was intended for honest boys.

In two years, owing to the increase of our members, our position in the cellar became untenable, and an entire house had to be taken in another part of St. Giles's parish, as no suitable accommodation could be found in the original district. In 1881 our quarters were again changed into what was left of old Brownlow House, above described. Meanwhile many of the boys had grown up, so, in order to keep in touch with them, a young men's club was opened in the same house, admittance being limited to members of the Institute of two years' standing, above the age of eighteen and of good conduct. Although the Institute was formed primarily for purposes of recreation, it gradually developed an educational side, and there were classes in drawing, arithmetic, dictation, writing, history, geography, short-

hand, English grammar, French and wood-carving. By one of our rules each of the juniors, that is, the boys under eighteen, was obliged to attend at least one of these classes regularly. Our Shakespearian readings were also popular, and we went through a good many of the poet's plays. These meetings were enlivened by an occasional visit to a theatre to see the play performed that we had previously got up. On Sunday evening there was a Bible class, the attendance at which was entirely voluntary.

Some three years after we opened, at the suggestion of one of our lads we founded a sick club. This developed into a permanent Benefit Society, duly registered, which still is and promises to be a flourishing concern, and which has already helped many of our members considerably during illness.

From our earliest days we had a Penny Bank through which a large sum of money passed. Formerly most of the money used to be taken out before the holidays to be squandered in pleasures. Latterly, however, it was rarely drawn upon, except before a marriage, to buy clothes, or for other useful projects.

In summer, on the bank-holidays, and at other times, excursions were arranged, and by this means most of our members became familiar with the beauties of the metropolitan counties, the Isle of Wight and other places on the south coast. The senior excursions were still more ambitious, for Normandy, Brittany, Paris, Belgium, Germany, Holland, the Channel Islands, Norway, Italy and Switzerland have been reached. In the last-named country some of our parties developed no inconsiderable climbing powers, and managed to ascend the easier mountains and passes, the highest altitude reached being, if I remember rightly, the Cima di Jazzi, 12,527 feet.

For many years we celebrated the anniversary of our foundation by a dramatic entertainment. These enter-

tainments, which began on a very small scale, ultimately culminated in plays acted in St. George's Hall. After our twenty-first anniversary it was deemed advisable to discontinue these performances, for, besides the great expense entailed by them for one night's pleasure, the rehearsals seriously interfered with the ordinary work of the Institute for many weeks previously. Moreover, as the tickets were distributed somewhat broadcast, the exhibition became too public and was by no means confined to the families and intimate friends of the members, for whom it was originally intended. Since then our anniversaries were celebrated by annual athletic sports at which we always had a large gathering.

The twenty-first anniversary will indeed not easily be forgotten, for on that occasion the senior members gave a dinner to the managers. The arrangements were excellent, and there was a large muster, for not only were all the then present members there but many of the old members were collected from different parts of the town and country. The Chairman, one of the best of our members, an old cellarer and door-mat hero, in an admirable speech, full of feeling as well as humour, proposed the toast of the Institute Founders and presented me with an album containing the portraits of "our boys," an offering which always lies on my table and which I inestimably prize.

It is, however, perhaps to the athletic portion of our work that I turn with the greatest satisfaction, for hitherto I have never known an athlete who was a thoroughly bad boy. Of course athletics may be overdone as may be every other good thing.

But in the case of working lads shut up all day in shops and offices it is almost impossible to err in this respect. For them some sort of exercise is a necessity both to keep them in health and also to enable them to hold

in subjection those passions which are too often fostered by sedentary employment. In the Institute, therefore, we had a well-patronised gymnasium, in summer there was a swimming class at the Whitfield Street baths, while our cricket and football clubs were extremely popular.

The success of the Institute was attributed by the managers to three causes. First, to the continuity of membership, for there were a fair number of members of twenty-one years standing, while two original members were regular attendants. With others who joined us within the first two years we are still constantly in touch. Foremost among the original members, now almost a middle aged man, stood one who was the first boy I ever taught in London, in the old night-school thirty-five years ago. To his untiring energy and activity the club was very greatly indebted. He has long been married but for years he took charge of the boys' room regularly once a week. We had also among our juniors two sons of another original member who proved worthy chips of the old block. Those members who joined the club nearly always later brought their younger brothers to it, so it was no unusual thing for there to be three members of a family on the Institute books, we even had four or five, while cousins and nephews abounded.

The second cause of success was the work done for the club by the members themselves, which in many instances was very considerable. By them the senior room, the football and cricket clubs were practically governed. They had the lion's share in the gymnasium managements and conducted most of the business of the Benefit Society. By them also the details of the annual athletic sports were most efficiently carried out, while at the same time two of our classes were taught by old pupils in the establishment, who willingly and gratuitously devoted their scanty leisure to this purpose.



The third, possibly the principal element of success, lay in the fact that we endeavoured to keep our junior department small and limited our numbers to forty. Consequently we were enabled to know each individual member well and to help him in every way to the utmost of our power, nor were these efforts in vain though, of course, we had many disappointments.

Perhaps of all our members our soldier boys have done the best. One of them has obtained his commission in a well-known regiment in which another is quarter-master-sergeant. The last named was one of the heroes of the Ladysmith siege, and we received a card from him posted the day the place was relieved to assure us of his safety. A short time ago I happened to meet the late adjutant of this regiment in a country house, who, after long singing the praises of these two, said, "I wish you would send us a regiment of such soldiers".

Besides these we had five other old boys in the South African campaign, and were extremely thankful that all having been under fire escaped the bullets of the enemy, though one of them, alas! the brightest and most unselfish of beings, succumbed to the terrible scourge of enteric. Two more represented us in India, the first distinguishing himself in the Chitral campaign, while the second, to whose memory a tribute of respect is due, fell a victim to dysentery.

Others, too, have acquitted themselves well in more peaceful vocations. One instance of this will suffice. A lad who had begun life as an office-boy with a solicitor rose to be head clerk there, and subsequently, during the illness of his principal, practically managed the business for a considerable time. By exerting a little influence on his behalf we ultimately obtained a very good berth for him in the Law Courts, where we hear that he is winning "golden opinions from all sorts of people".

Again there are those who have emigrated and who for the most part have done well. With them we are still in touch by means of occasional letters.

Now, not for a moment are we vain enough to imagine that we have done much towards the achievement of these successes, for we know well that it is to their own sterling good qualities that these members owe the fact of their having raised themselves in life. Still it is gratifying to us, though we shall seldom, if ever, see some of them again in this world, that they continue to look upon us as their friends, and regard the old club, the haunt of their boyhood, with much the same feeling of affection that we, the managers, have for our dear old public schools.

There is, however, a sadder side to this picture. Not a few of the best of our old members have already reached that land "from whose bourn no traveller returns," though their memory is still green among their contemporaries. There are also those of whom, for various reasons, we have lost sight altogether. Worse than this there are our failures—those who have given way to intemperance, dishonesty or to other vices of a like nature. I draw a veil over these things, but I must allude to them, as I by no means wish my readers to imagine that we boast an unqualified success.

Here, once more, I must speak of my colleagues. The first of these some few years back was removed from our midst by a fatal hunting accident, leaving both managers and members long to deplore their irreparable loss. My dear old college friend in later years, owing to ill-health, was unable often to come to us, though, till he entered into his rest four years ago, he supported us with his warm sympathy and material financial assistance when we required it. Two more, the oldest of them, the very pillars of the Institute, without whom little or nothing

could have been accomplished, appear to me to possess the gift of perpetual youth, for they are still as energetic as they were a quarter of a century ago. Although the clergyman who first gave us "a local habitation and a name" has long ago migrated to a country living he remained our President, and on rare occasions visited us. There were others, too, in past times who did good work for the Institute, but had to leave us for matrimonial, political or professional careers. Gradually, though our old members stuck manfully to us, our younger members began to fall off, and there was not the same anxiety to join us, for we had, happily, been long surpassed by larger and better organised institutions. Yet we have the satisfaction of remembering that we were among the pioneers of the institute movement, and that we have been of service in the past, in brightening, at least, the lives of some of those committed to our charge.

Pardon a little more egotism and then, farewell !

Around my heart this portion of my work more closely wove itself than any other I have ever undertaken. I knew all our members since they were small boys, some of them from their babyhood. For nearly twenty-eight years I have watched over these London boys, in their joys and sorrows, in sickness and in health, and through evil and good report. I have played with them, I have worked with them, and with them I have travelled both in England and abroad. Only two summers ago during an excursion to the Isle of Wight, I was walking with one of the best of our juniors. "How can we thank you enough," said he, "for bringing us down to this beautiful place".

"My dear boy," I answered, "I enjoy this week's holiday almost as much as you do".

Turning round suddenly, he confronted me and replied : "I quite believe you, for after all these years I think you

could scarcely now get on without us". A home thrust indeed, but the truth, for I feel that these bright young lives, while teaching me more than I have ever taught them, have kept me fresher in mind and body than I should otherwise have been.

In these days almost every one is engaged in philanthropy, and on all sides are institutions doing really noble work. During the last fifty years the bitterness of class feeling has been greatly mitigated, and life, in England at least, is happier for the masses though perhaps not quite so pleasant to the pampered few. Of effort and of preaching there is almost sufficient; but in our anxiety to make great strides, to sway multitudes, and to obtain immediate results, I am a little inclined to think that the importance of quiet, steady, consistent work is apt to be undervalued. We forget that the greatest reforms in the world's history have, in the first instance, been brought about by the teaching of one man to a few disciples; that direct influence often fails, while indirect influence, whether for good or for evil, lasts for ever; that education in the true sense of the word, the drawing out of all the faculties, moral, mental and physical, is what we require, not a mere superficial instruction, for only by the multiplication of individuals of true force and dignity of character can we hope to suppress intemperance of all kinds in every condition of society, and maintain intact the ancient prestige of the British Empire.

But enough of sermonising. Speaking of myself alone, no possible spark of pride can associate itself with the work I have tried to carry out. I know full well how often I have caricatured my own ideal. I remember that I have been angry when I ought to have been calm; that I have yielded when I ought to have stood firm; that often, through indolence or cowardice, I have

omitted to administer the merited rebuke or to give the necessary caution; that too often, also, I have entirely misjudged a character, so that sometimes I am inclined to think that my small successes have come in spite of my mistakes, instead of on account of any exertions of my own. Therefore, now that my St. Giles's work is over and I am writing in my far off country home, from those who know me, my pupils and my colleagues (I care nothing for the opinions of any others), I humbly crave the indulgence, claimed by the impetuous, erring, but earnest Moor of Venice:—

Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,  
Nor set down aught in malice. Then must you speak  
Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well.



